





HE DIVIDED THE DUCATS BETWEEN THEM.

Drawn by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A



BY HUBERT GRAYLE.

ADVANCING over the undulating plains of Lombardy, in Northern Italy, one beautiful autumn day, early in the sixteenth century, might have been observed two cavaliers. Both were dressed in the full armour of the period, their shining accoutrements flashing like the fire of diamonds as they caught and reflected the sparkling rays of the mid-day sun. Their heels bore the golden spur denoting their knightly rank, whilst their horses, which were of the famous breed of Flanders, were caparisoned, like their masters, ready for the fray.

The two knights were in deep and earnest conversation, and, with their visors up, as their steeds paced quietly along, a fuller view of their faces showed that there was some difference in years between them.

The elder, who was listening to his companion's conversation, appeared to be somewhere between thirty and thirty-five years of age—his deep grey eyes, set under a firm and massive brow, impressed one with a sense of their owner's power and steadfastness; whilst the well-cut aquiline nose and curly auburn beard added a further air of dignity and nobleness to a countenance striking in its manly strength. The upright carriage of the man, as he sat his charger, under the weight of his armour, with the broad, deep chest, implied physical strength of no ordinary degree.

His companion, of somewhat slighter build, was a fair-haired youth, just verging into manhood. His form gave promise of probably equal power with his senior when time had ripened his muscles and set his frame.

His ruddy face, bronzed somewhat by exposure, his flashing light-blue eye, lighted up with excitement of his theme,

and mobile mouth, formed a whole, pleasant indeed to look upon.

The one was Pierre du Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard—the Sir Bayard of history—*Sans peur et sans reproche*.

The younger was his erstwhile page, Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, known commonly as "The Golden Knight," by reason of his flaxen hair.

"So you have thrown down the gauntlet?" remarked Sir Bayard to his companion. "I fear me your antagonist will prove you metal in no mean degree. He bears the reputation of being one of the bravest knights that ever bore a lance; and methinks, Arthur, you have been somewhat overbold to thus lightly challenge an arm so stout and stalwart; but young blood will out, lad, and as the deed is done we must do our best."

"You cannot blame me, surely, Sir Bayard," replied Arthur; "the provocation was on Signor Colonna's part, and his assertion, which I feel convinced was levelled at me, was made in tones so decided and clear that all around might hear. His words burn in my soul, 'All English are cowards and braggarts.' Well, he shall find one here to ram the falsehood down his throat, or perish in the attempt. We meet to-morrow at daybreak. By-the-bye, Sir Bayard, heard ye the rumours current in Milan to-day, that the Venetians had re-taken Brescia? Think you that it is true?"

"Yes, it is so, Arthur, and we shall march in a few days to regain the town. Couriers have been despatched to Bologna to the Duke of Nemours for reinforcements, and immediately they return we shall proceed. This being so, your meeting with the Signor is well fixed, as, with the Saints' help in your encounter, I may hope to have

your strong arm by my side during our expedition. Methinks, lad, we had better turn our horses' heads, as by the time we get back to Milan the day will be waning, and it will not do to overtire ourselves to-day, with to-morrow's work in view. What are the conditions of your meeting?"

"We run threetilts with the lance, and, if neither is unhorsed, dismount and fight with swords."

During the remainder of the homeward ride, the two knights discoursed on general topics without recurring to the subject which both had uppermost in their minds.

Signor Colonna was no mean adversary, and, being in the prime of manhood, he had the advantage of his opponent in weight and experience. The insult and challenge had happened exactly as Sir Arthur had recounted; but the real reason which underlied their animosity was the twin passions, love and hate.

For many years the fair plains and cities of Northern Italy had been witness to war, with short-lived, intermittent truces between the armies of the French kings and the forces of the Pope. Lombardy had been for two years in the hands of the French, and the Duke de Nemours, nephew of Louis XII., had become Governor of the Province. When the City of Brescia was first taken by Louis's army from the Venetians, the Knight of Bayard, with his troop of horse, amongst whom was Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, were the first to enter the beleaguered city. The conquerors billeted themselves on the inhabitants, and in many cases the ordinary men at arms, arquebusers and archers, despoiled their victims of any valuables they could lay their hands on. The house wherein Sir



THE TWO KNIGHTS DISCOURSED.

Bayard and Sir Arthur took up their abode was occupied by Count Antonio Scartelli, a wealthy nobleman who was on a bed of sickness, and his family consisted of his wife and two daughters; the two knights, although enemies, were received by the ladies with signs of contentment, and even rejoicing. They knew that under their guardianship their home would be safe from the hands of the common soldiery, and their own persons protected from violence.

The French arms having proved victorious throughout the Province, peace was proclaimed, and victors and vanquished commingled in terms of friendship. The two knights remained as guests where they had entered as enemies, and the heart of one yielded itself up as hostage to the youngest daughter of the house, the lovely Alicia Scartelli.

Sir Arthur de Beaufoi, who had surrendered himself to the bright eyes of the beautiful Alicia, had a rival in the person of Eduardo Colonna, who was distantly related to the princely house of Colonna, of Venice.

Alicia herself favoured Sir Arthur, but her father had granted the Colonna permission to advance his suit to his daughter's hand; so that he looked on himself as in some way an encouraged suitor, although the lady Alicia had more than once given him to understand that she wished not his attentions.

Matters stood thus when the French forces occupying Brescia were recalled, and Arthur, having obtained the sanction of the Count Scartelli, pleaded his love so successfully that when he departed with his comrades he left as the accepted lover of the beautiful Alicia. And it was under-



HE LEFT AS THE ACCEPTED LOVER.

stood that he was to return in two years' time to claim his bride.

The two years of probation were nearly expired when the news reached Milan that Brescia was again in the hands of the Venetians, who had surprised and re-taken the city from the French forces left to guard it.

The morning following, on which the meeting between Sir Arthur and Eduardo Colonna was to take place, broke beautiful and clear, and the two knights were early astir; and, after making a substantial meal, set off, accompanied by their pages, for the field of battle.

The spot chosen, some two miles north of the city, was a lovely piece of greensward, of nearly a half-mile in length, embosomed in a girdle of mighty oaks and far-branching chestnut trees. They were the first to arrive on the ground, but were soon followed by the Colonna, who was likewise attended by a friend and a couple of pages.

The usual preliminaries being got through, the two antagonists separated some five hundred yards to prepare for the first charge.

Eduardo Colonna, being the challenged party, insisted that the duel should be to the death; and, although both his friend and Sir Bayard endeavoured to overcome this bitterness of

feeling, they were unsuccessful in their attempt.

The terms of the encounter were agreed, therefore, as follows: there should be three charges with the lance; and if either was unhorsed the other was to be at liberty to attack the unhorsed man either by charging him on horseback with lance or sword or dismounting and fighting with swords.

Should, however, neither be unhorsed during the three tilts, then both were to dismount, and finish the encounter on foot with swords and daggers.

All being now in readiness, the two opponents, encased in full suits of mail, with visors down and lances couched, stood awaiting the signal to charge; and as the clarion sounded, the two steeds flew over the yielding turf like greyhounds from the leash, their mighty hoofstrokes striking the ground like distant thunder, growing louder as they drew closer and closer together.

As they clashed past it was seen that the Colonna's lance glanced harmlessly off the shield of Sir Arthur, whilst the lance of the latter shattered to atoms as it caught his adversary's shield full in the centre, and bore him upward from his saddle; but, beyond the shock it gave him, he suffered no harm. The chargers were reined up, and returned to their start-



THEY WERE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.

ing points, and, a new lance being supplied to Sir Arthur, the second tilt was sounded. As the two horsemen drew near, and were close on the point of meeting, Sir Arthur's animal stumbled, and his lance, instead of striking his enemy full on the neck-piece, at which it was aimed, ploughed its

way along the side of Colonna's horse; whilst Eduardo's lance pierced the shoulder of Arthur's charger, and threw both horse and rider to the ground. Quickly disencumbering himself from his fallen steed, Sir Arthur sprang to his feet just as Colonna had wheeled his horse round to charge him as he lay.

Drawing his sword, Arthur stood on the defensive; and, as his enemy bore down on him, jumped lightly aside, and as Colonna passed him, he sprung up, and lunged his sword with such true and deadly aim that it pierced his antagonist up through his side under the arm, bringing him to the ground, where he lay motionless and without sound.

Beckoning to the pages, Sir Arthur bade them undo their master's visor, when it was perceived the fallen man was fast nearing that bourn whence no traveller returns; and as the little party grouped itself around, his spirit fled.

Desiring his own pages to remain and give what help might be desired of them, Sir Arthur mounted the horse of his page, and, with his friend, Sir Bayard, returned to Milan.

In a few days' time orders were received to march on Brescia, and Sir Bayard, with the Golden Knight, and five hundred picked lances, set out to meet the reinforcements now on their

way from the Duke of Nemours, to retake the city lately captured by the Venetians.

The town was assaulted in such determined manner that nothing could withstand the desperate valour of the French, and, after a fierce and bloody struggle, in which Sir Bayard and Sir Arthur showed the

most conspicuous bravery, the town was carried.

Just as Sir Bayard, who was the first of the assaulting force, was crossing the rampart he received a pike-thrust in the thigh; but, before his assailant could repeat the stroke, he was felled to the earth by the Golden Knight. The wound at first was feared to be mortal, but Sir Arthur, staying by his friend, with the help of his page carried the wounded man to the house of his lady-love. Arriving at the door, he was surprised to find it closed and barred to his entrance, and still further put out when from the upper windows a shower of balls and bullets were sent to greet him. Taking in the situation, he despatched his page for help; in the meantime he placed the wounded knight under the shelter of the big doorway.

In a few minutes sufficient



AND BORE HIM UPWARD FROM HIS SADDLE.



SIR BAYARD RECEIVED A PIKE-THRUST.

soldiers had arrived to break in the door, when they found the enemy had retreated from the rear. Placing Sir Bayard on a comfortable couch, he scoured the house from roof to cellar for signs of Alicia and her family, and for a long time without success. Then the outhouses and barns were searched, and at last, amongst the straw and hay in one of the barns, the Countess Scartelli and her two daughters were discovered.

It appeared that the news of the defeat of Eduardo Colonna by the Frenchman, as Sir Arthur was erroneously termed, had been received in the city a few days back, and the relations between Sir Arthur and the Count's family being known, they were regarded by the new masters of the city as in league with the French, and therefore fit subjects for plunder.

The Count had been dead some time; the Countess fortunately had removed most of her valuables and wealth to a place of safety on the first outbreak of hostilities, and, attended by a faithful servitor, they had remained secure where Sir Arthur discovered them.

The wound Sir Bayard had received proved less serious than at first surmised, and in a short time he was able to resume his military duties.

Sir Arthur de Beaufoi was desirous of hastening his marriage with Alicia, as he

wished to return to his estate in England for a while. Meantime, rumours were in the air of a great battle about to be fought between the French and Spanish, and Sir Bayard chafed so at the idea of being absent, that at last he begged Sir Arthur to release him from his promise of being present at his nuptials.

When about to depart, the Countess Scartelli pressed him to accept a present of two thousand five hundred ducats as a slight reward, and with her grateful thanks for the succour he had twice given to herself and her dear children. But he checked the flow of her gratitude, declaring it rather behoved him to thank her for her great care and attention to him in his illness; and that, although tendered in such a delicate manner, he must decline to accept the gift.

As she continued her supplication, he finally agreed, provided he was at liberty to do as he pleased with the present; and, calling Alicia and her sister, he divided the

ducats between them for a marriage portion; and then, with knightly courtesy, departed to join the army under the Duke of Nemours.

The wedding of Sir Arthur and Lady Alicia was duly solemnised, and the happy pair departed to spend their honeymoon in the ancestral halls of the Golden Knight in England.



THE COUNTESS AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS WERE DISCOVERED.

HERTFORD O'DONNELL'S WARNING.

By MRS. J. H. RIDDELL, AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," ETC.



MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

AN Y a year ago, before chloroform was thought of, there lived in an old rambling house, in Gerrard Street, Soho, a young Irishman called Hertford O'Donnell.

After Hertford O'Donnell he was entitled to write M.R.C.S., for he had studied

hard to gain this distinction, and the elder surgeons at Guy's (his hospital) considered him, in their secret hearts, one of the most rising operators of the day.

Having said chloroform was unknown at the time this story opens, it will strike my readers that, if Hertford O'Donnell were a rising and successful operator in those days, of necessity he combined within himself a larger number of striking qualities than are by any means necessary to form a successful operator in these.

There was more than mere hand skill, more than even thorough knowledge of his profession, needful for the man who, dealing with conscious subjects, essayed to rid them of some of the diseases to which flesh is heir. There was greater courage required in the manipulator of old than is altogether essential now. Then, as now, a thorough mastery of his instruments—a steady hand—a keen eye—a quick dexterity, were indispensable to a good operator; but, added to all

these things, there were formerly required a pulse which knew no quickening—a mental strength which never faltered—a ready power of adaptation in unexpected circumstances—fertility of resource in difficult cases, and a brave front under all emergencies.

If I refrain from adding that a hard as well as a courageous heart was an important item in the programme, it is only out of deference to general opinion, which, amongst other delusions, clings to the belief that courage and hardness are antagonistic qualities.

Hertford O'Donnell, however, was hard as steel. He understood his work, and he did it thoroughly; but he cared no more for quivering nerves and contracting muscles, for screams of agony, for faces white with pain, and teeth clenched in the extremity of anguish, than he did for the stony countenances of the dead, which sometimes in the dissecting room appalled younger and less experienced men.

He had no sentiment, and he had no sympathy. The human body was to him an ingenious piece of mechanism, which it was at once a pleasure and a profit to understand. Precisely as Brunel loved the Thames Tunnel, or any other singular engineering feat, so O'Donnell loved a patient on whom he operated successfully, more especially if the ailment possessed by the patient were of a rare and difficult character.

And for this reason he was much liked by all who came under his hands, for patients are apt to mistake a surgeon's interest in their cases for interest in themselves; and it was gratifying to John Dicks, plasterer, and Timothy Regan, labourer, to be the happy possessors of remarkable diseases, which produced a cordial understanding between them and the handsome Irishman.

If he were hard and cool at the moment of hewing them to pieces, that was all forgotten, or remembered only as a virtue, when, after being discharged from hospital like soldiers who have served in a severe campaign, they met Mr. O'Donnell in the street, and were accosted by that rising individual, just as though he considered himself nobody.

He had a royal memory, this stranger in a strange land, both for faces and cases; and, like the rest of his countrymen, he never felt it beneath his dignity to talk cordially to corduroy and fustian.

In London, as at Calgillan, he never held back his tongue from speaking a cheery or a kindly word. His manners were pliable enough, if his heart were not; and the porters, and the patients, and the nurses, and the students at Guy's all were pleased to see Hertford O'Donnell.

Rain, hail, sunshine, it was all the same; there was a life and a brightness about the man which communicated itself to those with whom he came in contact. Let the mud out in Smithfield be a foot deep, or the London fog thick as pea-soup, Mr. O'Donnell never lost his temper, never uttered a surly reply to the gatekeeper's salutation, but spoke out blithely and cheerfully to his pupils and his patients, to the sick and to the well, to those below and to those above him.

And yet, spite of all these good qualities—spite of his handsome face, his fine figure, his easy address and his unquestionable skill as an operator, the dons, who acknowledged his talent, shook their heads gravely when two or three of them, in private and solemn conclave, talked confidentially of their younger brother.

If there were many things in his favour, there were more in his disfavour. He was Irish—not merely by the accident of birth, which might have been forgiven, since

a man cannot be held accountable for such caprices of Nature, but by every other accident and design which is objectionable to the orthodox and respectable and representative English mind.

In speech, appearance, manner, habits, modes of expression, habits of life, Hertford O'Donnell was Irish. To the core of his heart he loved the island which he, nevertheless, declared he never meant to revisit; and amongst the English he moved, to all intents and purposes, a foreigner who was resolved, so said the great prophets at Guy's, to go to destruction as fast as he could and let no man hinder him.

"He means to go the whole length of his tether," observed one of the ancient wiseacres to another; which speech implied a conviction that Hertford O'Donnell, having sold himself to the Evil One, had determined to dive the full length of his rope into wickedness before being pulled to the shore where even wickedness is negative—where there are no mad carouses, no wild, sinful excitement, nothing but impotent wailing and gnashing of teeth.

A reckless, graceless, clever, wicked devil—going to his natural home as fast as in London a man can possibly progress thither: this was the opinion his superiors held of the man who lived all alone with a housekeeper and her husband (who acted as butler) in his big house near Soho.

Gerrard Street was not then an utterly shady and forgotten locality: carriage patients found their way to the rising young surgeon—some great personages thought it not beneath them to fee an individual whose consulting-rooms were situated on what was even then the wrong side of Regent Street. He was making money, and he was spending it; he was over head and ears in debt—useless, vulgar debt—senselessly contracted, never bravely faced. He had lived at



OBSERVED ONE OF THE ANCIENT WISEACRES.

an awful pace ever since he came to London, at a pace which only a man who hopes and expects to die young can ever travel.

Life! what good was it? Death! was he a child, or a woman, or a coward, to be afraid of that hereafter? God knew all about the trifle which had upset his coach better than the dons at Guy's; and he did not dread facing his Maker, and giving an account to Him, even of the disreputable existence he had led since he came to London.

Hertford O'Donnell knew the world pretty well, and the ways thereof were to him as roads often traversed; therefore, when he said that at the day of judgment he felt certain he should come off better than many of those who censured him, it may be assumed that, although his views of post-mortem punishment were vague, unsatisfactory, and infidel, still his information as to the peccadilloes of his neighbours was such as consoled himself.

And yet, living all alone in the old house near Soho Square, grave thoughts would intrude frequently into the surgeon's mind—thoughts which were, so to say, italicized by peremptory letters, and still more peremptory visits, from people who wanted money.

Although he had many acquaintances he had no single friend, and accordingly these thoughts were received and brooded over in solitude, in those hours when, after returning from dinner or supper, or congenial carouse, he sat in his dreary room smoking his pipe and considering means and ways, chances and certainties.

In good truth he had started in London with some vague idea that as his life in it would not be of long continuance, the pace at which he elected to travel could be of little consequence; but the years since his first entry into the metropolis were now piled one on the top of another, his youth was behind him, his chances of longevity,

spite of the way he had striven to injure his constitution, quite as good as ever. He had come to that time in existence, to that narrow strip of table land whence the ascent of youth and the descent of age are equally discernible—when, simply because he has lived for so many years, it strikes a man as possible he may have to live for just as many more, with the ability for hard work gone, with the boon companions scattered abroad, with the capacity for enjoying convivial meetings a mere memory, with small means, perhaps, with no bright hopes, with the pomp and the equipage, and the fairy carriages, and the glamour which youth flings over earthly objects, faded away like the pageant of yesterday, while the dreary ceremony of living has to be gone through to-day and to-morrow and the morrow after, as though the gay cavalcade and the martial music, and the glittering helmets and the prancing steeds were still accompanying the wayfarer to his journey's end.

Ah! my friends, there comes a moment when we must all leave the coach, with its four bright bays, its pleasant outside freight, its cheery company, its guard who blows the horn so merrily

through villages and along lonely country roads.

Long before we reach that final stage, where the black business claims us for its own especial property, we have to bid good-bye to all easy, thoughtless journeying, and betake ourselves, with what zest we will, to traversing the common of Reality. There is no royal road across it that ever I heard of. From the king on his throne to the labourer who vaguely imagines what manner of being a king is, we have all to tramp across that desert at one period of our lives, at all events, and that period usually is when, as I have said, a man starts to find the hopes and the strength and the buoyancy of youth left



HERTFORD SAT THINKING.



SHE WOULD NEVER SEE IT MORE.

behind, while years and years of life lie stretching out before him.

Even supposing a man's spring-time to have been a cold and ungenial one, with bitter easterly winds and nipping frosts, biting the buds and retarding the blossom, still it was spring for all that—spring, with the young green leaves sprouting forth, with the flowers unfolding tenderly, with the songs of birds and the rush of waters, with the summer before and the autumn afar off, and winter remote as death and eternity; but when once the trees have donned their summer foliage, when the pure white blossoms have disappeared, and a gorgeous red and orange, and purple blaze of many-coloured flowers fills the gardens; then, if there comes a wet, dreary day, the idea of autumn and winter is not so difficult to realise. When once twelve o'clock is reached, the evening and night become facts, not possibilities; and it was of the

afternoon and the evening and the night, Hertford O'Donnell sat thinking on the Christmas Eve when I crave permission to introduce him to my readers.

A good-looking man, ladies considered him. A tall, dark-complexioned, black-haired, straight-limbed, deeply, divinely blue-eyed fellow, with a soft voice, with a pleasant brogue, who had ridden like a Centaur over the loose stone walls in Connemara, who had danced all night at the Dublin balls, who had walked over the Ben-nebeola mountains, gun in hand, day after day without weariness: who had led a mad, wild life while 'studying for a doctor'—as the Irish phrase goes—in Dublin, and who, after the death of his eldest brother left him free to return to Calgillan and pursue the usual utterly useless, utterly purposeless, utterly pleasant life of an Irish gentleman possessed of health, birth, and expectations, suddenly kicked over the paternal traces, bade

adieu to Calgillan Castle and the blandishments of a certain beautiful Miss Clifden, beloved of his mother, and laid out to be his wife, walked down the avenue without even so much company as a gossoon to carry his carpet-bag, shook the dust from his feet at the lodge-gates, and took his seat on the coach, never once looking back at Calgillan, where his favourite mare was standing in the stable, his greyhounds chasing one another round the home paddock, his gun at half-cock in his dressing-room, and his fishing-tackle all in order and ready for use.

He had not kissed his mother nor asked for his father's blessing; he left Miss Clifden arrayed in her brand-new riding-habit, without a word of affection or regret; he had spoken no syllable of farewell to any servant about the place; only when the old woman at the lodge bade him good morning and God-blessed his handsome face, he recommended her bit-

terly to look well at it, for she would never see it more.

Twelve years and a half had passed since then without either Nancy Blake or any other one of the Calgillan people having set eyes on Master Hertford's handsome face. He had kept his vow to himself—he had not written home; he had not been indebted to mother or father for even a tenpenny-piece during the whole of that time; he had lived without friends, and he had lived without God—so far as God ever lets a man live without him—and his own private conviction was that he could get on very well without either. One thing only he felt to be needful—money; money to keep him when the evil days of sickness, or age, or loss of practice came upon him. Though a spendthrift, he was not a simpleton. Around him he saw men who, having started with fairer prospects than his own, were nevertheless reduced to indigence; and he knew that what had happened to others might happen to himself.

An unlucky cut, slipping on a bit of orange-peel in the street, the merest accident imaginable, is sufficient to change opulence to beggary in the life's programme of an individual whose income depends on eye, on nerve, on hand; and besides the consciousness of this fact, Hertford O'Donnell knew that beyond a certain point in his profession progress was not easy.

It did not depend quite on the strength of his own bow or shield whether he counted his earnings by hundreds or thousands. Work may achieve competence; but mere work cannot, in a profession at all events, compass wealth.

He looked around him, and he perceived that the majority of great men—great and wealthy—had been indebted for their elevation more to the accidents of birth, patronage, connection, or marriage than to personal ability.

Personal ability, no doubt, they possessed; but then, little Jones, who lived in Frith Street, and who could barely

keep himself and his wife and family, had ability, too, only he lacked the concomitants of success.

He wanted something or some one to puff him into notoriety—a brother at court—a lord's leg to mend—a rich wife to give him prestige in society; and, lacking this something or some one, he had grown grey-haired and faint-hearted in the service of that world which utterly despises its most obsequious servants.

"Clatter along the streets with a pair of hired horses, snub the middle classes, and drive over the commonalty—that is the way to compass wealth and popularity in England," said Hertford O'Donnell bitterly; and, as the man desired wealth and popularity, he sat before his fire, with a foot on each hob, and a short pipe in his mouth, considering how he might best obtain the means to clatter along the streets in his carriage, and splash plebeians with mud from his wheels like the best.

In Dublin he could, by means of his name and connection, have done well; but then he was not in Dublin, neither did he want to be. The bitterest memories of his life were inseparable from the name of the Green Island, and he had no desire to return to it.

Besides, in Dublin, heiresses are not quite so plentiful as in London; and an heiress, Hertford O'Donnell had decided, would do more

for him than years of steady work.

A rich wife could clear him of debt, introduce him to fashionable practice, afford him that measure of social respectability which a medical bachelor invariably lacks; deliver him from the loneliness of Gerrard Street, and the domination of Mr. and Mrs. Coles.

To most men, deliberately bartering away their independence for money seems so prosaic a business that they strive to gloss it over even to themselves, and to assign every reason for their choice, save that which is really the influencing one.

Not so, however, with Hertford O'Donnell. He sat beside the fire scoff-



AND TOOK ANOTHER DRAUGHT.

ing over his proposed bargain—thinking of the lady's age—her money-bags—her desirable house in town—her seat in the country—her snobbishness—her folly.

"It would be a fitting ending," he sneered; "and why I did not settle the matter to-night passes my comprehension. I am not a fool, to be frightened with old women's tales; and yet I must have turned white. I felt I did, and she asked me whether I was ill. And then to think of my being such an idiot as to ask her if she had heard anything like a cry, as though she would be likely to hear *that*—she, with her poor *parvenu* blood, which, I often imagine, must have been mixed with some of her father's strong pickling vinegar. What the deuce could I have been dreaming about? I wonder what it really was?" and Hertford O'Donnell pushed his hair back from his forehead and took another draught from the too familiar tumbler, which was placed conveniently on the chimneypiece.

"After expressly making up my mind to propose, too!" he mentally continued.



JACK
CAME CRAWLING RELUCTANTLY FORWARD

"Could it have been conscience—that myth, which somebody, who knew nothing of the matter, said 'makes cowards of us all?' I don't believe in conscience; and even if there be such a thing capable of being developed by sentiment and cultivation, why should it trouble me? I have no intention of wronging Miss Janet Price Ingot—not the least. Honestly and fairly I shall marry her; honestly and fairly I shall act by her. An old wife is not exactly an ornamental article of furniture in a man's house; and I do not know that the fact of her being well gilded makes her look any more ornamental. But she shall have no cause for complaint; and I will go and dine with her to-morrow and settle the matter."

Having arrived at which resolution, Mr. O'Donnell arose, kicked down the fire—burning hollow—with the heel of his boot, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, emptied his tumbler, and bethought him it was time to go to bed. He was not in the habit of taking his rest so early as a quarter to twelve o'clock; but he felt unusually weary—tired mentally and bodily—and lonely beyond all power of expression.

"The fair Janet would be better than this," he said, half aloud; and then, with a start and a shiver and a blanched face, he turned sharply round, whilst a low, sobbing, wailing cry echoed mournfully through the room. No form of words could give an idea of the sound. The plaintiveness of the Eolian harp—that plaintiveness which so soon affects and lowers the highest spirits—would have seemed wildly gay in comparison to the sadness of the cry which seemed floating in the air. As the summer wind comes and goes amongst the trees, so that mournful wail came and went—came and went. It came in a rush of sound, like a gradual crescendo managed by a skilful musician, and it died away like a lingering note, so that the listener could scarcely tell the exact moment when it faded away into silence.

I say faded away, for it disappeared as the coast line disappears in the twilight, and there was utter stillness in the apartment.

Then, for the first time, Hertford O'Donnell looked at his dog, and, beholding the creature crouched into a corner beside the fireplace, called upon him to come out.

His voice sounded strange, even to himself, and apparently the dog thought so too, for he made no effort to obey the summons.

"Come out, sir," his master repeated, and then the animal came crawling reluctantly forward, with his hair on end, his eyes almost starting from his head, trembling violently, as the surgeon, who caressed him, felt.

"So you heard it, Brian?" he said to the dog. "And so your ears are sharper than hers, old fellow? It's a mighty queer thing to think of, being favoured with a visit from a banshee in Gerrard Street; and as the lady has travelled so far, I only wish I knew whether there is any sort of refreshment she would like to take after her long journey."

He spoke loudly and with a certain mocking defiance, seeming to think the phantom he addressed would reply; but when he stopped at the end of his sentence, no sound came through the stillness. There was utter silence in the room—silence broken only by the falling of the cinders on the hearth, and the breathing of the dog.

"If my visitor would tell me," he proceeded, "for whom this lamentation is being made, whether for myself, or for some member of my illustrious family, I should feel immensely obliged. It seems too much honour for a poor surgeon to have such attention paid him. Good heavens! What is that?" he exclaimed, as a ring, loud and peremptory, woke all the echoes in the house, and brought his housekeeper, in a state of distressing dishabille, "out of her warm bed," as she subsequently stated, to the head of the staircase.

Across the hall Hertford O'Donnell strode, relieved at the prospect of speaking to any living being. He took no precaution of putting up the chain, but flung the door wide. A dozen burglars would have proved welcome in comparison to that ghostly intruder; and, as I have

said, he threw the door open, admitting a rush of wet, cold air, which made poor Mrs. Coles's few remaining teeth chatter in her head.

"Who is there?—what do you want?" asked the surgeon, seeing no person, and hearing no voice. "Who is there?—why the devil can't you speak?"

But when even this polite exhortation failed to elicit an answer, he passed out into the night, and looked up the street, and down the street, to see nothing but the drizzling rain and the blinking lights.

"If this goes on much longer I shall soon think I must be either mad or drunk," he muttered, as he re-entered the house, and locked and bolted the door once more.

"Lord's sake! what is the matter, sir?" asked Mrs. Coles, from the upper night, careful only to reveal the borders of her nightcap to Mr. O'Donnell's admiring gaze. "Is anybody killed?—have you to go out, sir?"

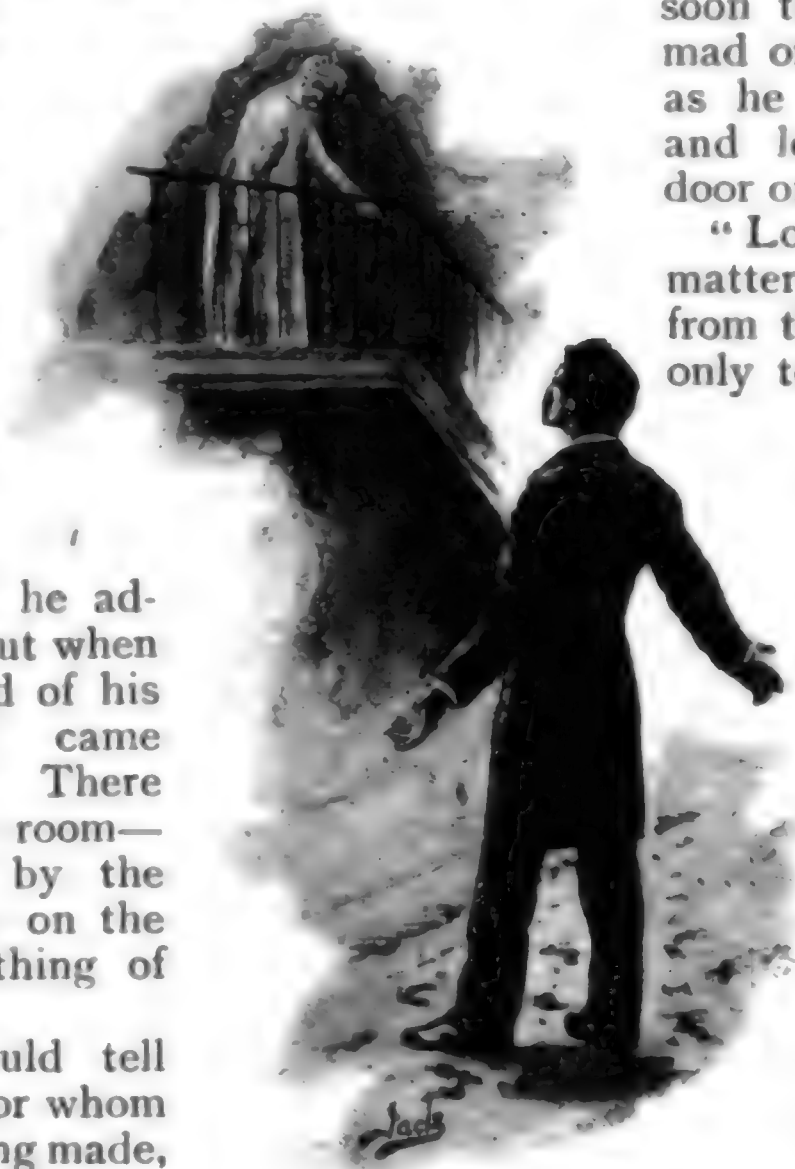
"It was only a runaway ring," he answered, trying to reassure himself with an explanation he did not in his heart believe.

"Runaway! — I'd runaway them," murmured Mrs. Coles, as she retired to the conjugal couch, where Coles was, to quote her own expression, "snoring like a pig

through it all." Almost immediately afterwards she heard her master ascend the stairs and close his bedroom door.

"Madam will surely be too much of a gentlewoman to intrude here," thought the surgeon, scoffing even at his own fears; but when he lay down he did not put out his light, and he made Brian leap up and crouch on the coverlet beside him.

The man was fairly frightened, and would have thought it no discredit to his manhood to acknowledge as much. He was not afraid of death, he was not afraid of trouble, he was not afraid of danger; but he was afraid of the banshee; and as he lay with his hand on the dog's head,



IT WAS ONLY A RUNAWAY RING.

he thought over all the stories he had ever heard about this family retainer in the days of his youth. He had not thought about her for years and years. Never before had he heard her voice himself. When his brother died, she had not thought it necessary to travel up to Dublin and give him notice of the impending catastrophe. "If she had, I would have gone down to Calgillan, and perhaps saved his life," considered the surgeon. "I wonder who this is for! If for me, that will settle my debts and my marriage. If I could be quite certain it was either of the old people, I would start for Ireland to-morrow." And then vaguely his mind wandered on to think of every banshee story he had ever heard in his life. About the beautiful lady with the wreath of flowers, who sat on the rocks below Red Castle, in the County Antrim, crying till one of the sons died for love of her; about the Round Chamber at Dunluce, which was swept clean by the banshee every night; about the bed in a certain great house in Ireland, which was slept in constantly, although no human being ever passed in or out after dark; about that general officer who, the night before Waterloo, said to a friend, "I have heard the banshee, and shall not come off the field alive to-morrow; break the news gently to poor Carry;" and who, nevertheless, coming safe off the field, had subsequently news about poor Carry broken tenderly and pitifully to him; about the lad who, aloft in the rigging, hearing through the night a sobbing and wailing coming over the waters, went down to the captain and told him he was afraid they were somehow out of their reckoning, just in time to save the ship, which, when morning broke, they found, but for his warning, would have been on the rocks. It was blowing great guns, and the sea was all in a fret and turmoil, and they could sometimes see in the trough of the waves, as down a valley, the cruel black reefs they had escaped.

On deck the captain stood speaking to the boy who had saved them, and asking how he knew of their danger; and when the lad told him, the captain laughed, and said her ladyship had been outwitted that time.

But the boy answered, with a grave shake of his head, that the warning was either for him or his, and that if he got safe to port there would be bad tidings

waiting for him from home; whereupon the captain bade him go below, and get some brandy and lie down.

He got the brandy, and he laid down, but he never rose again; and when the storm abated—when a great calm succeeded to the previous tempest—there was a very solemn funeral at sea; and on their arrival at Liverpool the captain took a journey to Ireland to tell a widowed mother how her only son died, and to bear his few effects to the poor, desolate soul.

And Hertford O'Donnell thought again about his own father, riding full-chase across country, and hearing, as he galloped by a clump of plantation, something like a sobbing and wailing. The hounds were in full cry; but he still felt, as he afterwards expressed it, that there was something among those trees he could not pass; and so he jumped off his horse, and hung the reins over the branch of a fir and beat the cover well, but not a thing could he find in it.

Then, for the first time in his life, Miles O'Donnell turned his horse's head *from* the hunt, and, within a mile of Calgillan, met a man running to tell him Mr. Martin's gun had burst and hurt him badly.

And he remembered the story, also, of how Mary O'Donnell, his great-aunt, being married to a young Englishman, heard the banshee as she sat one evening waiting for his return; and of how she, thinking the bridge by which he often came home unsafe for horse and man, went out, in a great panic, to meet and entreat him to go round by the main road for her sake. Sir Everard was riding alone in the moonlight, making straight for the bridge, when he beheld a figure dressed all in white upon it. Then there was a crash, and the figure disappeared.

The lady was rescued and brought back to the hall; but next morning there were two dead bodies within its walls—those of Lady Eyreton and her still-born son.

Quicker than I write them, these memories chased one another through Hertford O'Donnell's brain; and there was one more terrible memory than any, which would recur to him, concerning an Irish nobleman who, seated alone in his great town-house in London, heard the banshee, and rushed out to get rid of the phantom, which wailed in his ear,

nevertheless, as he strode down Piccadilly. And then the surgeon remembered how he went with a friend to the opera, feeling sure that there no banshee, unless she had a box, could find admittance, until suddenly he heard her singing up amongst the highest part of the scenery, with a terrible mournfulness, with a pathos which made the prima donna's tenderest notes seem harsh by comparison.

As he came out, some quarrel arose between him and a famous fire-eater, against whom he stumbled; and the result was that the next afternoon there was a new Lord —, *vice* Lord —, killed in a duel with Captain Bravo.

Memories like these are not the most enlivening possible; they are apt to make a man fanciful, and nervous, and wakeful; but as time run on, Hertford O'Donnell fell asleep, with his candle still burning and Brian's cold nose pressed against his hand.

He dreamt of his mother's family—the Hertfords, of Artingbury, Yorkshire, far-off relatives of Lord Hertford—so far off that even Mrs. O'Donnell held on the genealogical maze.

He thought he was at Artingbury, fishing; that it was a misty summer's morning and the fish rising beautifully. In his dream he hooked one after another, and the boy who was with him threw them into the basket.

At last there was one more difficult to land than the others; and the boy, in his eagerness to watch the sport, drew nearer and nearer to the brink, while the fisher, intent on his prey, failed to notice his companion's danger.

Suddenly

there was a cry, a splash, and the boy disappeared from sight.

Next instant he rose again, however, and then, for the first time, Hertford O'Donnell saw his face.

It was one he knew well.

In a moment he plunged into the water, and struck out for the lad. He had him by the hair, he was turning to bring him back to land, when the stream suddenly changed into a wide, wild, shoreless sea, where the billows were chasing one another with a mad, demoniac mirth.

For a while O'Donnell kept the lad and himself afloat. They were swept under the waves, and came forth again, only to see larger waves rushing towards them; but through all the surgeon never loosened his hold until a tremendous billow engulfing them both, tore the boy from him.

With the horror of that he awoke, to hear a voice saying quite distinctly:

"Go to the hospital!—go at once!"

The surgeon started up in bed, rubbed his eyes and looked about him. The candle was flickering faintly in its socket. Brian, with his ears pricked forward, had raised his head at his master's sudden jump.

Everything was quiet, but still those words were ringing in his ear—

"Go to the hospital!—go at once!"

The tremendous peal of the bell overnight, and this sentence, seemed to be simultaneous.

That he was wanted at Guy's—wanted imperatively—came to O'Donnell like an inspiration.

Neither sense nor reason had anything to do with the conviction that roused him out of bed, and made him dress as speedily as possible and grope his way down the staircase, Brian following.

He opened the front door and passed out into the darkness. The rain was over, and the stars were shining as he pursued his way down Newport Market, and thence, winding in and out in a south-east direction, through Lincoln's Inn Fields and Old Square to Chancery Lane, whence he proceeded to St. Paul's.

Along the deserted streets he resolutely continued his walk. He did not know what he was going to Guy's for. Some instinct was urging him on, and he neither strove to combat nor control it. Only once had the thought of turning back



YOU HAVE JUST BEEN SENT FOR.

occurred, and that was at the archway leading into Old Square. There he had paused for a moment, asking himself whether he were not gone stark, staring mad; but Guy's seemed preferable to the haunted house in Gerard Street, and he walked resolutely on, determining to say, if any surprise were expressed at his appearance, that he had been sent for.

On, thinking of many things: of his wild life in London; of the terrible cry he had heard overnight—that terrible wail which he could not drive away from his memory, even as he entered Guy's, and confronted the porter, who said:

"You have just been sent for, sir; did you meet the messenger?"

Like one in a dream, Hertford O'Donnell heard him; like one in a dream, also, he asked what was the matter.

"Bad accident, sir; fire: fell off a balcony—unsafe—old building. Mother and child—a son; child with compound fracture of thigh." This, the joint information of porter and house-surgeon, mingled together, and made a roar in Mr. O'Donnell's ears like the sound of the sea breaking on a shingly shore.

Only one sentence he understood perfectly—"Immediate amputation necessary." At this point he grew cool; he was the careful, cautious, successful surgeon in a moment.

"The child, you say?" he answered; "let me see him."

In the days of which I am writing, the



WHO IS THAT?

two surgeons had to pass a staircase leading to the upper stories. On the lower step of this staircase, partially in shadow, Hertford O'Donnell beheld as he came forward, an old woman seated.

An old woman with streaming grey hair, with attenuated arms, with head bowed forward, with scanty clothing, with bare feet; who never looked up at their approach, but sat unnoticed, shaking her head and

wringing her hands in an extremity of grief.

"Who is that?" asked Mr. O'Donnell, almost involuntarily.

"Who is what?" demanded his companion.

"That—that woman," was the reply.

"What woman?"

"There—are you blind?—seated on the bottom step of the staircase. What is she doing?" persisted Mr. O'Donnell.

"There is no woman near us," his companion answered, looking at the rising surgeon very much as though he suspected him of seeing double.

"No woman!" scoffed Hertford. "Do you expect me to disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes?" and he walked up to the figure, meaning to touch it.

But as he essayed to do so, the woman seemed to rise in the air and float away, with her arms stretched high up over her head, uttering such a wail of pain, and agony, and distress, as caused the Irishman's blood to curdle.

"My God! did you hear that?" he said to his companion.

"What?" was the reply.

Then, although he knew the sound had fallen on deaf ears, he answered—

"The wail of the banshee! Some of my people are doomed!"

"I trust not," answered the house-surgeon.

With nerves utterly shaken, Mr. O'Donnell walked forward to the accident ward. There, with his face shaded from the light, lay his patient—a young boy, with a compound fracture of the thigh.

In that ward, in the face of actual pain or danger capable of relief, the surgeon had never known faltering nor fear; and now he carefully examined the injury, felt the pulse, inquired as to the treatment pursued, and ordered the sufferer to be carried to the operating room.

While he was looking out his instruments he heard the boy lying on the table murmur faintly—

"Tell her not to cry so—tell her not to cry."

"What is he talking about?" Hertford O'Donnell inquired.

"The nurse says he has been speaking about some woman crying ever since he came in—his mother, most likely," answered one of the attendants.

"He is delirious, then?" observed the surgeon.

"No, sir," pleaded the boy excitedly. "No; it is that woman—that woman with the grey hair. I saw her looking from the upper window before the balcony gave way. She has never left me since, and she won't be quiet, wringing her hands and crying."

"Can you see her now?" Hertford O'Donnell inquired, stepping to the side of the table. "Point out where she stands."

Then the lad stretched forth a feeble finger in the direction of the door, where clearly, as he had seen her seated on the stairs, the surgeon saw a woman standing—a woman with grey hair and scanty clothing, and upstretched arms and bare feet.

"A word with you, sir," O'Donnell said to the house surgeon, drawing him back from the table. "I cannot perform this operation: send for some other person. I am ill; I am incapable."

"But," pleaded the other, "there is no

time to get anyone else. We sent for Mr. — before we troubled you, but he was out of town, and all the rest of the surgeons live so far away. Mortification may set in at any moment, and——" then Hertford O'Donnell fell fainting on the floor.

How long he lay in that dead-like swoon I cannot say: but when he returned to consciousness, the principal physician of Guy's was standing beside him in the cold grey light of the Christmas morning.

"The boy?" murmured O'Donnell faintly.

"Now, my dear fellow, keep yourself quiet," was the reply.

"The boy?" he repeated irritably. "Who operated?"

"No one," Dr. — answered. "It would have been useless cruelty. Mortification had set in, and——"

Hertford O'Donnell turned his face to the wall, and his friend could not see it.

"Do not distress yourself," went on the physician kindly. "Allington says he could not have survived the operation in any case. He was quite delirious from the first, raving about a woman with grey hair, and——"

"Yes, I know," Hertford O'Donnell interrupted; "and the boy had a mother, they told me, or I dreamt it."

"Yes; bruised and shaken, but not seriously injured."

"Has she blue eyes and fair hair—fair hair all rippling and wavy? Is she white as a lily, with just a faint flush of colour in her cheeks? Is she young, and trusting, and innocent? No; I am wandering. She must be nearly thirty now. Go, for God's sake, and tell me if you can find a woman that you could imagine having been as a girl such as I describe."

"Irish?" asked the doctor; and O'Donnell made a gesture of assent.

"It is she, then," was the reply; "a woman with the face of an angel."

"A woman who should have been my wife," the surgeon answered; "whose child was my son."

"Lord help you!" ejaculated the doctor. Then Hertford O'Donnell raised himself from the sofa where they had laid him, and told his companion the story of his life—how there had been bitter feud between his people and her people—how they were divided by old animosities and

by difference of religion—how they had met by stealth, and exchanged rings and vows, all for nought—how his family had insulted hers, so that her father, wishful for her to marry a kinsman of his own, bore her off to a far-away land, and made her write him a letter of eternal farewell—how his own parents had kept all knowledge of the quarrel from him till she was utterly beyond his reach—how they had vowed to discard him unless he agreed to marry according to their wishes—how he left his home, and came to London, and pushed his fortune. All this Hertford O'Donnell repeated; and

stone of the years seemed suddenly rolled away from the tomb of their past, and their youth arose and returned to them, even amid their tears.

She had been true to him, through persecution, through contumely, through kindness, which was more trying; through shame, and grief, and poverty, she had been loyal to the lover of her youth; and before the new year dawned there came a letter from Calgillan, saying that the banshee had been heard there, and praying Hertford, if he was still alive, to let bygones be bygones, in consideration of the long years of estrangement—the



BEHELD, WITH HER EYES CLOSED, THE LOVE OF HIS YOUTH.

when he had finished, the bells were ringing for morning service—ringing loudly—ringing joyfully: "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

But there was little peace that morning for Hertford O'Donnell. He had to look on the face of his dead son, wherein he beheld, as though reflected, the face of the boy in his dream.

Stealthily he followed his friend, and beheld, with her eyes closed, her cheeks pale and pinched, her hair thinner, but still falling like a veil over her, the love of his youth, the only woman he had ever loved devotedly and unselfishly.

There is little space left here to tell of how the two met at last—of how the

anguish and remorse of his afflicted parents.

More than that, Hertford O'Donnell, if a reckless man, was an honourable one; and so, on the Christmas Day, when he was to have proposed for Miss Ingot, he went to that lady and told her how he had wooed and won in the years of his youth one who, after many days, was miraculously restored to him. And from the hour in which he took her into his confidence he never thought her either vulgar or foolish, but rather he paid homage to the woman who, when she had heard the whole tale repeated, said simply "Ask her to come to me till you claim her—and God bless you both."

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

HERE I am, seated in my bedroom, overlooking a curious old Parisian courtyard, where the conventionalities are so little regarded that directly opposite to where I sit; an old lady is performing her toilet, while an old gentleman is shaving himself, both quite regardless of my presence. However, I must go back to the beginning, so that you, my readers, may be with me in spirit all through my travels.

We were two. One an elderly lady, returning to the East by easy stages across the Continent; the other, her nephew, acting as escort.

We left for Newhaven to catch the night-boat, leaving for Dieppe at 11 p.m.; and, after a delightfully smooth passage, arrived at Dieppe, 3.30 a.m., when, having interviewed the Custom officials, we crossed the road to L'Hotel D'Albion, where we were most comfortable.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we went down to see the bathing. This was very amusing. In the first place, all the machines were about one hundred yards away from the water, and the would-be bathers had to traverse the



GAMBETTA'S COLUMN.

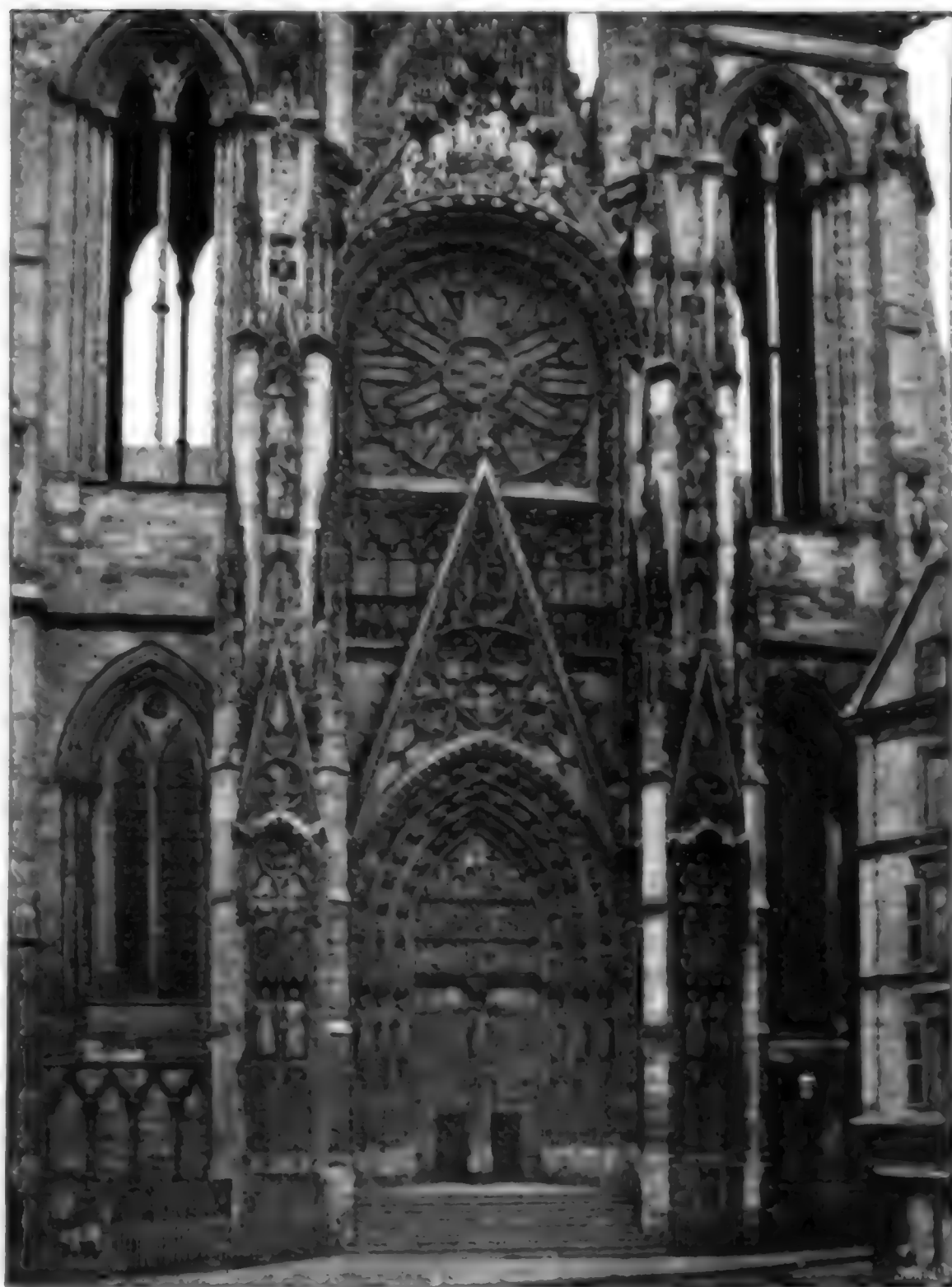
distance in their bathing costumes. As there was no beach, but only a stretch of round pebbles, it was not an altogether pleasant experience to get to the water. Men and women went in together, and bobbed up and down in perfect serenity. No one ventured out of his depth, and very few even attempted to swim. The great amusement of all was to form rings by holding each other's hands, and to bob up and down in a circle.

In the town we went into a beautiful old church—that of St. Jacques—a fine old edifice, with architecture of the 12th to 16th centuries, where we saw some good stained glass, the rose-window being especially beautiful. It was quite a large church for so small a town, and we noticed another close by. We were, however, obliged to cut short our investigation, and start for Rouen, which we reached in an hour.

Rouen, as everyone knows, is famous in history. It was originally a Roman town called Rotuma, and traces of the Roman occupation are still to be found. In the ninth century, Rollo, the Norseman, captured it. Wars raged round it during the

middle ages and ceased only on the restoration of the town to France by the English in 1449. Was it not here that Joan of Arc led her people to victory? Rouen is celebrated for its cathedral, its Joan of Arc reminiscences and its old clock. On our arrival at the railway station we had to pass out, and were immediately shut out, but as we wished to send a telegram to a friend in Paris we

had to go round to the front, where we were carefully passed through under the guidance of a young damsel. Everything is done according to rule on the Continent, and everyone is exceedingly particular in the observance of the regulations. We very soon found our way to the cathedral, which is a most magnificent structure. It is a mass of beautiful carving, inside and out, and has two grand towers in front, of different styles, besides the lofty, well-proportioned one of cast iron, so well known. The architecture is from the 12th to the 15th centuries. The cathedral is four hundred and twenty-five feet long. The vista, as one stands at the end, is superb; the eye grows tired gazing at the lofty span of the arches, and the stained glass, in most cases, is very beautiful. Here again is a most exquisite rose-window. The side chapels, many of which are used as confessionals, are beautifully and, in many



ENTRANCE TO ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

instances, lavishly adorned, while many contain tombs of the illustrious dead. Richard Cœur de Lion (our own Richard the First) lies buried in the choir. Another notable tomb is that of Louis de Brézé. The picture of the cathedral shows the chaste and exquisite carving better, far better, than I could possibly describe it.

JOAN OF ARC. There are two statues of Jeanne,

one, in a square called "La Rue de la Pucelle d'Orleans," was erected in the early part of this century and represents Jeanne in womanly attire. The other, which is built outside the town, on a hill overlooking the Seine, is reached by a little mountain railway. It is a large, commanding pile, surmounted by a dome, under which stands the figure of Joan dressed in armour and bareheaded, with her hands bound as a prisoner. The site of this is most admirably chosen, as it can be seen for miles. After a most dainty dinner in the Hotel d'Angleterre, prettily situated, overlooking the river, we left, en route for Paris. When we left Rouen we experienced some of the discomforts of foreign travel. It was very warm, in fact hot; the carriage was narrow, though well cushioned, which, however, only added to the heat, and our fellow-passengers would not have the windows open. At the outset, I was standing on the platform finish-

ing my after-dinner cigar, and one of my to-be fellow-passengers impressed upon me that I must not smoke in the carriage. Considering I was travelling with ladies, and had not yet taken my seat, it was a little bit previous, as the Yankee would say. We could see our fellow-travellers were rather shy of us—we were three English (another gentleman had travelled with us as far as Paris) in high spirits, and they were bewildered by our merriment. The crowning stroke was when we were looking for our roll of photos. I suddenly, but quite innocently, seized a paper roll, exclaiming,



THE MADELINE.



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC AT ROUEN.

"Here they are!" It was instantly snatched from me by my neighbour, who had been quietly solacing herself from a bottle, which was what I had grasped. I am sure they were relieved when we reached Paris safely. Arriving at Saint Lazare we found our friend, Monsieur D—, to whom we had wired from Rouen, waiting for us; and nothing, as it proved, could have been nicer than this dear old gentleman as a friend and guide (geed he would persist in calling it). He had a landau waiting for us, and showed us each place of interest as we drove past. The hotel he had chosen for us was just opposite his own house, in one of the most central and convenient situations for sightseeing. We were very comfortable, and during our stay we had much fun over our French conversations. After a wash and some supper, we retired, thoroughly worn out. We were up betimes next morning, and, after a cup

of coffee and some fruit, sallied forth, bent on sightseeing.

THE MADELINE.—

This well-known, beautiful temple is little more than a century old, Louis XV. having laid the foundation stone in 1764; but it was finished by Napoleon, when Emperor, as the inscription shows: "L'Empereur Napoléon aux soldats de la grande armée." The building was ultimately finished in 1830, and cost £520,000. It is flanked by massive Corinthian columns, some sixty in number. The proportions are admirable, being 350 feet long, 140 feet wide and 100 high. The interior is altogether unlike a church: it is one grand hall, with three domes which admit the light. There are no aisles and no side chapels, in the ordinary sense. There are some noble statues—those over the altar being especially noticeable. One is a group representing Mary Magdalene being carried into Paradise by two angels. It is the work of Marochetti. After our breakfast we took a 'bus to Père la Chaise.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.—It would take me hours to describe this place, and then we only saw but a part. It is the largest and most renowned of all the cemeteries of Paris; it covers more than 100 acres. It is said that this cemetery contains more than 20,000 monuments, which have cost about £4,000,000. Along the central path are the tombs of some of the most illustrious Frenchmen. The usual form the monuments take is that of a small Greek temple, being, in fact, a chapel, containing an altar, on which are laid the offerings of friends and relations who come to pray there. Some are very beautifully decorated, having stained glass windows and marble altars, adorned with costly vases and wreaths and bouquets of



INTERIOR OF MADELINE.

flowers—innumerable wreaths made of beads and wire of every imaginable shape and colour: some violet and black, some pure white, some blue and white, some are simple wreaths of everlasting, violet, yellow or white, while others consist of hearts or circles of huge size, with long drooping sprays of flowers, mostly bells, made by threading beads on wire. Some of the graves were covered with glass houses, having a very unpleasing effect.

The most popular tomb is that of Abelard and Eloise. It is a kiosk-like erection, with two recumbent figures within—those of a monk and nun; and the inscription states that these two unhappy lovers are re-united in death. Their house still stands on the "Quai aux Fleurs." The most imposing monument is that of Thiers, erected by Miss Dosne. The initials, D. T., are on the carved iron doors. This is a temple quite as large as the mortuary chapel beside which it stands, and is capable of containing fifty people. As the monument is kept closed, I could not see the interior.

The most beautiful monuments, to my thinking, are one to Michelet, of pure white marble, with an angel inscribing one of his own sentences above his recumbent figure—"L'histoire est une éternité." This is in beautiful taste, as is also the one to Alfred Musset—a bust in marble, with a living (not sculptured) weeping willow tree, drooping over it and his own words on the stone:

" Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai
Plantez un saule au cimetière.
J'aime son feuillage éploré ;
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère
Et son ombre sera légère
A la terre où je dormirai."

The monument of F. Worms de



THE OPERA HOUSE.

Romilly is also very noble. On a base of polished grey granite, rests on pillars of red granite, a canopy over a bed of blue flowers, which is always kept fresh, being renewed from time to time.

The tombs of the Duc de Morny and Stern are in excellent taste, while that of Eugene Berge attracts attention from even the most unobservant. Visconté, the finisher of the Louvre, after whom one court is named, has a fitting monument. Rossini's is a chapel with very chaste decorations inside, and well kept. Behind Musset's tomb is a very interesting one of a child's recumbent figure in bronze, and the touching inscription, "Au ciel un ange de plus." Near these are to be seen those of Paul Baudry, Le Bas and Poincots—all good. The monuments to literary men are all in good taste, being mostly busts; but there are many most pretentious ones which provoke a smile at the vanity of the survivors. Such, for instance, is a huge circular obelisk, like an immense sugar-loaf, to an individual of no extraordinary talents; while at its foot stands a simple monument to a great general. Among many other celebrities reposing here

may be mentioned Balzac (author), Beaumarchais (composer), Bellini (composer), Cambacérès (Duke of Parma), Talma and Mdlle. Mars (great actor and actress), Cherubini (composer), Chopin (composer), Sydney Smith (a British Admiral, who defeated Napoleon I. Kellerman (whose memory they celebrated the other day in Paris), Corot (painter), Molière, Pradier (sculptor), Madame Rachel (tragedienne).

We saw two funerals while at Père la Chaise—the first being a grand one, with a guard of soldiers. The second was that of a child. All traffic stopped while these passed by; and there is a story told of Napoleon III., who, accompanied by the Czar, was returning with a splendid retinue, when he met a pauper funeral, and stopped



VENDÔME COLUMN.

his brilliant *costège*, and remained uncovered till the coffin had passed. The French, like all Celts, make a great outward manifestation of respect and grief for the dead.

On All Souls' Day, or, as it is called, "Le Jour des Morts," Père la Chaise is crowded with throngs of relatives or admirers, who go to deposit their tokens of remembrance on the graves of their lost ones. The feeling is not unknown in England, as witness the demonstration in London and Hughenden on "Primrose Day."

The buildings and boulevards of Paris are delightful. Open spaces give one a

good opportunity of seeing the noble structures to good advantage. The Boulevards are handsome, wide thoroughfares, lined with trees on each side under whose foliage the Parisian sits outside the numerous Cafés drinking his *absinthe* or sipping his *petit verre de Cognac*. Truly one half

Paris seems to exist by feeding and catering for the other half.

The Opera is the finest house of amusement I ever saw. This building took thirteen years to build—true, the work was very often interrupted. It cost £150,000. It is most luxuriously and handsomely decorated. The grand staircase is formed with full arched arcades; the ceiling being covered with beautiful paintings. The ceiling of the Grand Foyer is ornamented by the hand of Baudry, and illustrates the infancy and growth of art.

The Colonne Vendôme stands in the Place of the same name; it consists of some 1,000 cannons, taken from the Russians and Austrians, melted down, and

formed into a bronze column 142 feet high. The monument is of masonry encased in these bronze plates. A further interest in this column is in the fact that it was thrown down by the Commune, but fortunately was so little damaged that it was replaced again.

Next day I commenced by paying a visit to the Morgue, which is one of the sights of Paris. This is the place where all dead bodies found in the river are exposed for identification. Having seen this, I returned to our hotel and then we went to

NOTRE DAME.—We felt rather disappointed at first sight of the building, but

on entering, our feeling was changed to admiration, for it is a most beautiful building, and kept clean, which is not usual. The double aisles give a very pleasing effect. On each side of the nave are eight chapels, dedicated to various saints, some now being used as confessionals, others as mere private



NOTRE DAME.

chapels. All the chapels are beautifully painted and decorated, having pictures, carpets, reliquaries, and statues. There is a fine font.

The high altar is remarkable for its simplicity. At the back of the stalls are some curious bas-reliefs, painted in blue, red, green, and gold. These represent on one side various scenes from Our Lord's life, and on the other His several appearances after His resurrection. The stained glass is good, and there is here also a most exquisite rose window. By paying a small fee, we were admitted to see "the treasure," which consists of many sacred reliquaries, notably fragments of the Crown of Thorns, some of the wood and a nail of the Cross; also a most magnificent display of gold-

smith's work, in the shape of chalices, patens, crosses, pyxes, croziers, etc., nearly all being of gold and richly enamelled and inlaid with precious stones. One cross, standing about two feet high, had a star of diamonds radiating from the centre, which shone and sparkled gloriously.

We were also shown a series of sets of vestments, of either satin or velvet, embroidered in the most delicate manner. Of the beauty and value of these there could be no question. They were mostly the gift of Napoleon III. The most revered object in the whole collection is the blood-stained, bullet-torn soutane of Archbishop Affre, who was killed at the barricades in 1848, and to whom there is a beautiful marble monument in one of the side chapels near the choir. On it are written his last words—"May my blood be the last shed," and they were in a measure fulfilled. We determined we would go again and see this glorious collection, and yet, can you believe it, reader, just outside the choir we heard two ladies talking. One said to the other, "Oh, all these churches are alike;" and when a young girl, about seventeen or eighteen years old, came up, she began to run down Notre Dame, and say there was nothing to see. I, being full of what I had just been shown, told her of the treasures; her older companion turned to me and said, "I have been on the Continent four times." She knew all about "the treasures;" in fact, "she was sure she had seen them twice, they consisted of rings, etc." Now, there was not a ring in the whole collection. The outside of the building has a beautiful front; over the right and left portals is the



ARC DU CARROUSAL.

niches, each with the statue of a king. Formerly saints were here, but in the Revolution the rebels, in their frenzy, taking the statues for those of the kings, destroyed them all. All along the sides, at various elevations, are grotesque gargoyles, representing fiends, who, endeavour-

ing to enter the sacred fane to disturb the worshippers, have, on hearing the holy bells ring, been petrified.

After breakfast we went by boat to the Louvre, but before entering we crossed La Place du Carrousal.

This was one of the arches of triumph erected by Napoleon I. It is built on the model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. It was intended as a pedestal, on which was placed the celebrated and world-renowned Quadriga, or group of four horses, from the Cathedral of St. Mark, at Venice, which Napoleon brought back with him as a trophy of his campaign in Italy. On the downfall of the Empire the Quadriga was restored to the Venetians, and a replica of the same took its place. Here, also, stands Gambetta's monument, a very handsome structure.

We determined to see as much of the picture galleries of the Louvre as we could, and, therefore, made straight for them, passing through a hall—the Galerie d'Apollon—adorned with Gobelin tapestry, being pictures of warriors, kings and statesmen, that seemed to be painted, so perfect is the work. This hall was filled with cabinets containing the most lovely specimens of goldsmiths' work of the middle ages and later; and it was no wonder that those men sought the patronage of kings and princes, for no meaner men could afford to pay for such priceless works of art. There were vases of all



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

vegetables, such as would delight the heart of any vegetarian. Great heaps of lovely tomatoes, cauliflowers, carrots, endive, lettuce and what not; with flowers both sweet and pleasant to the eye—some were being made up into funeral wreaths and sent off on men's heads: such clusters of roses—red, white and pink—baskets of sweet-scented *rése*da, pyramids of asters—white, mauve and purple—with lilies, ferns, *gladiolus*, carnations, etc. In the fish market were curious objects: the hind legs of frogs carefully skinned and skewered, snails of

shapes and sizes, carved out of jade, porphyry, crystal, malachite and rubies; and exquisite little figures, sometimes with the body made of one single pearl, or other precious stone.

We spent hours in one gallery alone, seeing pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Holbein, Titians, Veronese, Murillo, and the Dutch and Venetian painters generally. I must not forget to mention, however, that here we saw the celebrated Venus of Milo. This is supposed to be one of the finest creations handed down to us by Greek art. The figure is mutilated, both arms being broken off. Having heard so much about this renowned statue, I must confess to a feeling of disappointment—possibly my bad taste. We retired early, as we wished to be up with the lark next morning to visit Les Halles, the markets of Paris. And what a sight they were. We saw fruit in endless piles: peaches, pears, apples, plums, grapes; and



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

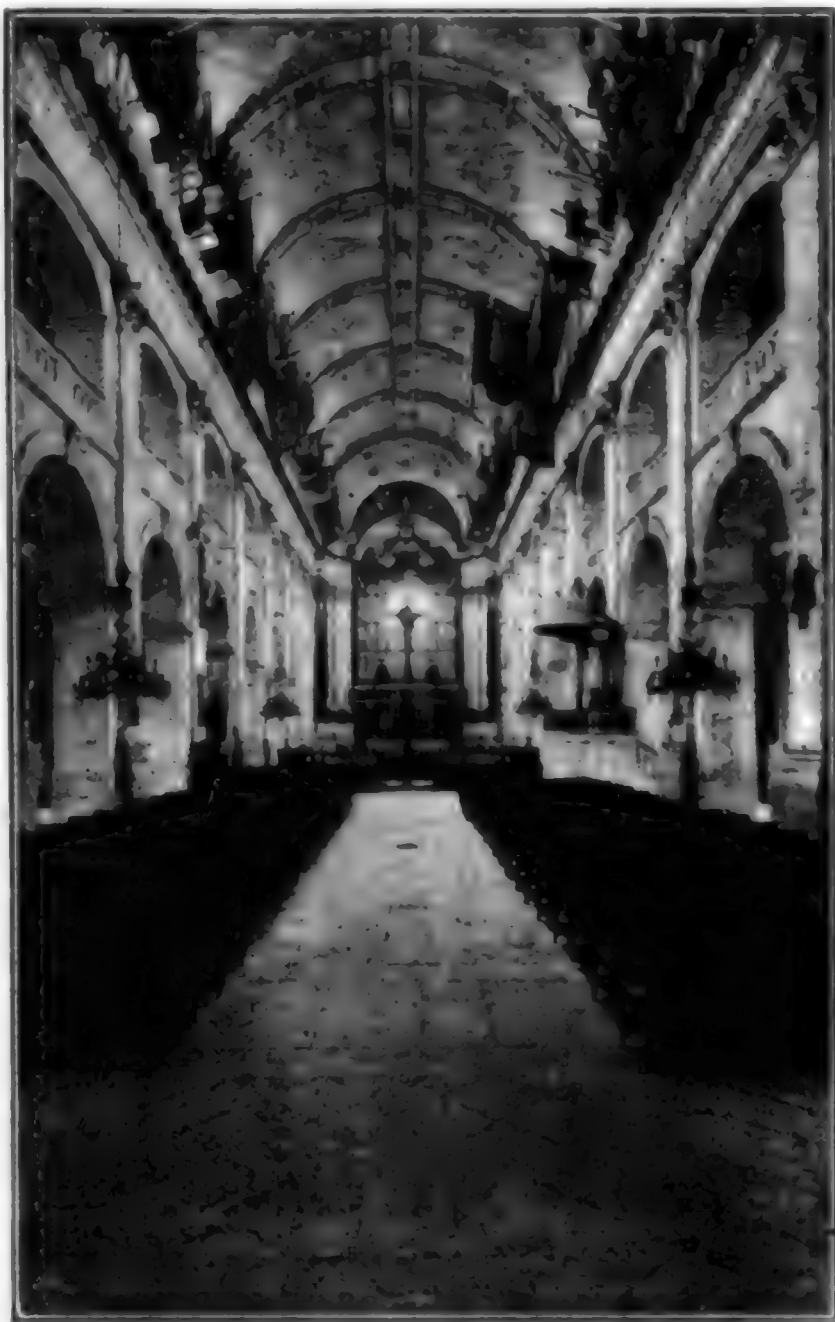
two kinds crawling over their baskets (these are boiled and the shell filled with fine herbs, and are said to be delicious), scallops, cockles, crabs, lobsters (both boiled and alive in tanks), eels (dead and alive), crayfish, skates, soles, trout, salmon, turbot, mussels, limpets, gurnet, and a host more. We saw deer and all game birds in another part, but what we were most struck with was the thriving, comfortable appearance of the market people, mostly women — all looked well fed and nearly all neat. They wore, in many cases, close, white-frilled caps; very many had black lace with coloured velvet; some, gay handkerchiefs becomingly arranged; all had their hair neat and well dressed. The men all wore long blue blouses. The working classes here dress more sensibly than ours; very few of the women wear any head covering; all speak civilly to each other; every one is Monsieur or Madame, and, although the politeness may be only a veneer, it is more pleasant to hear than the British workman's oath. From the Halles we passed

into one of the best churches, St. Eustache, which is built just beside them. This is one of the largest mediæval churches in Paris. It was in this church that the Feast of Reason was celebrated in 1793. There are several side chapels, dedicated to different saints, all beautifully decorated with frescoes and statuary. One in particular, the "Chappelle du Purgatoire," has a beautiful group in white marble, representing the scourging of our Saviour. As we were just in time, we remained through a service. The people, mostly market women, fresh from

their toil and with their baskets on their arms, strolled in for a few minutes, said their prayers and departed.

In the afternoon we went to the CHAMPS ELYSÉES. This, as everybody knows, is a most magnificent promenade, extending from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. Standing on the Place and looking up the avenue, one sees the ARC DE TRIOMPHE. This was erected as a trophy to commemorate the

great victories of Napoleon I. It stands in the centre—twelve fine avenues, or boulevards, designed by Baron Haussmann radiating from it. Looking down from the Arc, through the Champs Elysées, you see the PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. This is the finest square in the world: it is three hundred and ninety yards long and two hundred and thirty-five yards wide. In the centre stands the Luxor Obelisk, a companion to our Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. This was presented to Louis Philippe by Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The expense of bringing it from Egypt and placing it in position was over £80,000.



HOTEL DE INVALIDES.

In the square are two fountains and eight large statues, representing the chief towns of France, viz.:—Lille, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg, Lyons, Nantes, Rouen and Brest. Ever since 1871 the statue representing Strasbourg has been draped in mourning. In the revolution of 1792 the statue of Louis XV. was thrown down, melted and coined into copper monies. In 1793 King Louis XVI. was guillotined on the spot where the Luxor Obelisk now stands; nearly three thousand

other people suffered death at the same place. The Place has been occupied by foreign troops on three different occasions during the present century. In 1814 the allied troops, Russians and Prussians encamped here; again, 1815, after the Cent Jours, they again occupied the place. Later, in 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, the Germans bivouacked on the same ground.

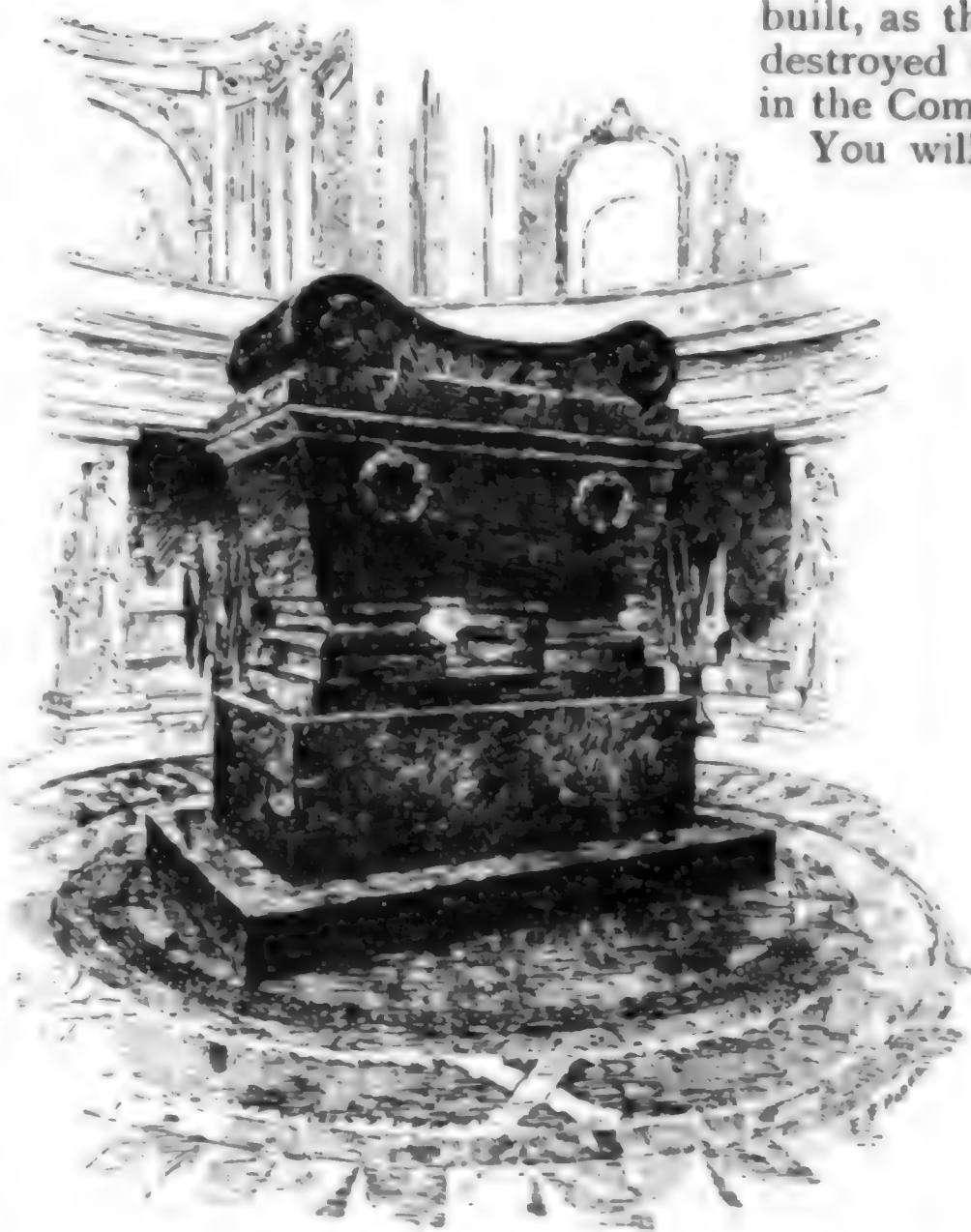
Looking in the opposite direction from the Arc de Triomphe one sees the garden of the Tuileries, the Place du Carrousal, and the Palace of the Louvre. Bordering all these on one side is the Rue de Rivoli, on the other flow the waters of the Seine.

Opposite, on the "Quai de l'Horloge," on the other side of the river, stands the "Palais de Justice," an immense pile of buildings. The building has been mostly re-

built, as the greater part was destroyed by the incendiaries in the Commune.

You will see two towers in the picture: the one on the right is completely modern; in it the Duc d'Orleans was imprisoned lately for entering France. The left tower has been restored; it contains the Conciergerie and the prison where poor Marie Antionette was incarcerated. At the side of the tower you will observe the old clock-tower, called the Tour de l'Horloge. In this tower stands an old clock, put up in 1370, and repaired but once, in 1853—

at least, so we are told. It was from the belfry of this tower that the signal was given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew to begin. The church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois at once responded, and sounded the tocsin from across the water, and, without further warning or delay, the



TOMB OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.



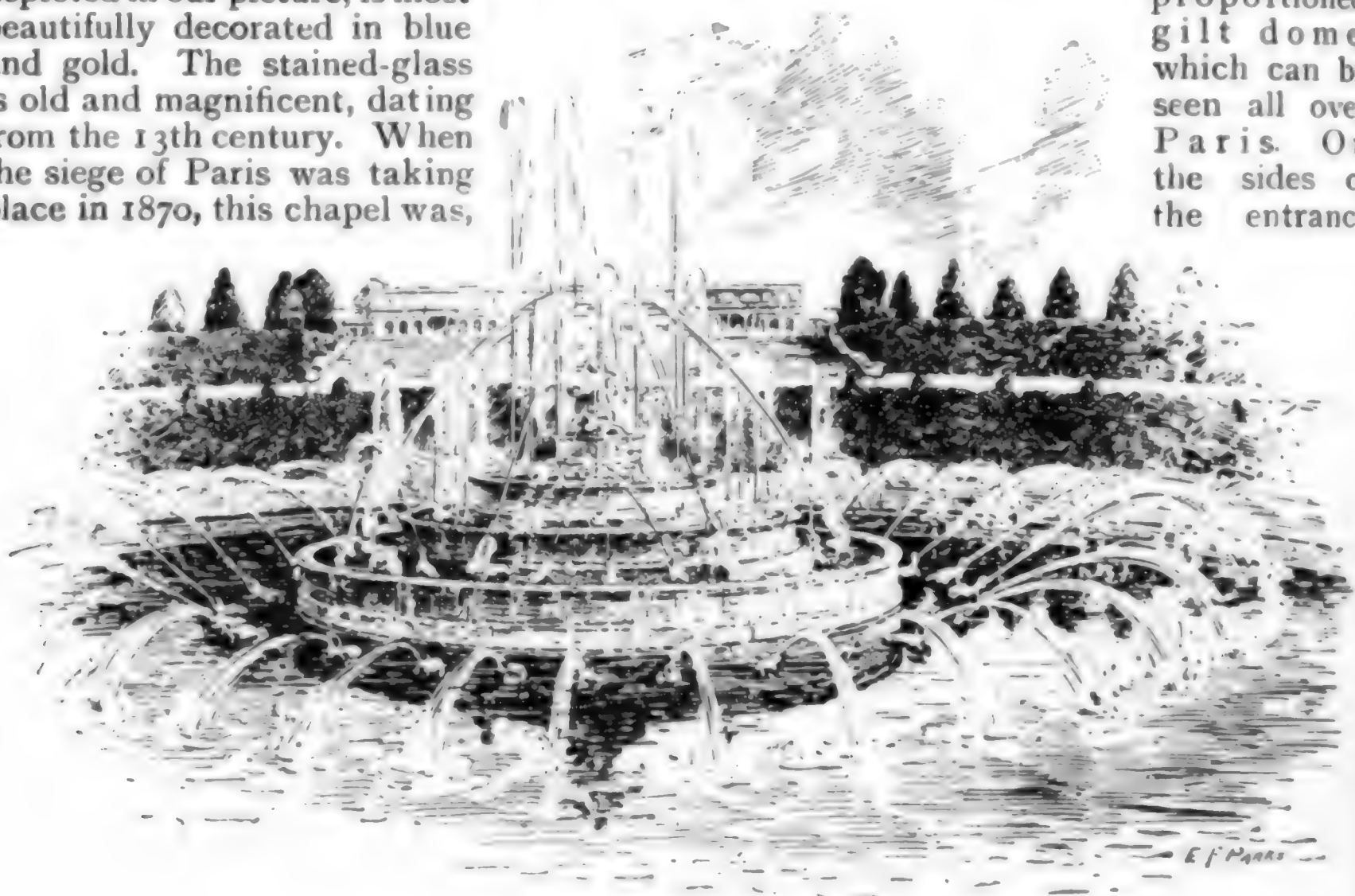
SAINT CHAPPELLE.

dreadful murders began. As we were rambling about one day, we came unexpectedly upon the statue of Admiral Coligny, who perished in the massacre.

In the courtyard of the Palais de Justice stands Saint Chappelle. This is said to be the finest example of pure Gothic architecture extant. It was originally built in 1245, as a resting-place for the sacred relics since transferred to Notre Dame—more especially the portion of the Cross and of the Crown of Thorns; tradition tells us that they were sold by the King of Jerusalem for three million francs. There are two chapels, one above the other; the lower one, as depicted in our picture, is most beautifully decorated in blue and gold. The stained-glass is old and magnificent, dating from the 13th century. When the siege of Paris was taking place in 1870, this chapel was,

Chelsea, has a most curious appearance, from the fact that the attic windows are built into stone suits of armour, with casque and plumes intact. You enter a spacious square, called the Court of Honour, round which are arranged various offices, such as the kitchen, dining-rooms, and museum. Passing through a long corridor, we reached the entrance to the tomb of Napoleon le Grand, which is none other than the outermost portion of the Church of St. Louis, and was built by Louis XIV. The tomb has been separated from the church by glass doors, so as to make a separate place of worship. It is circular, and is crowned with a finely-

proportioned gilt dome, which can be seen all over Paris. On the sides of the entrance



FOUNTAINS AT VERSAILLES.

so to speak, packed up with wood and earth, and was thus preserved.

To-day was quite a red-letter day with us, from the beauty and grandeur of the buildings we saw. We began with the "Hotel des Invalides," and I have never experienced more solid pleasure than the sight afforded me by the tomb of Napoleon. In front of the hotel is a neatly-laid-out and well-kept garden, on the outskirts of which stand cannons from every European nation except the English. There are some from Africa and Asia as well. The front of the hotel, which is intended for old and disabled soldiers, like ours at

stand a statue of Charlemagne and of St. Louis, and entering by a moderate flight of steps, you find yourself in a hall, containing an open circular crypt, protected by a low marble wall, three feet in height. The subdued, awe-inspiring feeling is like nothing else I have ever experienced. Everything combines to make you feel that you are in the presence of the illustrious dead. On each side of the entrance is a chapel. In one reposes Jerome Bonaparte, and the body of Napoleon rested there temporarily. Here is a cenotaph to Plon Plon, but as the Republic refused to allow his interment in

the chapel, he rests in Italy. In the other chapel is the magnificent sarcophagus of Joseph Bonaparte. In two other archways lie Turenne and Vauban, while the remaining side chapels were intended to be the resting-places of Napoleon's wives, if fate had not intervened.

The High Altar is a very fine one, the steps to it being each of one solid piece of Carrara marble. The rest of the altar is of green Pyrenean marble, while the twisted columns which support the canopy over it are of dark green Alpine marble. I have left the tomb to the last, though, for a long time, I could look at nothing else. On a black and white pavement, surrounded by a laurel wreath (mosaic) stands a pedestal of dark green stone (polished granite, I believe), surmounted by a most exquisite



GALLERIE DES GLACES AT VERSAILLES.

sarcophagus of dark red porphyry. The shape of this sarcophagus is unlike any I have ever seen, having the ends carved like scrolls, with large flutings. On the pavement are inscribed Napoleon's chief victories. All round the arched wall which surrounds the tomb, stand twelve angels bearing palms, laurel wreaths, and swords. There are six stands of flags arranged at intervals between them. Far away above the tomb soars the noble dome with its frescoes; and lower down, its windows of stained glass throw a dim, religious light on the tomb beneath. The whole floor of the Chapel is inlaid with coloured marble. The doors which lead to the crypt are of bronze, made from three cannons captured at Austerlitz. They are guarded by two bronze figures, bearing the crown and orb. On either side is the tomb of Marshal Duroc and Bertrand.

We went by train to Versailles, and for the sake of seeing the scenery, as well as for the novelty of the sensation, we rode on the top of the train. This would be an altogether delightful way of travelling if it were not for the smoke from the engine, which blackens one's face and clothes. There are seats arranged on top under a low awning, and, as can be imagined, the view you get is a great deal better than from the ordinary carriages below. The country near Versailles is very beautiful; we passed by Sèvres, em-



BED OF LOUIS XIV

bosomed in its woods, and saw the parks of Versailles and Marly extending far along the hills in the distance. Versailles itself is a lifeless town, full of soldiers, and it only exists at all through the crowds of visitors who go there in the summer and on Sundays. The palace is a huge pile of buildings surrounded by a paved court, round which stand gigantic statues of French heroes, the first on either side being Bayard and Du Gueselin. These statues once stood at the Place de la Concorde, but seem better placed here. From there being an open space all round the palace, the effect is unpleasing. The building looks cold and monotonous, and it lacks the attractiveness of Hampton Court, the front of which its front somewhat resembles. To see it properly would take days, but we were able to gather a very good idea of its grandeur and magnificence by an observant walk through its numerous rooms.

The "Grand Gallery" is, beyond all others, magnificent. Along one side are huge mirrors, and on the other seventeen large arched windows give a splendid view of the fountains and park in front. This palace and park cost £40,000,000 sterling—truly a most fabulous sum. It was here, in the war of 1870, that the King of Prussia established his head-quarters, and it was here he was proclaimed and crowned Emperor of Germany.

Louis XIV.'s bedchamber was very fascinating, for, besides the beautiful decorations on the walls and cornices, there is the lovely embroidery in gold on scarlet velvet; the embroidery is so rich that but little of the material is visible underneath. The coverlet was of beautiful point lace. It is said that twelve years were devoted to the labour of embroidering the bed and the furniture of this chamber, and I can well believe it, so perfect is the work. There are

numerous clocks, of various periods, in the different rooms, and suites of furniture covered with tapestry. The great attraction of Versailles, however, is the park and waterworks, which are the finest in the world. All over, there are basins filled with statuary, and on the first Sunday of every month the fountains play, a sight which is not to be equalled anywhere, and which is witnessed by crowds of visitors.

The most beautiful are Latona's Fountain directly in front of the Palace, Apollo's Basin, and Neptune's Fountain. The statues within and surrounding these basins are by the best French artists. Louis XIV. soon tired of the magnificence of Versailles and built for himself another smaller palace at the Grand Trianon in the park. This he soon left for the chateau of Marly. Not far from the Grand Trianon stands "Le Petit Trianon," built for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The building of this to gratify the whim of the Queen was a fatal mistake, for the wars and extravagances of Louis XIV. and XV. had so impoverished the nation that they could no longer look on apathetically at the wastefulness of their rulers. As I looked around these magnificent halls, with their gorgeous decorations and frescoes, their marble staircases and splendid furniture, and then turned to the park, where trees were laid in regular alleys for miles, and everything spoke of unbridled luxury and self indulgence, I began to realise why there was so deep a hatred towards the nobility on the part of the lower classes. The French kings seemed to lavish all the wealth of the realm on themselves. On every side we saw portraits in splendid vestments of Louis XIV., or busts and portraits; and we know from history how extravagant were the infamous women who ruled the successive Courts.

(To be continued.)

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 3.—THE LOST TREASURE.

“UNCLE TOM, you promised to tell us about the Spanish treasure you found, so come along and make yourself comfortable in this cosy chair, there’s a dear.”

Captain Holybone—or Uncle Tom, as the children called him—was always a welcome visitor at Silver Beach, as my sister Lucy’s house at Westercombe was called; and regularly every Christmas he spent three or four weeks under her comfortable roof-tree.

At this festive season Uncle Tom was an institution in himself, and his absence would have been regarded by the youngsters as a far greater misfortune than even the non-appearance of the mystical Santa Claus; for was he not a perfect Santa Claus himself? and one, moreover, with whom they could play and romp, and who had a never-failing fund of anecdotes and stories with which he kept them spellbound through the long winter evenings.

“Yes, please, Uncle,” shouted a chorus of voices from young and old; “tell us about the Spanish treasure.”

“Very well, my dears,” replied he; “let’s all draw up round the fire and make ourselves snug.”

This was the signal for a pulling and hauling of chairs and stools round the charmed crescent of firelit glow, as we all settled ourselves in anticipation for the coming story.

It was Christmas Eve, one of the regular old-fashioned Christmases which we often read about, but which so seldom comes up to the orthodox description. We had had snow on the ground for a couple of weeks past, and the frost which had followed now held the white covered earth in its icy clasp.

I usually spent my Christmas with my married sister, Lucy, and her family; and Captain Holybone, as I have just stated, always made one of the party.

Five o’clock tea had just been disposed of, and the warm, flickering light from the pine logs in the large, old-fashioned grate was voted by all present to be quite sufficient illumination, without having recourse to the lamps, until Uncle Tom had finished his story.

“So you want me to tell you about the Spanish wreck and its treasure trove,” commenced Tom. “Let me see, it must be nearly fifty-five years ago now since the events happened. I was about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and had made one voyage



WAS HE NOT A SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF?

in the *Golden Gem* out and home to the West Indies and Honduras; the *Golden Gem* was schooner-rigged, and was a little bit of a thing of about two hundred and fifty tons burthen; she was owned by the captain, a Welshman named Thomas Thomas, and had made many voyages in the West Indian Trade. Captain Thomas was a good master, and looked after the welfare of his crew, which was a great rarity in those days. His men were well berthed, and had a plentiful supply of good plain food and wholesome water; the result was that all his hands remained with him, voyage after voyage; his orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the whole routine of the vessel was got through with a smoothness and absence of growling which made work a pleasure to all aboard.

On our second voyage we took out a general cargo from London to Santos, on the South American Coast; we had a fair average passage out, and it was the captain's intention, after he had discharged our cargo there, to run up to Honduras and load up a cargo of mahogany for home, as usual.

However, when we were discharging at Santos, he changed his mind, and instead of going for mahogany, we sailed to Rio Janeiro, and there loaded a lot of war material—guns, cannons, gunpowder, and other stuff for Valparaiso, for the Government of Chili; this was a longish voyage for the little *Gem*, but the Chili Government were anxious to get their ammunition round quickly, and offered such a tempting freight, that our captain could not resist the chance of making a big haul.

All went well, and in due course we arrived at our destination and discharged our cargo successfully. We learnt at Valparaiso that trouble was brewing between Chili and Peru and that hostilities might break out at any time; this, of course, accounted for the anxiety displayed for the war material we had brought round.

Captain Thomas had intended going to Callao, in Peru, for a cargo of guano for some port on our way home; but, with such a close prospect of war between the two countries, he concluded to give the idea up. We had been discharged some few days, and our captain was on the point of sailing in ballast, when a messenger from his agents came down to the schooner and asked him to go up to the office.

Night passed, and we saw nothing of our skipper till late next day, when he came on board with a stranger.

Of course we were all agog to know what was going on; every man of us felt a keen personal interest in the little craft and when the mate was sent for to join the captain and the stranger, we guessed something special was on.



WICKED LOOKING SNAGS SHOWED THEIR UGLY TEETH.

After awhile the mate came forward, and we all clustered round him to hear the news.

"Have any of you any experience of diving?" said he. "I mean," he continued, "going down below in diver's dress."

"Yes, sir," answered two of the men—Bob Green and Tom Swift. They had been employed in some harbour works in England, and knew all about the business.

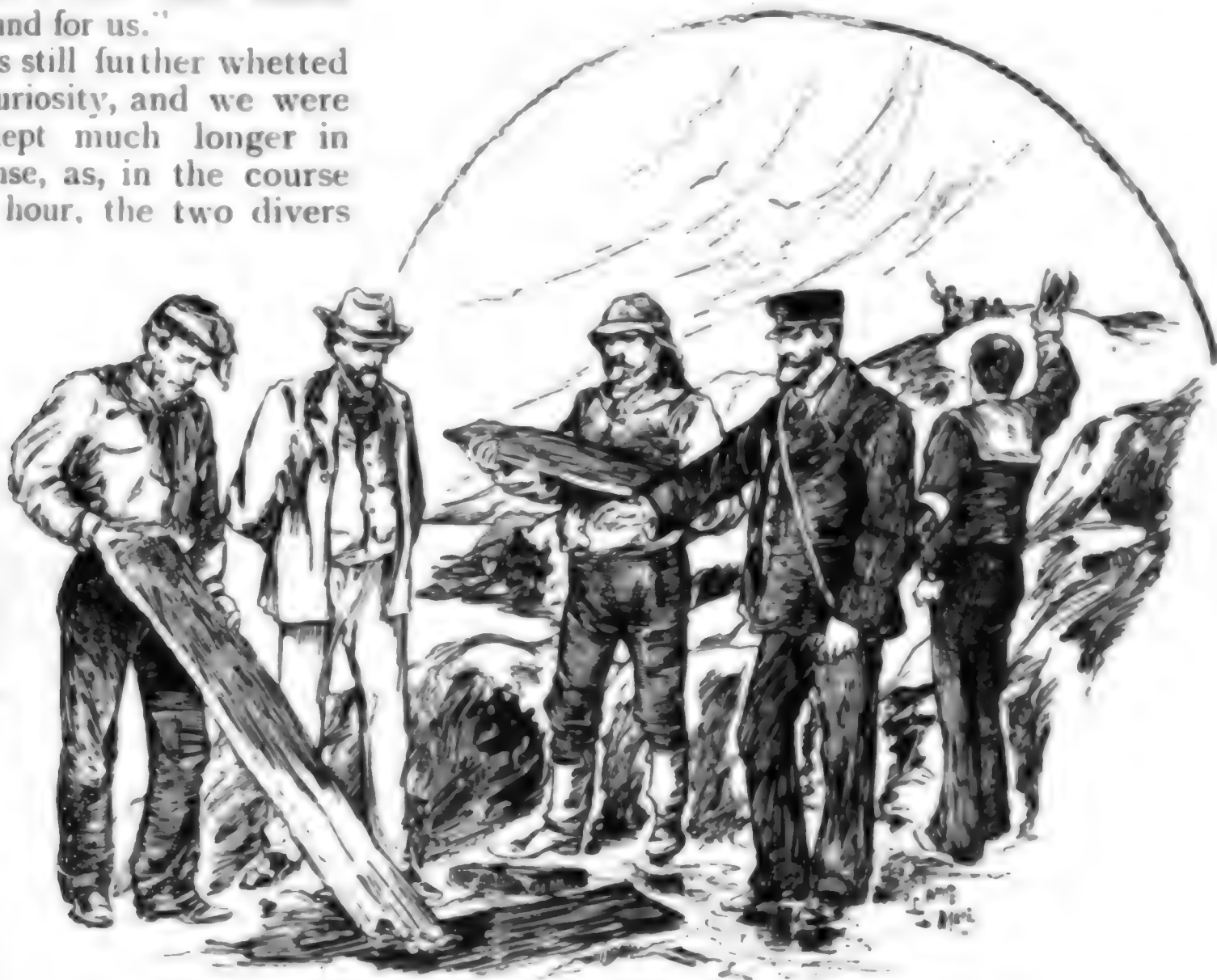
"That's first-rate," replied the mate. "The captain is thinking of going on a little expedition where you will be of service; and if the job turns out a success, there will be a nice little bonus all round for us."

This still further whetted our curiosity, and we were not kept much longer in suspense, as, in the course of an hour, the two divers

course, this in itself could not have been much of an inducement for the expedition he wished to make; the real bait which lured him on was the information which he obtained, how I know not, that when ship was lost she had on board a very had large quantity of bullion and specie.

He evidently reposed much confidence in the rumour, as the hire of the *Gem*, and other incidental expenses, meant a pretty round sum, which, however, he paid up before sailing, without a murmur.

Two suits of diving dress were sent on board, with the accompanying pumps and other arrangements, and another experi-



GROUPED ROUND A MASS OF ROTTING TIMBERS.

were called into the cabin and, after a short absence, returned to tell us all about the new venture.

It appeared that the stranger had chartered the schooner to sail for Ambrose Island, which was a little bit of an island about six hundred miles north-west of Valparaiso.

The stranger was a Spanish grandee, named Don Carlo de Astigara; and from what had transpired in the cabin, it seemed that a Spanish merchantman had, many years before, been wrecked on the island, and become a total loss, and none of her crew had ever been heard of. Of

enced diver was engaged to superintend matters.

After we had got our supplies of fresh provisions on board, the anchor was weighed and we stood out to sea.

The Don accompanied us as a passenger. It was late in the afternoon when we sailed, as he was most anxious to keep the schooner's course secret from prying eyes ashore. For this reason very little canvas was set, and no hurry was made until darkness fell and obscured our position; then all was bustle and scurry, and it did not take us a great while to get all sail set, and, with a spanking stern

breeze we were, long before the first glint of daybreak, far out of sight of land.

The run up was soon accomplished, and by noon of the third day we were at anchor off the western side of the island. After making all snug aloft, we got a boat out, and Don Astigara, the captain, Harris, the diver, who we had shipped at Valparaiso, and four men, of whom I was one, started off for the shore. The island was surrounded by a belt of coral reef, which, in ordinary fine weather, did not make their whereabouts visible, as they lay quiet and treacherous under about a fathom or so of water.

But when the sea ran at all high, and the long rolling swell of the Pacific Ocean broke from its gentle mood, then the vicious, wicked-looking snags showed their ugly teeth, and as the mighty billows swept towards the shore, they were split and driven, and tossed, and churned by their lurking foe below, until they escaped, a mass of spume and lather, to cover the golden sand with an effervescing froth.

Now, however, the Pacific bore out the name of its baptism, and the gentle swell of its mighty bosom was not even ruffled. When we got ashore, we pulled the boat up, and then, under the captain's instructions, we separated and spread ourselves over the shore to hunt for any remains or signs of the lost Spaniard.

After a short time we heard a hail from the northern end of the island, and hurrying up, we found the captain and the others grouped round a mass of black and rotting timbers, which we immediately recognised as the debris of a wrecked vessel. This was evident proof that, at some time or another, a vessel of considerable size had been cast up at this spot. So far, however, there was nothing to guide us as to whether this was the wreck of the ship we were after. Don Astigara was satisfied that his quest was here, so after we had cast about for awhile, hunting for further evidence, we returned to our boat and went aboard.

It was then arranged that a camp should be set up on the island, and the Don, with the three divers and three other men, should prosecute their operations from land. This would leave the schooner free to put to sea in case of bad weather, and also allow diving operations to be commenced at once, by the aid of a boat on the inner side of the coral reef.

It was the opinion of the captain and most of us that the wrecked ship had been first cast on to the reef, and as she gradually broke up she had been carried over into the inner side of the reef and had there foundered, and eventually gone to pieces.

Next day we were busy getting the things ashore, and it took us till well on to noon before this was completed; then, while some of the men commenced rigging up a couple of tents, the boat was made ready, and Harris, the head diver, with his suit and necessities, went off, with Captain Thomas and the Don, to make his first descent on the margin of the reef, opposite the remains of the wreck on shore.

I went in the boat with them, and can assure you I did not envy Harris when he got rigged up in his awkward suit of clothes, with his unwieldy looking metal helmet, with its great big staring glass eyes, he appeared like some uncanny, antediluvian monster. As soon as his figure-head was fastened on we had to start the air-pumps to keep him going, and a rope ladder having been hung over the side, he commenced his descent.

For some while we had no intimation from him, beyond his various calls for more or less air. After he had been down ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, we received the call to pull up the rope, and when we got it to the surface we found the end made fast to a small, iron-clamped chest. The iron was all rusted and rotten, but the box itself was fairly preserved. We soon had it open, and had its contents out. They consisted chiefly of papers and books, but from their long immersion in the sea we could make nothing of them; they fell to pieces as we handled them—the ink had disappeared into lines of undecipherable stains. The books were little better, sodden as they were, but we hoped, when they were dried, something might be learnt from them. While we were examining these we received the call from Harris that he was coming up, so we started hauling in the slack of the air-line, and in a few minutes his monstrous headgear rose up alongside, as he climbed up the rope-ladder. We soon had his helmet off, and then, when he had rested a bit, we mustered round to hear his news. We had chosen our spot so fortunately that we had anchored right over the ~~sunken~~

ship. From the short examination Harris had been able to make, he made out that some part of the bows and fore part of the ship had broken off, and she appeared to have pitched over the reef much as the captain had anticipated. The wreck had settled almost upright, but was much covered with sand and broken coral: she had evidently lain there for years.

He had found the box jammed in the cabin gangway; he gave it as his opinion that, with time, we could get at everything in the wreck. The difficulty would be the clearing out the sand and rubbish, which had drifted into the cabins and below the decks in every direction. He had not been able to get into the cabins as the doors were so firmly held by the sand that he could not move them without force.

Don Astigara was much elated with this report, and it certainly looked as if the information he had obtained had more than a problematical basis of truth

in it. We took the exact bearings of our anchorage ground, and then went ashore to make preparations for commencing hard work on the morrow.

We got another boat from the schooner, with shovels, crowbars and pickaxes for the divers to work with, and provisions and other necessities for the camp.

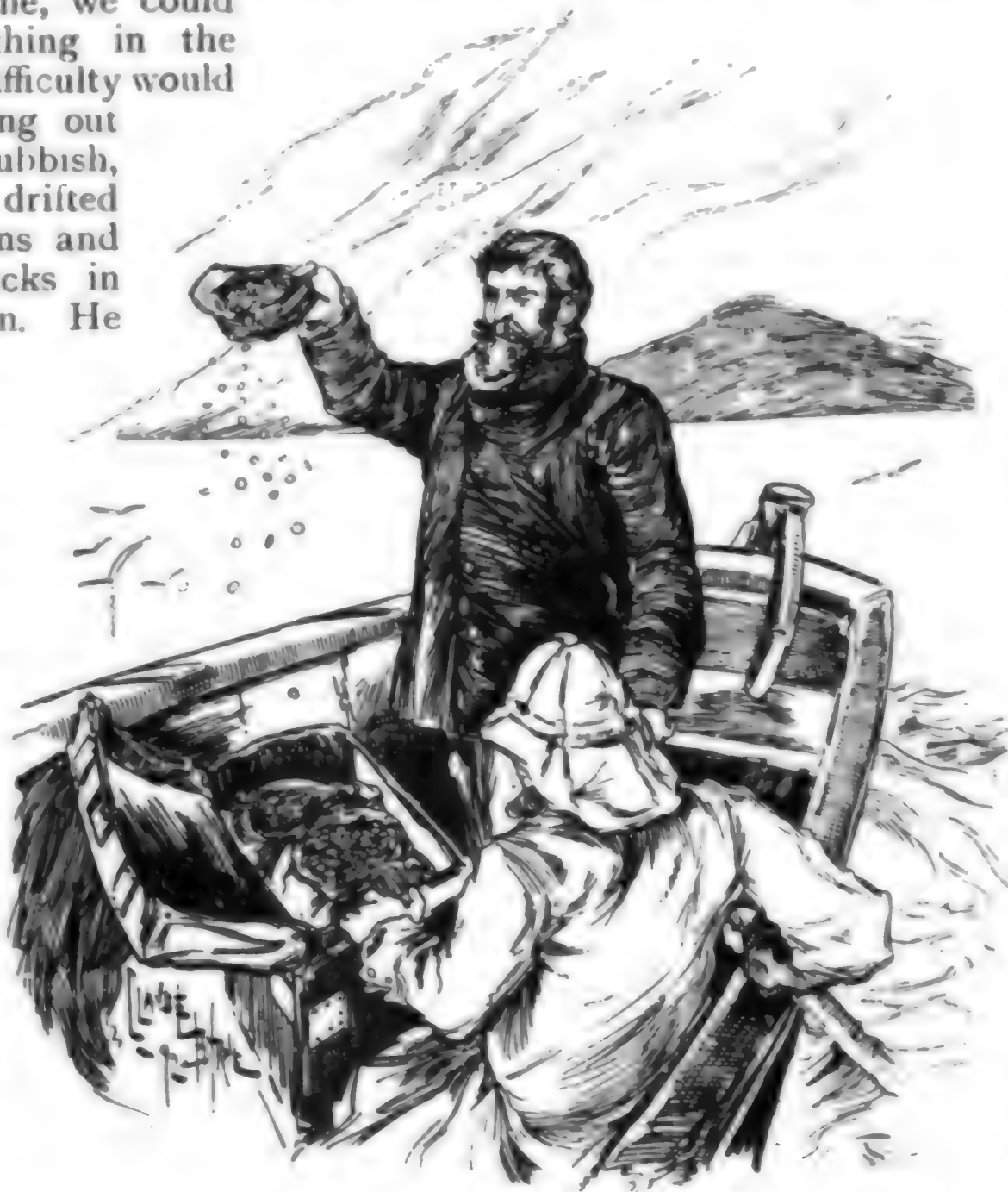
Next morning we started at daylight to get our boats loaded for our first day's operations; and, after a good breakfast, we put off with the three divers. The boats were anchored, one on either beam of the wreck, so that two divers could work at once.

Everything being in readiness, down

they went, and we all waited anxiously for the first intimation of their search. We could get some idea of their movements from the working of the air-lines, and presently we got the call to haul up, which we did, and found another iron-bound box. On breaking this open, out rolled a mass of golden doubloons and silver dollars. Then we sent up a shout of triumph which the men on shore and on the schooner took up and repeated again and again.

The excitement in our little boat was intense, and Don Astigara, as he lifted up the precious coins in handfuls and let them pour through his fingers back into the box, was quite beside himself with joy.

Here was sufficient to repay him for all his outlay, without regard to what might still be found. We were still in the midst of our excitement when we noticed the other boat hauling in,



SHOWED A STREAM OF GOLD AND SILVER.

and up came another similar chest; this was, as far as we could see, exactly identical with our own, and we waited in breathless suspense while it was being prised open. Then another hurra from them betokened the contents, and Captain Thomas, who was in the boat, held up his hat, from which he showered a stream of gold and silver. The Don could wait no longer for the divers below without hearing where the treasure was found; so we gave them the signal to come up, and as soon as they were released from their helmets, he commenced to ply them with questions. They had got into the main cabin, in which they found nothing of importance;

then, carefully examining the sides of the cabin, they had come on a door, differing from the other doors opening out of the cabin. It had been bolted and fastened so securely that they thought, and as it turned out thought correctly, that here was the strong room. By the aid of their crowbars they soon broke open the half rotten door, and found the place contained some dozen or more cases, large and small. Owing to the smallness of the entrance they had made, and the weight of the cases, they had much difficulty in getting out the two they had sent up. They were engaged in enlarging the doorway when we had signalled them to come up.

This was news indeed. What if all the boxes were filled with the precious metal? They would together contain an enormous amount of wealth. After a short spell of idleness, during which we refreshed the inner man, Bob Green and Harris again went down to work, and we sat anxious and expectant, waiting for their signal to haul in. The minutes seemed hours as the time passed slowly by, and when nearly half an hour had crawled its tedious length, and still no summons, we scarcely knew how to sit still. While we were discussing and guessing the reasons of the delay, both air-lines gave a sudden jerk, which was followed immediately by the signal, "An accident."

Then all was quiet for a few

minutes, when the air-line from our man, Bob, began to move, and he signalled he was coming up. When he got to the surface he could scarcely get aboard, and we had to pull him in; then, hastily removing his face-piece, we waited full of anxiety for him to speak. He made no sign, however, but lay motionless in the bottom of the boat; quickly we unscrewed his helmet and poured some brandy down his throat; this pulled him round, and after a bit he told us his tale.

He and Harris had finished breaking open the door, and were lifting down one of the cases, when one of the lower boxes burst asunder, and the top boxes had fallen on them: he was thrown backwards, and fell through the doorway, while one of the chests had so jammed his legs against another that it was some minutes before he could get free. He found Harris pros-



THE TOP BOXES HAD FALLEN ON THEM.

trate in the corner near the door, with a couple of chests crushing his legs and thighs; he lifted one of the boxes off him, and then, finding himself growing faint, he hastened up as fast as he could.

The poor fellow was so prostrate that we could not ask him to go down again. Indeed, I do not think he could stand upright, much less bear the strain of working below; so Tom Switt, the other seaman, hastily donned his diving suit and went down to help poor Harris, if it were not too late.

All our joy was now turned to sorrow, and anxiety for our comrade, lying senseless, perhaps even dead, down in the depths of the sea, while we were powerless to aid him.

How eagerly we watched for a call from Tom. Presently it came—"All right." Surely some mistake. How could he mean all right? Before scarcely we had time to think, came the signal "Coming up." "He's taking his time," said one of the men, as a longer period than usual elapsed before we felt him on the ladder. Then we noticed the air-line which supplied Harris from the other boat slowly move and taughten in our direction, while the ladder up which Tom was climbing rocked and swayed. "He's bringing him up," shouted Captain Thomas, as this thought flashed upon us all at the same instant.

The climbing man's progress was laboured and slow, as we could feel from the sway on the boat, and when his form appeared, with his burden in his arms, willing hands pulled them both into the boat.

I need scarcely say they were freed from their helmets as promptly as fingers could move, and we gave a shout of joy when we saw Harris open his eyes.



HIS TRUMPET IN HIS HAND.

Tom had found him exactly as Bob Green had described, and, using all his strength, managed to shift the remaining case which lay on him: then, hoisting him on his back, felt him move his arms, and signalled "all right." He carried him in his arms whilst mounting the ladder, and when Tom got to the top he was pretty well played out.

Harris was, after all, not seriously hurt; his legs were badly bruised, but no bones were broken. When he was knocked down his head came in contact with the woodwork of the cabin, and he lay stunned. Fortunately his air-tube was not damaged, or we should never have seen him alive again.

We knocked off diving for that day and returned to the camp to take a rest, and attend to our injured comrade. Next day, Tom and Bob got up the rest of the chests, which all

contained bars and ingots of gold and silver, and specie. It was quite a little job, after we had repaired the damaged cases, to get them on board the schooner. There were eleven chests, all told, and they weighed just about two hundred pounds apiece.

About one-third of their contents was gold and the rest silver, and we calculated there was over £50,000 altogether.

We spent several more days searching the wreck for further treasure, but without success; evidently the strong room was the sole place in which it had been stowed. Our camp was now broken up, and the *Golden Gem* was put on her homeward course.

As we had plenty of provisions on board, our captain agreed with the Don to double Cape Horn, and sail direct for London, and they were now all anxiety to

get home quickly. Our captain's share of the treasure was to be ten per cent., besides the freight already paid, so he stood to make somewhere about five thousand pounds; the two mates were to receive five hundred apiece, and the men, of whom there were twelve, one hundred pounds each.

We were all in high glee, as may be supposed, and the Don's generosity, and what we would do with our shares when we got home to old England, were the topics of which we were never tired of discussing during the remainder of the voyage. The *Gem* being in ballast, and with a steady, westerly breeze, she showed her best speed and flew over the crested waves like a racing yacht. As we neared Terra del Fuego, that region of storms and fogs so feared by mariners, our friendly breeze gave place to squalls from pretty nearly all points of the compass, accompanied by bitter cold and storms of icy rain and sleet. It was many days before we finally beat round the dreaded cape and got clear of its rock-bound coast. During this period we had scarcely any time for sleep, so incessant were the calls for shortening sail or altering our course that we had to tumble into our bunks with our oilskins on for just what rest we could snatch, and ready at a moment's notice to rush on deck.

We had got well to the east of Cape Horn, after a terribly hard day's work, and I, with the rest of my watch, had gone below for an hour or two's rest. We had been asleep for perhaps a couple of hours, when we were roused by calls from the deck, and, hastily putting on our heavy sea boots, we rushed up.

"There she goes! there she goes!" we heard the men shouting; and, springing towards a group of our men who were gazing eagerly over the port taffrail, we

peered astern in the direction they were pointing, and through the haze of sleet and rain we saw a full-rigged ship rapidly disappearing in the blackness of night.

"What's the matter?" we anxiously asked, when the stranger had passed from our vision.

"Why, it's the Phantom Ship, the Flying Dutchman," one of the men replied. "Bob and me was in the bows keeping look-out, and straining our eyes into the pitchy blackness ahead, when I saw something on our port bows, and shouts to Bob to look. Then we saw it was a three-master coming dead on for us; we shouted to the mate what we seed; meanwhile she still kept on her course, and we ran aft a bit, as she looked like cutting the schooner in two. Then she suddenly luffs a bit, an' almost raking our rigging with her yards, passed us, broadside to broadside; and as she went by we saw their officer on the poop, with his trumpet held waving at us in his hand, and his long hair floating out like seaweed astern. There were men about the deck, and they were all staring at us with eyes that looked like lumps of live charcoal, and there they stood, waving of their arms like so many cranky devils. It's the Phantom Ship, you may take your solemn oath on it, and means a warnin' of some kind to us."

Bob, when asked, backed up his mate's story, except that he wasn't quite so strong on the charcoal eyes. That a ship had run

by us uncommonly closely was certain; but whether it was the Flying Dutchman or not I won't undertake to say. However, the warning did not lead to anything unpleasant, and in due time we made the English Channel and arrived in London safe and sound. The Don was as good as his word, and we all had our promised share of the Spaniard's lost treasure, some of us married and lived happy ever after.



THEY WERE ALL STARING AT US.



JONES PASHA.

BY J. H. TARRANT.

THE 25th of December, 1850, was a very remarkable time to the Caliph of Sarfarabad; not that he knew or cared anything about the festive season which the Western nations took such pains to celebrate, but from the simple fact that Latima, the bright-eyed, the pearl of the universe, had refused to admit him to her glorious presence that day. So, for want of better employment, he reclined in gloomy indolence, with a stern eye fixed on vacancy, inhaling the fragrant weed. In the midst of this unpleasant reverie, Haja, the chief of the

eunuchs, rushed without ceremony into the apartment, and hurriedly prostrating himself before the Light of the World, exclaimed in mournful accents, "Alas! alas! that I should have to pour into my royal master's ears woeful tidings."

"Proceed, good Haja," said the Caliph, "and with the help of Allah, we will bow in submission."

"The unrivalled, the gorgeous, the moon-faced beauty, the ethereal houri, the——"

"Never mind, gentle eunuch, the details," interposed his sublimity; "come straight to the point, or else the bastinado will help you."

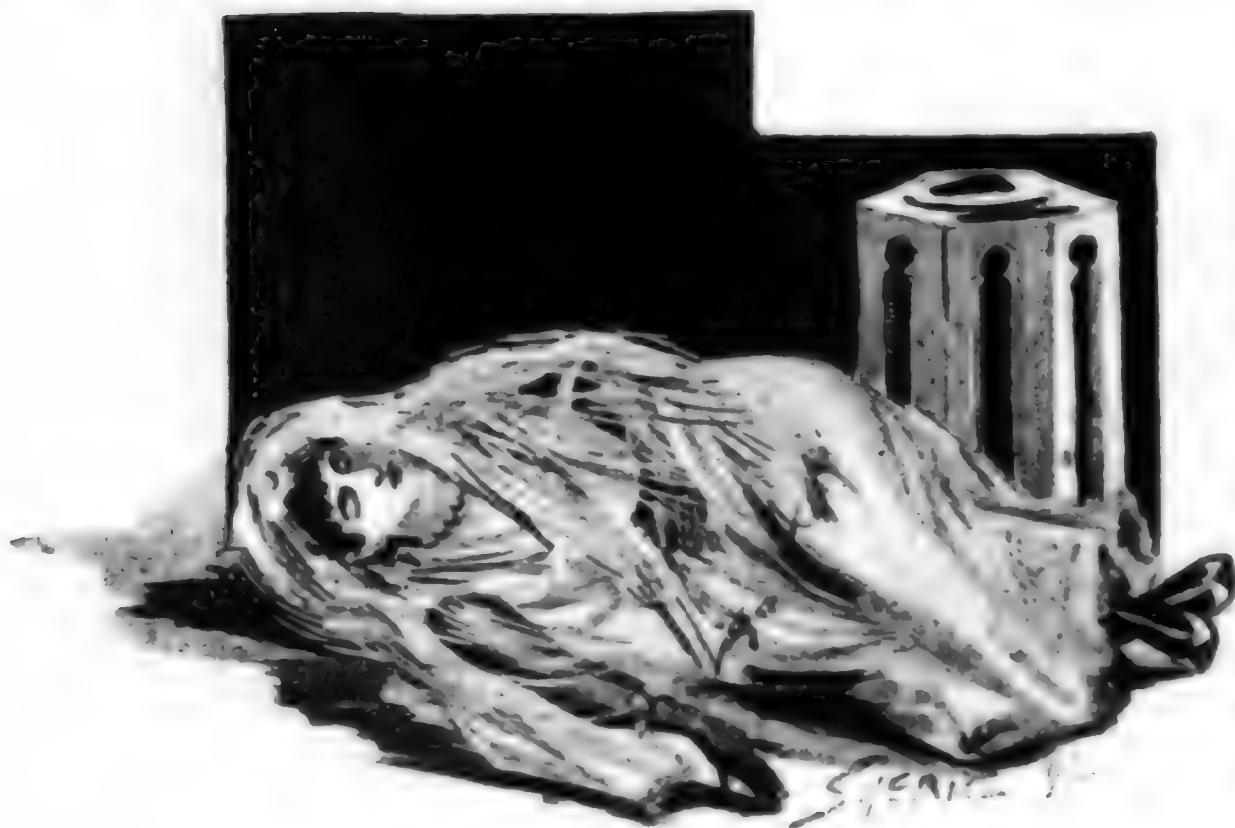
"Ruler of the world, your Latima is dead."

"It is fate, Haja," calmly rejoined the Caliph; "Mahomet wills it. Come, rise up, and tell me how it happened."

"The barbarian dog with the unpronounceable name, whom your highness raised from the dirt, and who came from a strange land called England (a country which I doubt exists at all, but if it does, must be a place of liars, for the marvelous tales he tells about a certain town called London defile the ears of your servants daily), this unclean dog, by the request of the gracious Latima, who had read several books relating to his country, and about a peculiar feast called



HE RECLINED IN GLOOMY INDOLENCE.



"YOUR LATIMA IS DEAD."

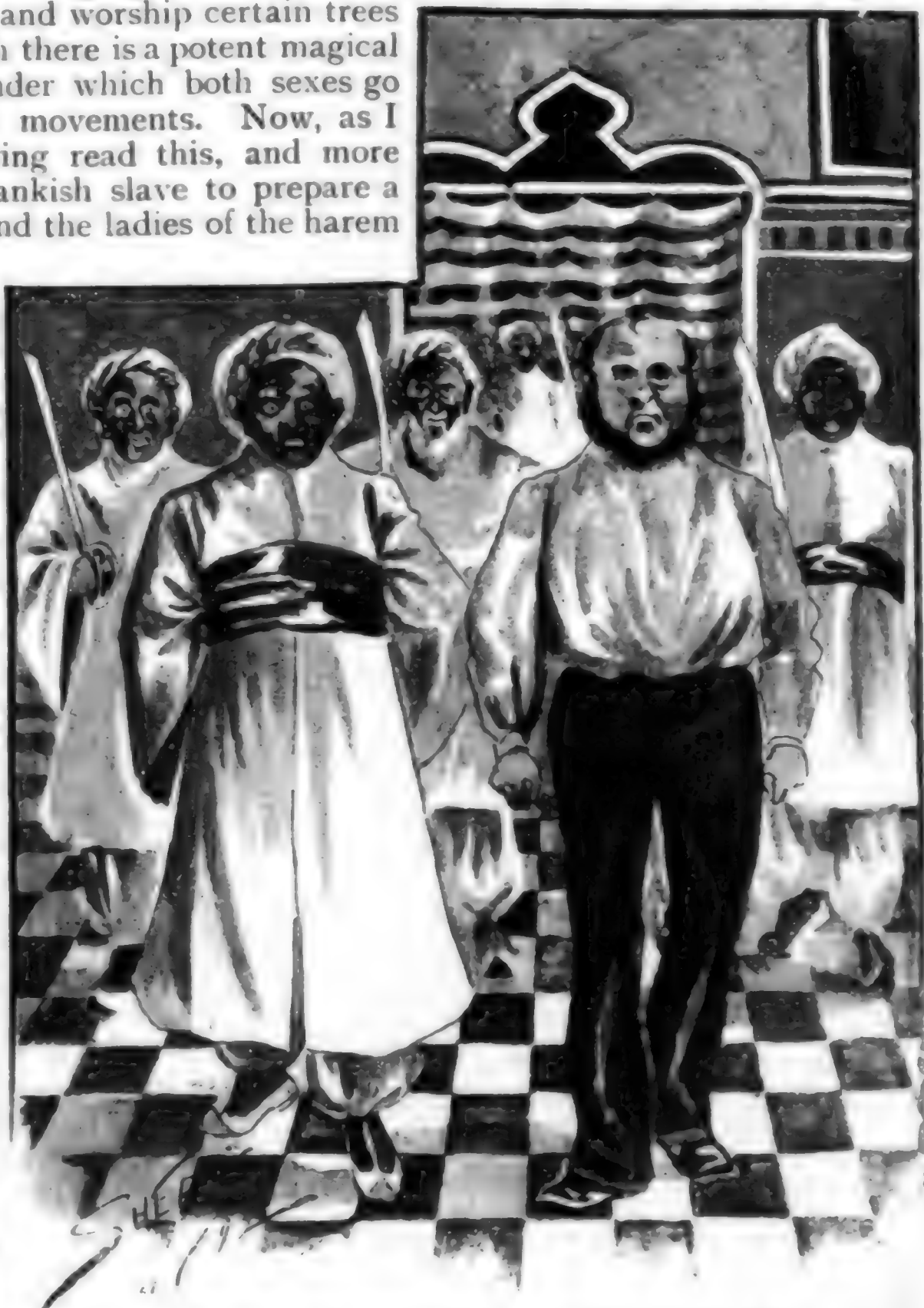
Christmas, when the infidels gorge themselves to repletion, and bow down and worship certain trees and herbs, amongst which there is a potent magical plant called mistletoe, under which both sexes go through various mystical movements. Now, as I said before, Latima, having read this, and more besides, requested the Frankish slave to prepare a peculiar dish for herself and the ladies of the harem to regale themselves upon; this consisted of a compound in the shape of a huge globe, the like of which I never beheld before; and when the pearl of loveliness had just tasted the first mouthful, she fell back and expired."

"By Allah! it is wonderful!" exclaimed the Caliph. "I will now take my morning bath, and attend the mosque; in the meantime, inform our Vizier of these facts, and let the Frank and the court physician be guarded, and on our return, let them grovel in the dust before us."

"On my head be it," replied Haja, as he saluted and left the apartment.

A little explanation will not be out of place here. Samuel Jones, a ship's cook, had been wrecked in the Red Sea

two years before the opening of this tale. After various vicissitudes, he found himself at length at Damascus; there he had the good fortune to get employment at his trade. Being very clever at the concoction of sauces, he at last attracted the notice of the Caliph of Sarfarabad, who placed him at the head of his kitchen, where he gave great satisfaction, as the Caliph was a bon vivant, notwithstanding the fact that he was, or pretended to be, a strict Mahommedan. Jones



JONES AND THE PHYSICIAN WERE MARCHED BEFORE HIM



HOLD, GLUTTON! CRIED THE CALIPH.

was a shrewd fellow, and had mastered the language sufficiently to make himself readily understood; he had, moreover, managed to save several dozen of brandy and a small number of books. The favourite lady of the Caliph was extremely accomplished, and knew several languages, having been educated in Bulgaria by European masters, and by perseverance had mastered the English tongue to fairly understand reading that language; this she principally managed from the books belonging to Jones, which were smuggled to her apartments. Consequently she had a curiosity to partake of a Christmas pudding made by an Englishman. This had been done, with the direful result recorded above.

On the Caliph's return, Jones and the physician were straightway marched before him. The former was a stout, jovial man, of middle age, who rather seemed to enjoy the situation; the latter came forward trembling, believing his last hour had come, although he had done nothing towards helping the catastrophe. The pudding was placed on the ground in view of all, and each in turn gazed in great amazement at it. The monarch of all civilisation smoked stoically the while, revolving

in his mind how to settle the difficulty. At last a happy thought struck him, for, beckoning his Vizier to approach, he commanded him to cut a slice and eat it. "For," he explained, "if our Vizier falls dead the parties are guilty; if not, they are innocent. By Allah, I have said; be it done."

The Grand Vizier in great trepidation came forward. After humbly prostrating himself, he commenced his dreadful task. Perspiring at every pore, the first mouthful was fearfully swallowed, then a second, third, fourth, and several after in quicker succession; each piece seemed to add zest to the other. Soon the slice was consumed, and great was the surprise of all to see the Vizier proceed to help himself on his own account to another piece.

"Hold, glutton!" cried the Caliph, who was now delighted at the rich aroma from the confection; "approach our throne and explain how it tastes."

"Shadow of Allah upon earth," said the Vizier, smacking his lips, "it is food good enough for the faithful to feast upon in Paradise."

Here Jones came to the front, and, prostrating himself in true Mussulman

fashion, said, "Your Vizier speaks well; I will now, with your leave, show you how it is eaten in England."

"Proceed, good Frank," rejoined the Caliph.

Jones here produced a bottle of brandy, and pouring it over the pudding, instantly set light to it; he then swallowed several mouthfuls, to the complete consternation of all present; then pouring the contents of another bottle into a golden cup, he presented it to the Vizier, who condescendingly imbibed some, pronouncing it far stronger and more invigorating than their national sherbet. Others

took courage and tasted, and lauded its praises to the skies, till the Caliph followed suit. This mighty potentate took such a fancy to it, that he commanded his cook to produce some more later in the day, promising to "strew his path with gold." He then broke up the conference, ordering the physician to receive three hundred strokes.

"Dreadsovereign," howled the man of physic, "what for?"

"For not bringing our Latima to life again."

"But she was dead before I knew it; and how could your slave gain admittance to the harem? It is against the law of our prophet, and instant death if I approached the portals."

"It matters not to me the why or wherefore, I have said it," replied the Caliph, dismissing the subject.

As the king of kings was about to rise, Haja, for the second time that day, rushed in, exclaiming, this time in joyful accents, "My august lord and master of all, the gem of perfection, the resplendia——"

"Now look you, Haja, one word only," said the Caliph, frowning; "our ears are open."

"Latima has recovered, and is as well as ever? — 'twas but a swoon."

"It is fate!" ejaculated the physician;

"I have escaped the bastinado. Allah is good, may he be glorified."

"Our slave speaks wisdom," added the Caliph, unconcernedly "let the nectar in the possession of the giaour be brought and laid at our feet shortly."

When the muezzins from the minarets called the faithful to prayers in the early morning, wild and weird were the doings then in operation in the royal palace. The pudding and brandy had been strictly investigated, and the Caliph was proclaiming Samuel Jones a full-blown pasha of three tails, exhorting him to embrace the true faith, and wishing that his

"shadowsh would neversh be lessh."

"Well," remarked Jones, as the Caliph was endeavouring to seat himself gravely upon his throne after this performance; "this has been a very good Christmas after all; but one thing I must not forget, and that is to wish my countrymen jolly good health," and taking the Caliph's jewelled cup, he faced

in a north-westerly direction, and raising the glittering chalice, drank prosperity to all his friends in England, wishing the best of cheer and happiness to all at home.

"By Allahsh! itsh ish, hic! wellsh saidsh," gurgled the Grand Vizier as his senses left him. Then, clutching his royal master (who was staggering in vain attempts to find his throne) he, and the representative of the mighty Prophet, fell in great confusion upon the floor. There, entwined lovingly in each other's arms, their spirits were at once wafted, for a time, to that Mahomedan's paradise which is the Eldorado of all true believers.

And now, having seen our countryman duly honoured and raised to such a distinguished rank, we take the opportunity, while the two great and powerful personages are in the ecstatic state described above, of wishing them a hearty farewell.



HAJA, FOR THE SECOND TIME, RUSHED IN.

Whispers from the ❧

❧ Woman's World.

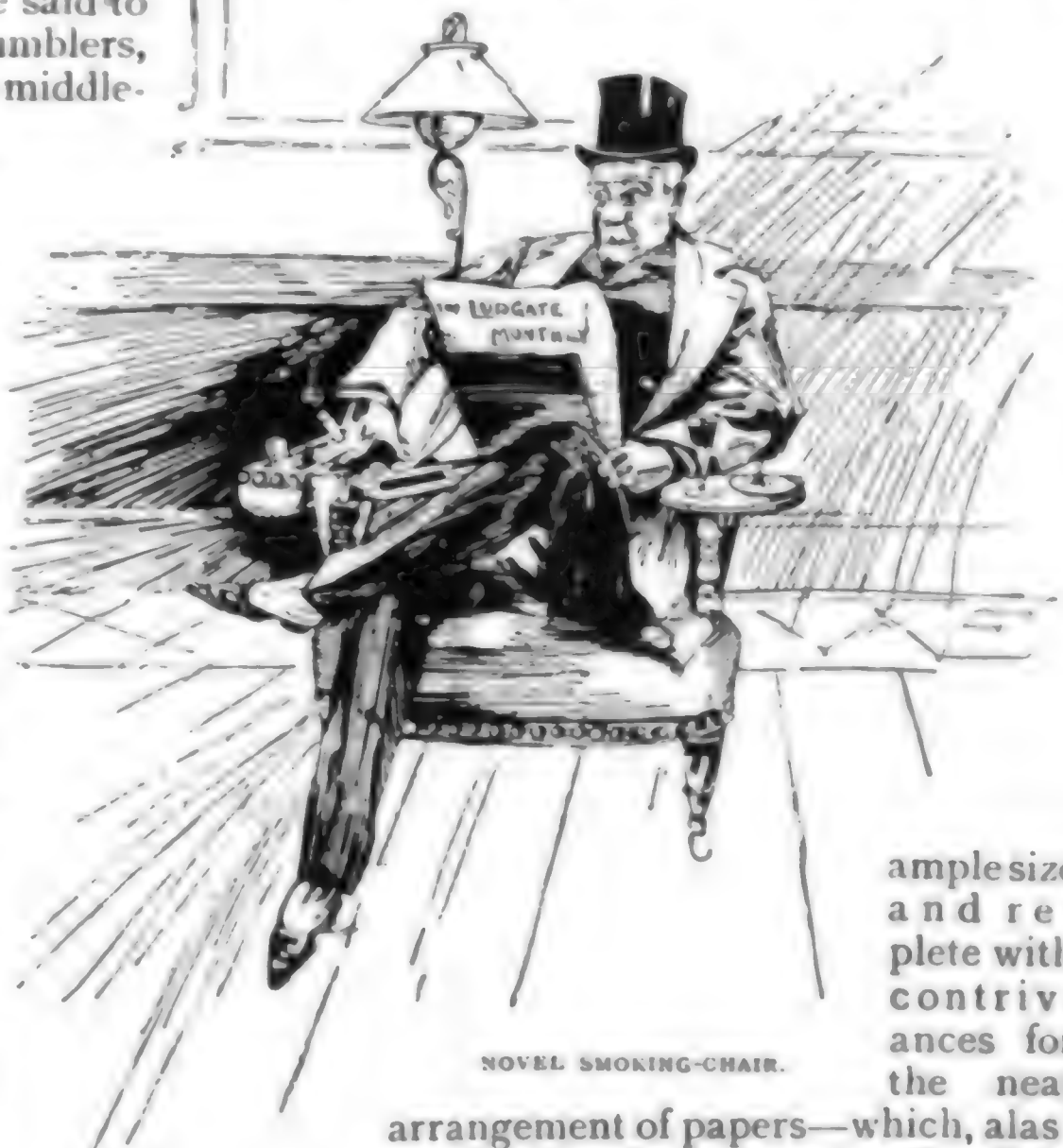
BY FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

AS I sit by a cosy fireside, the bright flames dancing as they are reflected in shining tiles and ruddy brass and copper, a feeling of devout thankfulness steals over me when I reflect that my own particular span of existence has been mercifully arranged for by an over-ruling Providence at the end of this nineteenth century, instead of at some earlier period in the World's History. For, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary by inveterate grumblers, I must maintain that, even the middle-class poor — who, perhaps, suffer silently more than those in a lower social scale—enjoy many comforts and luxuries that were undreamed of by their immediate ancestors.

I trust that I shall not lay myself open to the charge of egotism if I include in the illustrations a sketch of my *sanctum sanctorum*, where, from time to time, the pages are written which have been received with such kindly appreciation by the lady readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY. Very little of the wall space is visible, but what there is is covered with crimson Japanese leather, relieved by a scrolly pattern in gold. On the floor is an Axminster carpet, with deep border of Oriental design, and the pottery is blue Nankin. Per-

sonally, I prefer fitted furniture, but I know in many cases this cannot be purchased by those who have already various "household gods." I recommend it, however, whenever practicable, as it can frequently be passed on to another tenant, or an arrangement can be made with a landlord to take it over at the termination of a lease, while those owning the house they reside in will appreciate the many advantages it possesses. The bookcases afford sufficient accommodation for a private library; the writing-table is of



NOVEL SMOKING-CHAIR.

ample size and replete with contrivances for the neat arrangement of papers—which, alas! not having the bump of order, I do



MY SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

not always avail myself of. Rich, warm curtains of that useful material, plushette, help to render my shrine draught and sound proof, and shaded foliage, chrysanthemums and palms, have replaced the more delicate tinted fabrics and flowers upon which I feasted my eyes during the summer. In furnishing a room, the fireplace should receive considerable attention; for in a climate like our own that best of all ornaments, a fire, is a necessary, not a luxury, of life for at least nine months in the year; and that expressive couplet, written by Horace many centuries since:

"Let's melt the cold with ruddy glow from blazing logs."

is no *façon de parler*. The grate and hearth are lined with deep-red tiles, and the fender and fire-irons are of hammered brass. American walnut is used for the mantelpiece and structural furniture, also for the small tables and chairs, the easy chairs being covered with crimson plushette to correspond with the draperies. I have described this apartment minutely, not because it professes to be a perfect or unique example of its kind, but rather that it may suggest to those about to furnish, an alternative to the dusty, unglazed book-shelves so often found in a room of this kind.

Of course, when expensive curtains

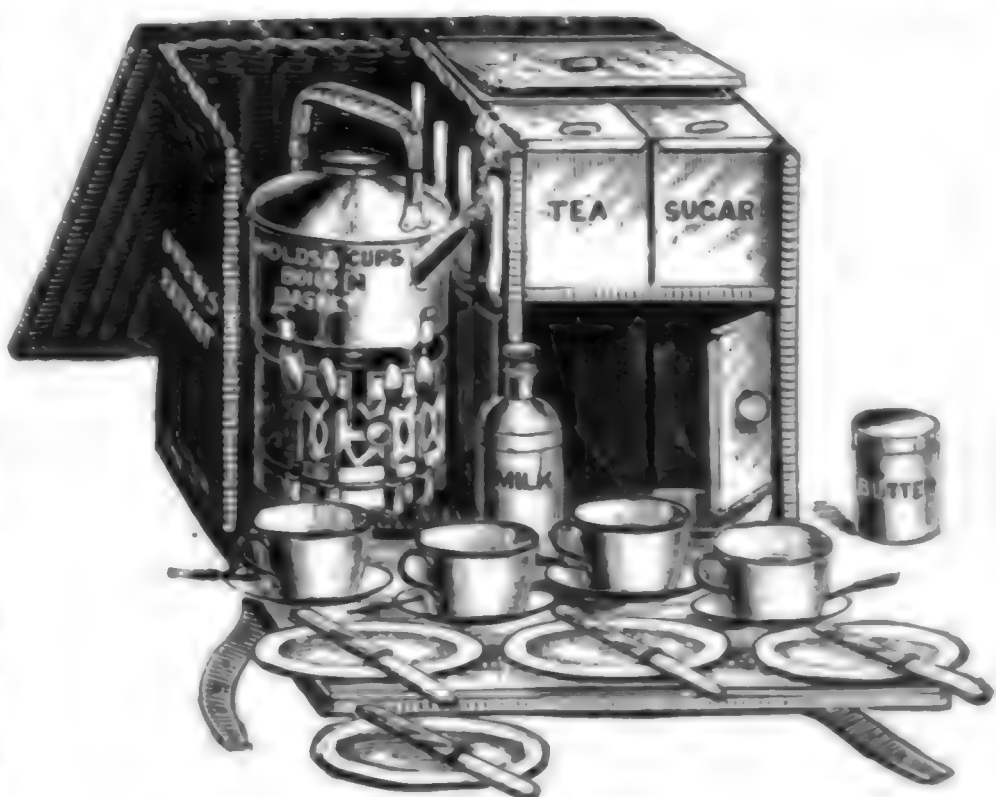
may be indulged in, they should be of really good tapestry or damask, and as these are difficult to make, for they generally require lining, they should be left to the care of an upholsterer. But simple portières and window draperies, when made of serge or plushette, can be easily managed at home. The latter look well if edged with a woollen ball fringe of the same colour, or they may be hemmed and finished with a thick cord.

Most of us are now on the look out for suitable Christmas presents, and as the various requirements of the feminine sex are amply catered for (while for our lords and masters there seems to be a very meagre selection to choose from), I have given a sketch of a novel smoking-chair, which has recently been registered by a well-known firm of art furnishers, as I feel sure it will recommend itself as an appropriate gift to that most indulgent of all animals—MAN. This spring and hair-stuffed lounge has broad arms, which open box fashion, and these are divided into neat compartments for the reception of cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, matches, etc. On a movable bracket is a little stand for ash-tray and glass; and fixed to the back of the chair is a reading-lamp, which can be turned to any convenient angle.

Now that afternoon tea has become a national institution, dear to the heart of every Englishwoman, useful arrangements for supplying the same with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble are beginning to appear.

The little basket illustrated is intended for those semi-private functions which have so many attractions for the softer sex, who love to congregate round the bedroom fire, for a cosy chat, piquantly flavoured with a touch of scandal. It is also a most comfortable travelling companion, is not to be thought lightly of at races or picnics, and will materially assist in solving that most perplexing problem, "How to be happy, though single." Within small dimensions will be found the entire apparatus for making tea, so that one can indulge in the "cup that cheers," brewed from a favourite blend, and be absolutely independent of those strange concoctions which are sometimes offered, even in the best regulated families. The basket is so cleverly packed, that while tea is being made nothing need be removed from its place, and as the front is fitted as a tray, a table can be dispensed with, while the lid is so cunningly constructed with an ingenious arrangement of hinges, that it can be easily attached to the door of a railway carriage. When not in use it closes up and is carried by two straps going all round it, with a leather handle attached.

Never has colour been so brilliantly beautiful or so marvellously reproduced in fabrics of all descriptions as at the present moment, and with all the novelties proceeding from the various looms, one cannot help but wonder what can possibly remain for them to produce in the not far distant future. As to winter dress materials, their name is legion. Sheeny camel-hair and highly-finished cloth, corduroy, woollen and silk tartans, reps, serges, tweeds and shot and striped goods are all patronised by the devoted subjects of Madame la Mode



PORTABLE TEA BASKET.

for morning wear, while brocades of richest texture, bengalines, velveteens, satins and soft silks are brought into requisition in the evening hours. Walking dresses are made a convenient length, so as to escape the ground, and are much trimmed with fur of various kinds. With them is often worn a Russian blouse, of the same material as the gown, and a

little toque of velvet or cloth, edged with fur, for young girls; those past *la première jeunesse* preferring more matronly head-gear. Millinery is very attractive this season, and both hats and bonnets are made in such a variety of shapes and styles that the most exacting person can generally find something adapted to her particular features and taste. The 1830 period has many adherents, and the large felt bonnets, with sweeping plumes and rosettes, dispute favour with those no larger than a man's hand. Empire hats have been tried, but have been found wanting, most people selecting those shapes familiar to us in the pictures of Gainsborough and Reynolds, or the smart little Parisian *tricorné*.

A sketch is given of a charming toque in royal purple velvet, with ostrich tips of a lighter shade, also of two hats of the newest designs. They both have the fashionable jam-pot crowns, but the brims and trimmings vary considerably. The large hat with strings is of brown velvet, and has a deep indenta-



RUSSIAN COSTUME

tion in the front and is edged with feather trimming of a somewhat darker shade than the high, up-standing bows with which it is further embellished. The pointed felt hat, worn by the younger lady, is a good example of fashionable head gear. It is of soft grey felt, with bows of velvet ribbon of the same tint, and a cluster of feathers at the back.

The South Sea Seal, owing to the depredations of poachers, who kill large numbers annually, without restriction as

was of rich shot brocade—a material much used for the insides of jackets and mantles of every description.

I must confess to a very womanly weakness for pretty footgear, and have to put a strong curb upon my desires in this direction when I start off on a voyage of discovery for the benefit of those members of the fair sex whose lives lay far from the madding crowd.

The very latest thing is a painted stocking in silk, or Lisle thread, with a



BROWN VELVET HAT.

to time or place, will soon be as rare as the Dodo; so to those who wish to add to their store of furs, with all due reverence, I would say, "this is the accepted hour." As I never preach what I do not practice (or hardly ever), I have just indulged myself with a new winter mantle, which I hope my readers will duly admire. It is a long cloak, lined with squirrel and edged with wolverine—the favourite fur of the season. For driving, it is invaluable; and it is also extremely useful for a theatre wrap, as the lightest and most delicate gown may be worn beneath it without the slightest detriment. When purchasing this delightful garment, I was shown a handsome seal coat, reaching to the feet, and cut in rather a novel fashion, with a full Watteau pleat, large sleeves and a high French collar. The lining



TOQUE OF PURPLE VELVET.



GREY FELT HAT.

floral design running up the front of the foot. An endless variety of patterns will suggest themselves to those who are clever with the brush, and a few pairs ornamented in this manner would form a very acceptable gift at the festive season.

The style of hairdressing has not much changed up to the present. The hair is still broadly waved and twisted into a careless knot, projecting from the centre of the head or nestling on the neck, with soft loose curls in front. With poke bonnets may come a revival of those side curls, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, or the huge loops of hair set on end and stiffened with bandoline; but let us hope for the best, and devoutly pray that such horrors are not in store for us.

Having had many enquiries for information respecting the remunerative pro-



NEW SEAL MANTLE.

fessions open to women, I propose for the next few months to devote a portion of each article to the different branches of women's work. The facts given will be drawn from the most reliable sources, so that those who are looking forward to joining the great army of bread-winners may form some idea of the obstacles with which they are likely to meet, and can thus decide which is the special work they are best adapted for. In this number a few hints will be given to those girls whose tastes lie in the direction of journalism, as it offers a pleasant and, on the whole a fairly well paid way of earning a livelihood.

My own experience and that of others

teaches me that those who desire to join the Fourth Estate must possess certain marked characteristics, or their chance of success is remote indeed. The qualifications demanded are so many and so varied that any list professing to give them all would be certain to be incomplete, but among the most important may be mentioned physical strength, clearness of expression, a general education, business capacity, and the power of selection, so as to quickly see what will and what will not meet with the approval of the public: and to these may be added plain handwriting and punctuality. Some girls begin by sending short stories, articles, or paragraphs to those daily or weekly papers which they think they are most likely to suit; and the plan is a good one if the first success is systematically followed up, as by this means a lasting connection may be established. But though this course may have its advantages for a beginner, it is advisable that she should not trust to it alone, but should make a speciality of some subject which she knows better than all others, and strive to associate her name with it. This may be Furniture, Cookery, Hygiene, Dress, or anything else that is attractive to general readers, and to women in particular; but whatever it is, let her do her utmost and spare neither pains nor expense to thoroughly identify herself with it. Articles constantly appearing in various publications, signed with her name, are sure to attract public attention; and what is of much more importance, will sooner or later catch the eye of an editor, on the look out for new workers; when she stands a very good chance of being invited to undertake a certain department of his paper.

While gradually feeling her way, she should not despise local newspapers and magazines as these make an excellent training ground for



THE VERY LATEST THING

literary aspirants, and much valuable knowledge of the *technique* of journalism may be obtained in this manner, and will prove of the greatest benefit to her when promoted to the more important London work. Many country papers already have a woman's page, and others are sure to follow suit; so a specimen article, based on the best model procurable, will sometimes suggest to the powers that be a new departure of an attractive nature to readers.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, in his delightful novel, "When a Man's Single" (which treats of the early struggles of a young journalist), mentions incidentally that the most likely articles to be accepted, if sent unsolicited, are those which refer to the common objects of every-day life. For instance, the hero, after many rebuffs, is overjoyed to find a short sketch on "The History of a Walking-stick," published and paid for by an enterprising editor. I am personally acquainted with one who adopted this hint, and who, at the beginning of her career, found a ready sale for illustrated articles on such subjects as "Bedsteads, Ancient and Modern," "Curious Chairs," "Domestic Spoons" (of a household, not a sentimental nature), and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now with regard to this matter of illustrating: pictorial Journalism is making such rapid strides, that those writing for the press should certainly cultivate any taste they may have for drawing, as they will find it of the greatest assistance if they require to take a sketch or tracing of any illustration, not to mention striking scenes that they may encounter at any moment and wish to transfer to the columns of their paper. A rough sketch, even, is better than nothing, and may be elaborated by the artist on the staff. Ladies' letters, fashion articles, and similar work are frequently embellished with small pictures obtained from electros or wood blocks lent by various drapery and millinery firms. There are also in London places where the use of these may be obtained for a small sum, and where there are thousands to select from, which have previously appeared in English, American, or Continental papers. From such a large stock one is often able to meet with a suitable example, but if not, special drawings and blocks are prepared at a moderate price. For newspaper purposes, sketches do not require that elaborate finish which they receive at an art school, and it is only

necessary that the sketch should be clearly limned in ink, on a good white cardboard; the lines must be emphatic, and convey to the eye of the spectator, as much as a piece of delicate shading could do. As a rule, the fewer lines the better the illustration. High-class newspapers employ their own artists, who are paid at the rate of £250 to £300 a-year; but many others rely upon outside aid and pay liberally for those sketches which suit their requirements. Outside newspapers there is an immense field for illustrators, and one has only to think of the tons of pictorial literature annually distributed over the world, to realise how great are the opportunities for artists; but unless a woman has originality and a facility for drawing, she had better studiously avoid this branch of the profession, for the market is already overstocked with those who will never rise above the "pot-boiler" stage of art. *The Sporting and Dramatic News, Black and White, The Pictorial World*, and many others, give due consideration to work of this nature, sent on approval, if accompanied by stamps for its safe return. *The Daily Graphic* also affords good opportunities for those capable of praiseworthy work.

But to return to journalism proper, and magazine work. To make one's mark, it is absolutely necessary to reside in the mighty Babylon; but I most strongly advise no woman to leave the shelter of her own home, or to depend upon gaining a foothold or speedy appointment as soon as she comes to London, unless she has a private income, however small, or, at least, sufficient to tide over the expenses of living and dress for the first year. Not the least striking feature of modern journalism is the rapidity with which women have crowded into its ranks during the last ten years; and, though there is a strong feeling of good comradeship and a true and sincere desire to help others engaged in literary pursuits, there are many serious difficulties to contend with which are intensified, to an enormous degree, by want of capital.

If, however, this obstacle is removed, and a girl is determined to risk all and fight bravely for herself the Battle of Life, she should take up her abode in the Centre of the Universe, and devote her body and mind to this purpose. * The initial step is to make herself as attractive as possible—for editors are but men, after all—and, armed with specimen articles which have

already appeared, to lay siege to publishers, editors, and others who have work at their command. It requires a stout heart for any woman, however sure of her own powers, to climb many hundreds of stairs and to force her way into the offices of strange men, whom, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, do not wish to be interrupted, and, if they had any choice in the matter, would much rather not see her. But disagreeable as this duty is, it must be done; for it is much more difficult to refuse a woman personally soliciting work than it is to write a formal letter declining it; and though there may be nothing to offer on that particular occasion, if special work is required in the future, she will not be forgotten.

A well-known journalist and editor, recently writing on this subject, said:

"The first thing I would like to impress upon women is, that they must not presume on their sex and imagine that, because they are *women*, therefore they have a right to a situation or an engagement whenever they choose to apply for it. All that you need expect, and all that you have a right to ask for, is a fair field and no favour, to prove that you can do the work you ask should be allotted to you. A woman who comes and expects to be excused anything because of her sex, lowers, by that excuse, the reputation and worth of women in journalism. An editor is like a builder; he has to build his house day by day, and with such good bricks as he can procure. If women supply him with only half-bricks instead of whole ones, he will either only pay them half wages or refuse to employ them at all. He cannot, out of chivalry or courtesy, or any other fine sentiments, build his house out of half-bricks, because the half-brick maker wears petticoats. If a woman cannot bear to be admonished as severely as a man, when she deserves it, she had better keep outside a newspaper office; the drawing-room or the boudoir is for her, not the great, real, rough work-a-day world. For the sake of all we hold dear, do not make fools of yourselves, and don't give the enemy occasion to blaspheme, by pointing to your work or your behaviour as conclusive reasons why they will never employ a woman on their staff again."

The moral of all this is, dear readers, do any work that comes to your hand to the very best of your ability; do not undersell men or each other (as they, perhaps, may

be going through even a keener struggle than yourself); don't go about boasting that you can get plenty of work if your editor "is gone on you." The proprietors of a paper could not afford to allow their editor to "go" on the most beautiful woman in creation, if she made that an excuse for offering indifferent work. Besides, you may be quite sure that the business relations existing between you would put to flight any sentiments but those of business, *pur et simple*; and, above all, be loyal to your paper, through good and evil repute.

Write distinctly, on one side of the paper, leaving an inch-wide column for any necessary corrections. Sermon size is, perhaps, the most convenient. Write on the outside sheet the title and your name and address. The former should be repeated, with your name or *nom de plume*, at the commencement of the article. Avoid all fancy writing, as it looks amateurish and is apt to influence the editor against you. Tie all the sheets together, when finished, with pink tape, or use a small brass fastener, and let the whole, when finished, have as neat an appearance as possible. In sending off your MSS. *always* enclose a polite and business-like letter, and sufficient stamps for its safe return if not approved. When an article is accepted, and the proofs forwarded, make it an unfailing rule to return the same by the next post, as, by this simple precaution, you will at least earn the favour and goodwill of editors, who have suffered long, but not silently, at the hands of women; writers to whom punctuality, as a rule, is an unknown quantity.

The question of price is, of course, a wide one, and for special work special terms are made; but, as an approximate guide to occasional contributors, I append the following list, which will give a fair idea of what good work on the different magazines and papers will realise:

The Queen and Field,	per Col., about	£: 10 0
The Globe	" "	1 1 0
Sporting and Dramatic	" "	0 17 0
Land and Water	" "	0 15 0
Solicitors' Journal	" "	0 7 6
Court Journal	" "	0 15 0
The Echo	" "	1 1 0
Household Words	" "	0 10 0
All the Year Round	" "	0 10 6
The Lady	" "	0 10 6
Chambers's Journal	" "	0 7 6
The Housewife	per Page	0 7 6
Cassell's Magazine	" "	1 1 0
The Times	per Col.	5 0 0



PHOTOGRAPH OF SCHOOLROOM DOOR, AT ETON COLLEGE.

(Showing names carved thereon, amongst others that of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.)

Young England at School.

Great Gtonga,

ETON COLLEGE.

(Continued)

LAST month I mentioned the greater portion of the College buildings on the old foundation, with a few details concerning these ancient walls, leaving all reference to the interior of the College Hall and Upper Chapel for this issue.

Before, however, taking my readers into either of these, I must dwell a little longer on the Upper School and the adjoining room, once the Library, now the Headmaster's Room. In order, in some slight manner, to give an idea of the mass of most interesting names chipped by many of our past and present statesmen, etc., on the walls and doors, our special photographer, with the kind permission of Dr. Warre and the present Provost, Dr. Hornby, has been able to place before us a splendid photograph of the door I last month referred to as bearing the name of our present Prime Minister.

On this door, which leads to the Headmaster's Room, we have quite the Gladstone family, commencing with W. E. Gladstone—marked on our reproduction by **X**—and followed with H. N. Gladstone, J. P. Gladstone, H. J. Gladstone, J. E. Gladstone and H. S. Gladstone.

B. J. S. Coleridge reminds us of the schooldays of the Hon. Bernard J. S. Coleridge, M.P.

The Busts above the panelling represent eminent Etonians; erected during the present century. Statesmen are represented by Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord North, C. J. Fox, Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley and Lord Grey; Seamanship by Lord Howe; Law by Lord Camden and Lord Denman; Divinity by Bishop Pearson and Henry Hammond; Literature by Fielding, Gray, Porson and Hallam; but even these form a very small proportion of the great men

that have spent their youthful days at Eton and left.

In the illustration given of a portion of the wall of the Upper School, there can be little doubt that the bold letters in "C. J. Fox" represent the handicraft of the statesman whose bust above forms one of the links of Eton's historic past. It is interesting also to notice the numerous well-known names which occur in this little portion of the panelling. The little "Wellesley," at the top is understood to have been cut by the late Duke of Wellington.

Fox was indeed a most wayward pupil of Dr. Barnard.

The faults, by which his private life was marked, were attributed in a great measure to the injudicious manner in which he was treated when only a boy, by his father, the first Lord Holland.

When only fifteen years of age, he accompanied his parents to Paris, and was introduced to the dissipated society of that city. Returning to Eton, with all the ideas of a man of fashion, he only earned the ridicule of his fellow pupils, and received sound floggings from the Headmaster.

He soon came to his senses, and he afterwards developed into a great Latin scholar, gaining favour with Masters and schoolfellows. How he afterwards graduated at Oxford, was elected Member of Parliament at the age of nineteen, and subsequently led the House of Commons against William Pitt, forms an interesting portion of the history of England during the latter thirty years of the seventeenth century.

Fox died without issue and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A splendid monument in the Abbey, together with a bronze statue in Bloomsbury Square,

were raised to his memory by public subscription.

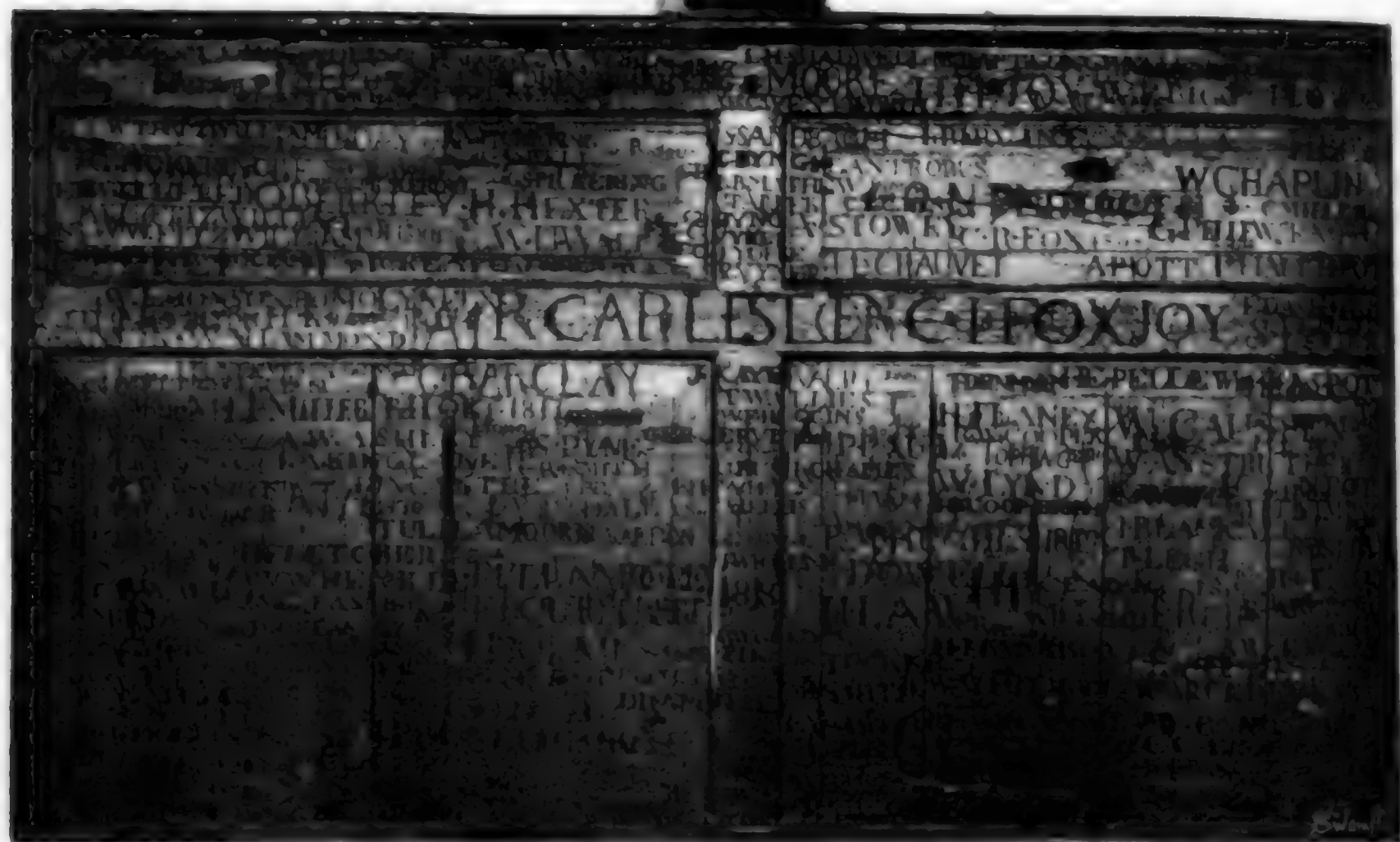
Turning the handle of the "Gladstonian" door, we enter the Library, or, as before mentioned, the Headmaster's room. No longer are the books stored here; but the spot may be well remembered by many Etonians, great and small.

This place is where the administration of flogging takes place, now only inflicted in extreme cases. The Headmaster alone is empowered to serve out this punishment, which, in these days, is much against the inclinations of Dr. Warre. Kneeling on the "Block,"



turned up as mysteriously as it disappeared, within the last few years, and, I am told, a grandson of Lord Waterford's was the first to make its acquaintance upon its arrival.

It may be noticed that the panelling at the back of the Headmaster's seat is covered with names, and cut in a uniform manner. All names there appearing are carved by a professional, and any boy seen using his knife is severely punished; if he wishes to have it cut when he leaves he has to pay to have it properly done.



BUST OF FOX AND NAMES CARVED ON PANEL.

the unfortunate boy is held by two junior collegers, a senior colleger handing the birch to the Headmaster. During the rebellion of 1783 the old block was destroyed and distributed amongst the boys concerned as tokens of sweet reminiscences of the past.

The block now used and appearing in our illustration on the left of the Headmaster's seat, has a somewhat amusing history. In 1836, the late Lord Waterford, with two of his companions, so the tale runs, succeeded in cleverly carrying this instrument of punishment away, and it was lost to the school for over fifty years; it, however,

The College Hall is a venerable and much admired building, situated in the cloisters, the exterior of which we illustrated in our last issue. The walls are hung with splendid oil-paintings of many old and eminent Etonians. The screen at the further end of the hall was erected in 1858 by the late vice-provost, the Rev. John Wilder, M.A., and bears the arms of former provosts. The donor of this magnificent screen died in August last at Sulham, near Reading, at the age of ninety-one, regretted by all Etonians. The Rev. John Wilder was introduced to Her Majesty on the occasion of the

Jubilee, 1887, as forming a link with the past three generations. When a boy at Eton, he took part in the celebration of the Jubilee of King George III., in 1810.

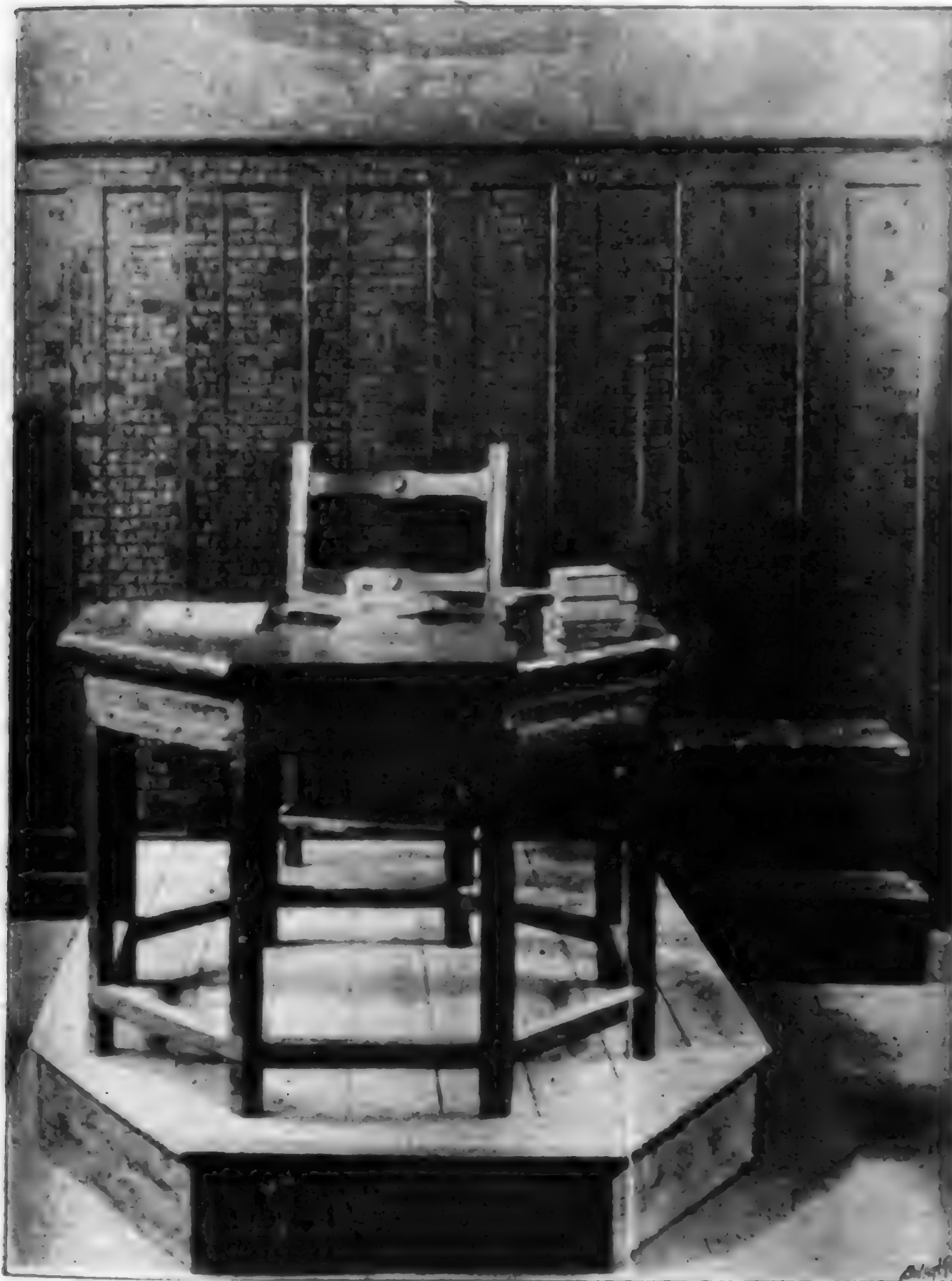
The collegers in this hall are annually the recipients of a threepenny-bit, presented by the provost, which, in the olden days, was sufficient to buy half a sheep and admit of a change from beef, meal after meal.

At the end of the Christmas and Easter holidays, concerts are held in the hall, which can accommodate upwards of 400 persons.

Perhaps the most central feature of Eton College is the Upper Chapel, or, as it was formerly called, the Church. The

original intention of this place of worship was that it should be a collegiate establishment like Westminster and Windsor—a "College of Sad Priests," so says the charters; the Provost and Fellows were the Dean and Canons, the school being an unimportant appendage. Magnificent as the chapel is now, the original designs of the founder intended that it should have been even more elegant. Unfortunately, the death of Henry VI., when the building was in progress, and the accession of Edward IV., who was completely of a different turn of mind to the founder as regards education, placed a stop to the completion of the Collegiate Church on his plans; but, thanks to the munificence

of Waynfleet, the first Eton Headmaster and Second Provost, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, the building was re-commenced and finished as it now stands. From the heavy buttresses, it was evidently intended to construct a stone vaulted roof, but for this wood has been substituted: the ante-chapel, a clever architectural design, especially when viewed from the West, was substituted for the enormous nave originally designed. In the ante-chapel is a marble statue of Henry VI. by Bacon, a fine monument of Provost Goodall by Weeks, and a stone in memory of Sir Henry Wotton, with a remarkable inscription expressing his abhorrence to religious disputation. On



HEADMASTER'S DESK AND STOOL OF REPENTANCE.



UPPER CHAPEL, SHOWING ORGAN.

the walls of the ante-chapel is a beautifully-designed panel, commemorative of the Etonian officers who lost their lives in the Crimea. The name of each brave officer is here written on the numerous illuminated shields. Before the Chapel was renovated (over fifty years ago), the screen stood several feet further eastward,

supported by most handsome pillars of oak.

The present screen is of solid stone, designed by the late Mr. Street, and stands as a memorial to Etonians who fell in the Zulu war, Afghan war, and the Boer war. The old stalls, reredos and organ loft were cleared away and sold on Datchet Green.

The organ case, designed by Mr. Pearson, is, I should imagine, one of the finest in the country—the east front displaying the large open diapason pipes, close upon forty feet high.

Near the east end is the little chantry of Provost Lupton, while on the south side is a fitting monument to such a master of education as the late Provost Hawtrey. Close to the altar is a splendid marble monument of Thomas Murray, provost, whose connection with Eton has indeed confused many, as he cannot be traced as



LOWER SCHOOL



ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL

having been either an Etonian or Kingsman. He had held the office of secretary to Henry, Prince of Wales, brother to Charles I., and had held the reins of provost for only fourteen months; some old records stating he never went to Eton previous to the day of his burial.

Prior to 1868, the boys all attended service in Chapel at eleven and three on Sundays and holy-days, but since that date a reform in the Eton Calendar has been instituted, and a short service at 9.25 a.m. has taken the place of the casual week-day services. The Chapel for some time has been unable to accommodate the whole of the Eton scholars,



THE MUSEUM.

so that the younger boys, or those in the lower divisions, about four hundred, now worship in the Lower Chapel, which forms part of the "Queen's Schools," down Keate's Lane, an addition to the College only completed about a couple of years.

The memorial stone of these new and magnificent buildings was laid by Her Majesty in 1889, and the statue of our Queen at the entrance gate was unveiled by the ex-Empress of Germany. The School museum forms a most interesting portion of these schools, containing, as it does, a valuable collection of curiosities.

On the opposite side of Keate's



NEW SCHOOLS, SHOWING THE SEBASTOPOL GUN

Lane, facing the entrance to these schools, are the Laboratory, Racquet Courts and Science Schools. Returning towards the College down Keate's Lane, we pass, on our left, at the corner of the road leading to Dorney, the old red-brick house, now occupied by Mr. Ainger, the former residence of the famous master, Keate. At the end of this ancient lane, which winds irregularly to the west end of the chapel, are the great windows of the ante-chapel, peeping through the tall limes, making this point of view one of the most characteristic in Eton.

The New Schools are situated at the back of the Headmaster's house, and opposite the entrance to "Weston's Yard" (which illustrated my last month's article), at the junction of the Slough Road.

They have now been in existence twenty-two years, and contain an observatory and ordinary schoolrooms. A Russian gun from Sebastopol faces you as you enter the gates.

Last month I also made reference to the "Eton Society," and must, therefore, ask the indulgence of my readers while I dive a little further into its history.

The Eton Society is more familiarly known by the name of "Pop," the origin of the name being still a matter of uncertainty. Some declare that the discussions were like ginger-beer "pop;" others that the name was given to indicate the popularity of its members; while the more likely theories derive the name from the Latin "popina," or the English lollypop, which is most likely to have been appropriated to the Society in the days when their headquarters were



THE ETON SOCIETY CLUB HOUSE.

located over Mrs. Hatton's sweetstuff shop, and where, once-a-week, the members met to breakfast together. The present headquarters of the distinguished little club is now in Charlie Wise's yard, a few yards from the commencement of Keate's Lane, opposite the west end of chapel.

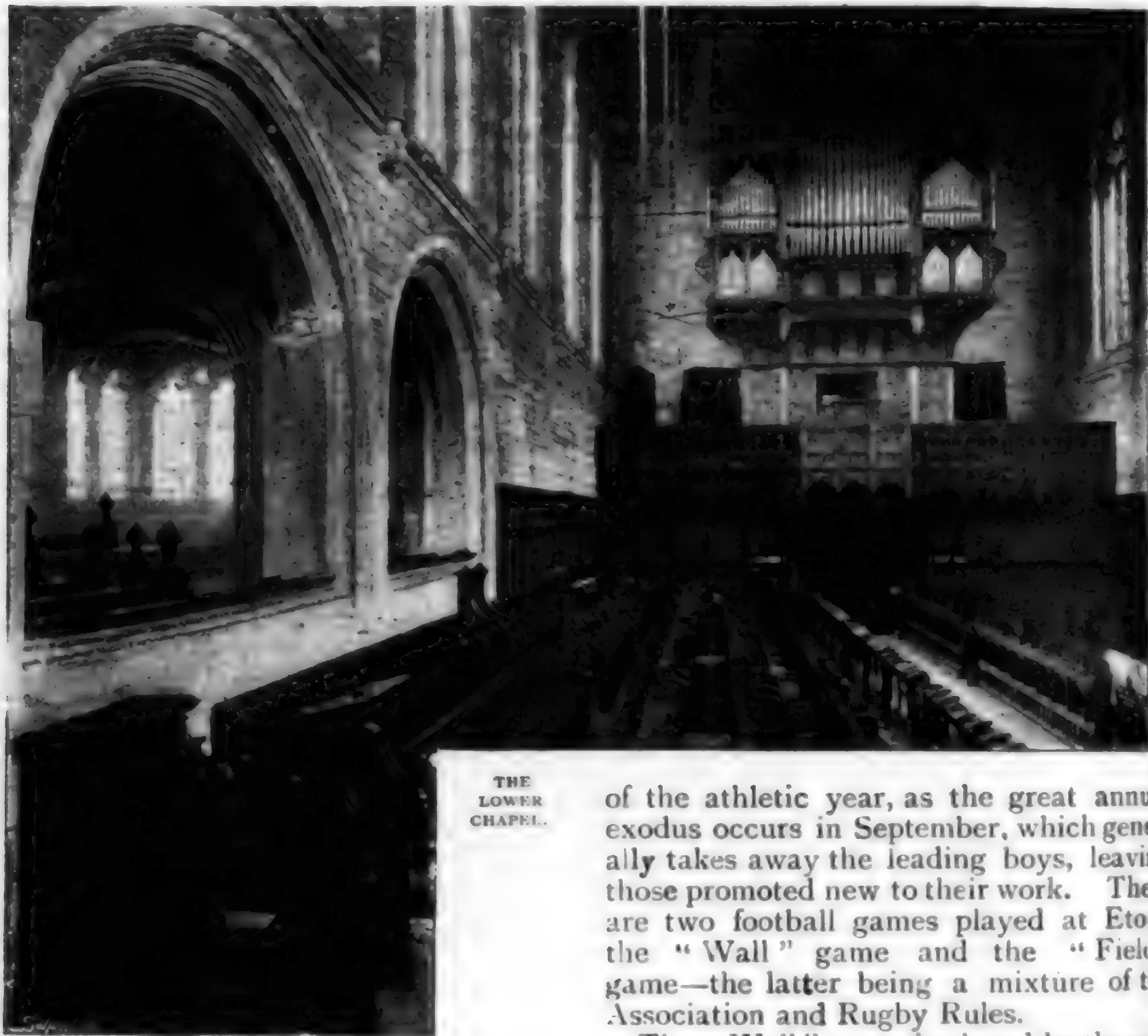
The further end of the yard, from which our view was taken, shows the room of the Society, which occupies the first floor of the building on the left, with a little group of its members standing at the door. This institution, of which Etonians are indeed proud, and to become one of the

members of which is the ambition of most boys, was founded by Charles Fox Townshend, whose bust, at the far end of the room, reminds all associated with the Society of the young man of great promise, who died when only twenty-two years of age, while a candidate for the representation of the University of Cambridge in Parliament.

Even prior to the foundation of "Pop," there were several smaller debating societies formed, but each lasted a very

by the doctor, plays football: out door games being, as at Harrow, compulsory; and many "old boys" look back with pleasure upon the days of their youth, and the open-air exercise they obtained at Eton. We here illustrate the archway at the end of Weston's Yard, the main entrance to the playing-fields, with a group of merry young athletes, all eager to kick the leather.

The beginning of the football season may be almost styled the commencement



THE
LOWER
CHAPEL.

short space of time, and even the "Pop" once or twice had narrow escapes of falling through; but it is gratifying to find it to-day as flourishing as ever; its walls are covered with pictures of Etonians, including our present Prime Minister, and other men of note and fame, who have, from time to time, honoured the snug little corner with their presence.

ATHLETICS AT ETON.

Every boy at Eton, except those excused

of the athletic year, as the great annual exodus occurs in September, which generally takes away the leading boys, leaving those promoted new to their work. There are two football games played at Eton: the "Wall" game and the "Field" game—the latter being a mixture of the Association and Rugby Rules.

The "Wall" game is played by the wall immediately on the left, through the arch mentioned above, which forms a boundary for the Slough Road. The game is as mysterious as it is intricate, and the onlooker would wonder whatever was going on. The great match of the year is played on St. Andrews Day—Collegers v. Oppidans, a contest looked forward to by all in the school with the utmost interest, as this match alone serves to keep the game alive.

The wall is about 120 yards long, and

the chief object of the game seems to be for either side to get the ball over the mark, called *calx* (lines drawn about twenty yards from either end). When this is achieved the style of the play entirely alters.

One of the players gave me a description, as follows: The defending force try and get the ball out backwards, and give their behind a kick out, while their opponents' "getter" tries to get the ball up from the ground, and close to the wall with one leg, and touch it when

facing the door or tree. This done, he calls "Got it," and a "shy" is given. He then throws at the door or tree, as the case may be, and if he succeeds in hitting it he registers a goal. This mode seems somewhat similar to the Rugby Rules in getting "tries;" but in the "Wall" game no number of shies equal a goal.

The "Field" game is played by almost every boy, and a match is generally contested once a-week between the school "field" eleven and outside teams—old Etonians at Universities, Sandhurst, Guards, Old Etonians and Masters, etc. Picked players have matches twice a-week; the rest of the school playing in "house games." These games take place either between 12.30 and 1.30 on any day, or after 4 on half-holidays.

The chief interest of the field football season centres in the competition for the House Challenge Cup, which is played from the first week in November to the last week of the half.

Even boys who belong to houses with

the smallest possible chance of winning, display the greatest enthusiasm, in order that they may win their house-colours, presented to each boy left in the final round; and the higher the teams get in the competition the more colours they get, of which, I can assure my readers, each recipient is extremely proud. The game is played eleven a-side, as in Association; but is very often played with an additional two or three a-side, which does not, in any way, detract from the proper method of playing

In the Easter half "fives" is the recognised game, but even with the fifty courts they have now at their disposal, they are unable to find sufficient room for more than two hundred to play at once. The best men play every day, and frequently twice a-day, so that a great number become onlookers, or devote their attention to the Beagles, called the Eton College Hunt, which provides quite one hundred and fifty boys with healthy amusement, seeing they have a run out generally



ENTRANCE TO PLAYING-FIELDS.

three times a-week; while others join in the paper chases, and in practising for the School and House Sports.

The Easter holidays over, all Etonians rejoice at the approaching Summer half, and the joyful events contained in it. The 4th of June, Henley Regatta, the match with Winchester, the Eton v. Harrow Match at Lords, House Cricket and House Fours, and last, but not least, the Volunteer Camp.

Each boy, before he goes on the river, or becomes what is termed a "wet-bob."

has to show the masters that he is able to swim by going through a thorough test, so as to insure his safety in case of accident.

Returning to the playing-fields, which constitute six separate grounds—Upper Club, Lower Club, Upper Sixpenny, Sixpenny, Jordan, and Mesopotamia.

The First and Second School Games and Middle Club lay claim to Upper Club. It is no uncommon thing to see over a dozen games of cricket going on at one time, providing several hundred boys with good sport, while dozens are punishing the leather at the nets.

When the weather permits of bathing, the strain upon the playing-fields is somewhat relieved by the charm Cuckoo Weir and Upper Hope have for those interested in aquatics.

Eton Cricket has received many advantages from the careful tuition of proper play by Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, who has been the means of sending from Eton many shining lights in the cricketing world. Two professional cricketers are constantly employed to coach the boys in the game; but, though the cricket has of late greatly improved, their representative team was hardly a match for Harrow at their annual meeting at Lord's last season.

Dr. Warre is particularly watchful over the rowing, and has in the past imparted correct style and training to the eights which battle for the college at Henley. Then, again, there are the races amongst the boys, the House fours claiming a considerable share of the interest on the river.

It would be almost unfair for me to omit the Rifle Corps in connection with the College, which forms a separate battalion—the fourth Volunteer Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and is upwards

of three hundred strong, their battalion-drills having a time set apart every Monday morning, during the summer half, and an annual inspection at the end of the term. A few happy days are spent in camp by a detachment, at the beginning of the summer vacation; and during Autumn and Spring; there are about six field-days, when they engage with other School Corps or regulars in outpost work, skirmishing, attack and defence. The range is close at hand, which affords shooting all the year, and it may be well said that the greatest interest is taken by all ranks in the Eton Riflemen.

One of the ancient Eton customs, the Montem, now abolished, was observed with great rejoicings and many curious observances. The earliest mention of Montem is in 1561, and since the abolition,



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GATE, WITH STATUE OF ELIZABETH.

in 1847, of this old triennial festival, with its interesting associations and its reputed evils, the 4th of June has yearly risen in importance as a gathering-day of all old Etonians.

Montem was celebrated in a like manner to our Lord Mayor's Show-day; but we find that the day on which Montem was celebrated was followed by a Montem-rest-day, and often preceded by another holiday, which might be termed Preparation-day.

One of the great features of the ceremony took place at Salt Hill, a small mound near Slough. This was the asking of alms from the visitors, or, as it was then called, "Salt, salt," by the young tax-gatherers, meaning, "Give us salt

William IV. and our most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The procession started immediately after the calling of absence in the quadrangle by marching round the school-yard twice, afterwards forming up in Weston's yard, where the ensign waved the great emblazoned flag, a performance requiring many rehearsals. This done, the corporals would draw their swords and cut the staves of the polemen asunder. The procession then proceeded in one long line to Salt Hill, by way of the playing-fields, closely followed by the visitors, and accompanied by several regimental bands.

On arriving at Salt Hill, the ensign waved the flag for the second time, at the



THE KITCHEN.

(money);" and by this mode an average of £1,000 was raised each Montem towards defraying the expenses of the festival, the balance afterwards being handed over to the Captain of Montem to assist him in his university career. The Captain of Montem was generally the senior col- leger. The kings, queens and nobility of the land came from far and near to attend this great Eton spectacle. The boys were dressed in all manner of fancy costumes, hired from costumiers in London. George III. and Queen Charlotte have, on several occasions, given fifty guineas apiece, and even double this figure has most willingly been given to Montem. During the brighter years of the reign of George III. he attended almost every celebra- tion, and subsequently Montem has been graced with the presence of George IV.,

top of the mount, which ended the cere- mony.

There were many happy gatherings in connection with Montem far too numerous for me to enlarge upon, such as the dinners at the local inns—the "Windmill" and the "Castle"—and the Captain's dinner to the fifth and sixth forms.

The Great Western Railway Company, when opening the line to Slough, brought down such a number of people to the Montem of 1841 that the great festival was becoming a serious evil, and, in many ways, most antagonistic to the studies during the Montem half. Provost Hodgson, Dr. Hawtrey, Headmaster, and Mr. Okes, the Lower master, agreed to work hard for the total abolition of Montem, and eventually received the sanction of

the Queen on the 7th of January, 1847, through her constitutional adviser, Lord John Russell.

The abolition of Montem was not received kindly by many, and great trouble was at first threatened by the anti-reformers.

Dr. Hawtrey, whose desire it was to act justly to all parties, presented the boy who would have been Captain of Montem with £200 out of his own pocket, and gave a dinner a few days after Whitsun-Tuesday to those who would have taken part in the procession.

Among the literature on the Eton Montem are the following stanzas—

"Farwell to thee, Montem! They say 'tis the last,
But I will not believe it till three years are past;
And then, if I find that dear Montem is gone,
I'll go to Salt Hill and keep Montem alone."

There are several songs peculiar to Etonians, one of which I give below; and in concluding these scrambled notes on Eton, our proud and historic seat of learning, I join in the refrain, "Floreat Etona."

CARMEN ETONENSE.

Solo—Sonent voces omnium
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.

Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Stet domus Collegii
disciplinæ sedes,
donec amnis regii
unda lambet ædes!
Crescat diligentia
studium Musarum!
crescat cum scientia
cultus litterarum!

Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Nostra sint primordia
cum virtute pudor,
fides et concordia,
æmulusque sudor!
Jungat unus filios
amor erga Matrem!
cum magistris pueros
ut cum fratre fratrem!

Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Obsequamur regibus,
modo jungant reges
libertatem legibus,
libertati leges!
Lege sic solutior
leges amet certas,
sic parendo tutior
nostra stet libertas!

Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Solo—Justam ludus vindicet
cum labore partem!
dulce fœdus societ
cum Minerva Martem!
Sive causa gloriæ
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriæ—
Matrem exornemus!

Chorus—Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Chorus—Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus!
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.

Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

IN THE CALVARY CHAPEL:

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

By CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

I.

DON LUDOVICO DE LA ROSA was the last male representative of an old Spanish family which had once been famous and powerful in Andalusia. He was a noble *de quatro costados*, that is to say his parents, grandparents, and great grand-parents had all belonged to the privileged class, and his father's family boasted of seven "hats," showing seven titles by inheritance to grandeeship. In former days in Spain, females could inherit titles and estates, and the consequence was a vast accumulation of property by a few families. The De la Rosas had thus owned fabulous wealth; but, like other great families, they had been ruined by the system they did their utmost to maintain. Pride of birth begat haughty contempt for work of any kind, and bred indolence and extravagance in each succeeding generation. They mis-managed and neglected their estates, and ultimately were ruined. So it came to pass that Don Ludovico was poor, and his pride and vanity had met with so many rebuffs that at length he determined to retire altogether into private life, and withdraw to a small estate at Paradas, some fifty or sixty

miles from Seville, only making brief and rare visits to that city, that his daughter might not grow up in utter ignorance of the world and all its ways.

It had been the sorrow of Don Ludovico's life that he had no son, to perpetuate the barren honours which he himself enjoyed. His wife he had loved passionately, and when she died in childbirth, he almost hated the baby girl who had cost her mother her life. But as the years went by, little Dolores laughed her way into her father's heart, and at seventeen was really fascinating; not beautiful, indeed, but richly endowed with the vivacity and charm which make all Andalusian women so attractive that beauty is scarcely required.

Over one man, Dolores' charm had exercised a potent spell. James Talbot was a young Englishman of considerable wealth and many accomplishments. Of

a roving disposition, he had travelled throughout Europe, and at the time of this story was in Seville, whence he intended to sail down the Guadalquivir to Cadiz, and after crossing to Tangier, make his way to Algiers, and thence into the East. He had brought with him letters of introduction to several families of position, and among them one to Don



DOLORES EXERCISED A POTENT SPELL.

Ludovico de la Rosa, to whom he soon attached himself on terms of intimacy. A hundred years ago the conventionalities of Spanish society were full of contradictions. Restrictions upon married women there were practically none, whilst unmarried girls were subject to much supervision and restraint. So it was that at first James Talbot found few opportunities of

cultivating his friendship with Dolores. Don Ludovico saw that he was attracted by the girl, and although he liked him well enough as a pleasant chance acquaintance, was not altogether inclined to accept him as a son-in-law. He therefore warned the elderly duenna, who played the part of chaperon to Dolores, not to encourage Talbot, nor in any way connive at his advances. Thus the young fellow found that although he was sure of a cordial welcome if he joined the ladies in the Alameda of Seville, or dropped in casually at noon to pay a visit, yet Donna Herrera would exercise increasing vigilance, and never did the good creature allow herself to indulge in a little siesta, however hot the day, when Talbot came to see them in their home.

But Talbot saw that in Dolores were united all the qualities he thought his wife ought to possess. Accomplished she was not, nor even well-educated, as we understand the phrase now; yet such was her natural vivacity, her warmth of heart, and generous sympathy, that her slightest action showed interest, and her conversation was almost brilliant. True Andalusians never are coquettes, and Dolores was, above all things, unaffected; but Talbot could not fail to note the flush that tinged her cheeks when he drew near, the light that came into her eyes as they fell upon him, nor the drooping of the long dark lashes when her hand just rested in his, as he rose to say farewell.

So when one day Don Ludovico told him that they meant to leave Seville and return to Paradas, Talbot took heart of



BOLDLY ASKED FOR DOLORES' HAND.

grace, and boldly asked for Dolores de la Rosa's hand in marriage.

"I am an English gentleman, señor, and a good Catholic. I love your daughter, and I dare to say that I can win her love. Give her to me, and hers shall be a happy life."

The old man looked at him, and his eyes were less stern than was their wont.

"You do my daughter too much honour, señor. Were you a Spaniard, and a Hidalgo too, as my daughter's husband must be, I would consent; but as it is, my answer must be 'No.'"

"Your answer should be 'Yes,' señor. Perhaps I speak too bluntly, but Englishmen have not the art to clothe their meaning over courteously, and my plain words are pleading for my happiness. You would not have me grant that Englishmen are less good men than Spaniards, and as for blood, if we have no Hidalguia, our laws of caste are yet no empty forms, and by them I stand acquitted."

"Mixed marriages are seldom happy," said Don Ludovico sententiously; "I cast no reflections on your blood, but Englishmen should wed with Englishwomen."

"What of our Queen Mary of blessed memory?"

Don Ludovico smiled.

"Does not your zeal outrun your reasoning? Her marriage with our Philip, was brought about for reasons of state alone, and no one can say that it was happy."

"And yet my instance argues for me too," replied Talbot; "why should you urge your daughter to marry only a Spaniard and a Hidalgo, but for very similar reasons of state? Pardon me, señor, but you must admit that too much inter-marriage is fraught with evil. Here in Spain you are already learning the ill-effects of it. I will not mince my words. I am a proper husband for your daughter. With noble blood in my veins, I am her

equal; with no small estate, I am able to maintain her; and with an untarnished reputation and clean hands and heart, I offer her an honourable love. What would you more?"

"What more can you say?"

"This," cried Talbot, almost fiercely, "Donna Dolores loves me!"

"How, señor?" said Don Ludovico coldly. "My daughter loves no man save her father."

"Donna Dolores loves me," repeated Talbot doggedly. "I do not say she knows it; but I am a man, and I love her, and I am not mistaken. Give your consent to my suit, and I will guarantee the rest. Your daughter's happiness is very dear to you. Be her father first, and a Spanish Hidalgo afterwards. Be just enough to admit that I am a proper claimant for her hand, and I stake my life that I will win her heart."

Again Don Ludovico smiled, but rather sadly.

"I was born a hundred years too soon," he said. "Señor, I like your spirit, and I believe you are an upright man. Will you be good to my darling?"

Talbot's voice shook.

"I will love and cherish her, as you did her mother. Nay! let me finish. We are not a race given to putting our emotions into words, but this I swear: I will be a true and loyal lover and husband to her, a faithful counsellor, as the Saints give me grace, a gentle master, and a constant friend. God do so to me, and more also, if I do not make her happiness my aim and object for this world and the next."

Don Ludovico was moved by Talbot's earnestness. He liked this young Englishman, and knew that he meant all he said. Moreover there is a Spanish proverb which says that money makes the man complete, and although he was in earnest when he objected to Dolores marrying a man of different nationality from herself, yet he was conscious that her prospects of forming an alliance with a rich Hidalgo were but scanty. They had dropped too much out of society for her to meet many men of that class. The early death of his wife had not embittered him, but Dolores had naturally lost thereby most of the opportunities of social intercourse which gentlewomen usually enjoyed. At Paradas, their life was solitary, unbroken by visits from the

outside world, and local society there was none. After some hesitation, therefore, he bowed low to Talbot, and with much formality, thanked him for his offer to Dolores.

"I will acquaint her with what you have said, but on one point I must be explicit. My daughter must be permitted to decide for herself. I will inform her that you have craved permission of me to pay her your addresses, and I will not attempt to influence her either way. If she be disposed to listen to you, you shall have all the facilities which our etiquette allows, and the result shall depend upon you. But if not then my answer shall be final, and with our departure from Seville, this episode in your life must terminate. Am I clearly understood?"

"Entirely, señor; I desire nothing more, and my heart assures me that Dolores will hearken to my suit."

"You speak confidently."

"I am confident."

Then Talbot bowed, and with a light heart, went away.

II.

THINGS turned out just as Talbot had hoped and expected. Dolores was too ingenuous to be able to conceal from her father's watchful eyes her vast delight at the tidings which he brought her, and he loved her too well to let her know that this marriage was not according to his fondest wishes. And so Don Ludovico, with all the dignity of an ambassador to the Court of Love, returned to Talbot, and gave his formal consent to the betrothal. He even went further than his word, and as the stiff ceremonial of fashionable life in Seville was irksome to the ardent Englishman, and oppressive to Dolores, whose spontaneous nature rebelled against the thousand checks to the frank intercourse she hoped to enjoy with her betrothed, he gave commands for the small establishment to move to Paradas, and invited Talbot to accompany them.

Once there, away from all the world, he gave play to his liberal ideas, and permitted the lovers to associate with each other to an extent unusual then, although we should think little of it now. For at that period, no unmarried girl would have dared to sit alone with any man, though the doors to every room were made of glass, and always left wide open. To take a man's arm, or even shake his hand,

was a thing but rarely done, and in many ways the customs of the time were hard and narrow. But Don Ludovico knew that Dolores and James Talbot might both be trusted; and moreover, Spanish women when once married were free agents, able to come and go as they pleased and sit for hours alone with any man they chose. So here in Paradas, he gave them every opportunity to learn each other's heart, and if Donna Herrera was with them more than they wholly liked, still she proved a very obliging duenna under these altered circumstances, taking siestas of inordinate duration; while, out of doors, she would find herself fatigued surprisingly early in the day, and let them wander alone about the gardens to their full content.

Don Ludovico's house at Paradas, like most others in Andalusia, was built round the four sides of an open square, or patio, was only one-storied, and had a gallery running round the inside of the court, forming a balcony to all the first-floor rooms, and a shady verandah to all on the ground floor. In summer, only the downstairs rooms were used, and an awning was stretched over the patio level with the roof, thus forming a large and airy tent.

Here James Talbot passed many happy days. Stretched out at full length in the patio, in the centre of which a fountain rose and fell, surrounded by brilliant flowers in pots, he would talk and laugh with Dolores as she sat by him, sometimes singing softly to her guitar and sometimes toying idly with her fan. How often afterwards did he recall the picture!

Dolores in her black silk petticoat, or *basquina*, the black mantilla arranged as only a Spaniard can arrange that simple piece of lace, with a bunch of roses and myrtle where it was crossed upon her breast, and the big fan, black on one side, on the other scarlet, waving, waving, waving! When she grew animated, how rapidly she opened and closed its folds! and to see her eyes laughing just above it, or her little teeth gleaming as she smiled and then hastened to screen her mirth behind it! He could picture her again standing by the half-opened

shutters of the cool dark room, with the light, subdued by the awning, falling on her, and he could see the fan twirling doubtfully between her white fingers until she caught sight of him, when it fluttered to cheer him up, and slowly waved to call him. Surely she was Queen of the Fairies, and that fan was her magic wand!

Dolores loved him devotedly—passionately. She

would lean against him with her face turned up to his, and look into his eyes as if to read his soul. She would bend over him as he lay at her feet, and stroke his hair as he talked to her. She spoke English fluently, with the prettiest accent imaginable, but she thought in Spanish, and her little running comments on all he said were quaint and full of charm.

Outside the gardens lay an open plain, parched by the glaring sun; but when they could summon up sufficient energy to cross this desert, they would wander into the dense woods of ilex, which are so common in Spain, and which



SINGING SOFTLY TO HER GUITAR.

at that time extended from Paradas to Olbera.

Two days before that fixed for the wedding, Talbot and Dolores had crossed the plain and were roaming through the forest. The cool shade was delicious after their hot walk, and after a desultory ramble, they sat down to rest. Just opposite them stood a rude stone cross marking the spot where some traveller had fallen by the hands of robbers. It was covered with trailing honeysuckle, and flanked by myrtles in bloom, while all around was a wealth of wildflowers that made the spot inexpressibly beautiful. Talbot had no fear in bringing his darling to these woods, for although robbers were common enough in Spain and Olbera was a notoriously rough, uncivilised neighbourhood, yet the De la Rosas were well known, and if by chance some strange braggadocio had crossed their path—well, Talbot was a brave man, well armed, and he had no doubt as to the upshot.

Dolores' eyes were fixed upon the cross.

"I wonder whose resting-place that is? Perhaps he was an Englishman, and loved some fair-haired girl in England."

"More probably he loved some dark-haired girl in Spain," said Talbot. "I fancy some of your old nobility near Olbera thought very little of disposing of an unwelcome suitor in that fashion."

Dolores shivered a little.

"It does look sad," she said; "whoever the girl was, and of course there must have been one who loved him, she would have liked to know the end, and these crosses tell of sudden death and broken hearts at home. See, I will put some flowers on that grave for her."

And deftly she made a little wreath of myrtle and cystus, twisting in the growing lengths of honeysuckle to hold it to the cross."

"Listen, dear," she went on; "when we are married, I shall go home with you to England, but if I die, will you bring me back to Spain? I would like to lie at Paradas, where we have been so happy, and have myrtle growing over me like this poor wanderer."

"Gloomy thoughts, darling," answered Talbot lightly; "you must not talk about dying yet, though for your sake I hope I shall be the one left behind. The day after to-morrow, Dolores!"

"Yes, the day after to-morrow!" she repeated dreamily; "you *will* be good to me, darling?"

The tears seemed so very near the top that Talbot drew her towards him and kissed her tenderly. Presently she said:

"This cross reminds me. To-morrow night I want to pass in the church just outside Paradas; you know the crucifix in the Calvary Chapel? I have always loved that face of the Christ, ever since I was such a little girl, and I want to be quite alone with it the night before I am married."

Talbot thought a moment.

"I can see no real objection," he said, "but you had better ask Don Ludovico first. After all you will be quite safe, and the nights are not very cold."

"Safe?" said Dolores; "who would hurt me there? That church has been sanctuary for many a desperate man, and surely I cannot come to harm beneath the very feet of the dear Christ!"

"I will not say you nay, dear heart," he promised; "let us go home now, and you can tell your father all about it. Of course he will consent."

They lingered just a minute more; and if when they reached the outskirts of the wood Dolores' face was flushed, who shall blame Talbot for kissing those lips which, after all, were his and which he loved so dearly?



THEY FOUND HER DEAD.

Che sara sara. Don Ludovico gave his daughter leave to spend that last night as she desired, only making a private stipulation with Talbot that he should mount guard outside the church unknown to Dolores.

So that night and the next day came and went, and in the evening he took her to the Calvary Chapel, knelt by her side one moment before the pitying Christ, and left her in the sanctuary.

And there at break of day they found her dead!

III.

It was Donna Herrera who found her, and she hurried back to the house to get help, if it should be any avail. Talbot saw her, but felt no alarm until a group of men-servants rushed towards the church, led by Don Ludovico, while behind came several maids, too awe-stricken to weep. He joined them at the door and in the dim light cast by the swung lamp in the chapel he saw Dolores lying on the floor, and the pathetic face of the Christ looking down upon her. Without a word he ran forward, and guessed the truth before he touched her. As he raised her, her little head fell back against his arm; and the mantilla slipping, showed two sharply defined bruises—one on each side of the fair white neck. Then he laid her down again, and as he did so saw her neck was broken. White as death, himself, he stood up and looked at Don Ludovico, who knelt by her side, gazing into the quiet face.

"What does it all mean, Don Ludovico?"

His voice was hoarse, and Don Ludovico, turning, rose from his knees:

"I know nothing. Let us hear Donna Herrera."

And Donna Herrera told in a nervous whisper how she had promised Dolores to come for her at daybreak to make the final preparations for the marriage, and how, as she swung back the church door, she had seen Dolores lying on her face before the crucifix; how she had hurried forward, thinking the girl had swooned, and how as she tried to turn her the dead weight frightened her and she ran back for aid. That was all she knew.

"And you, señor?" said Don Ludovico to Talbot.

Talbot had nothing to add. He had said good-night outside the church and

she had kissed him; he went in with her and knelt by her side a few moments, and after leaving her had passed the night outside. The light through the stained window had been steady, and no one but Donna Herrera had gone in; he had refrained from doing so, because Dolores did not know he meant to watch, and he feared the noise of the opening door might alarm her.

"You have not slept?" asked Don Ludovico.

"I was on guard, señor," replied Talbot sternly, and the father was satisfied.

Then Don Ludovico stooped and laid his hand upon his daughter's heart. Oh, the agony of suspense during that brief interval! But he sighed and drew the mantilla gently over the shapely head, bidding the men fetch a mattress from the house.

"My heart is broken, too," he said to Talbot; "but this is no time to weigh our griefs. Promise me to find the solution of this mystery. My daughter, who was to have been your bride to-day, has met a violent death. Dead, señor; our Dolores is dead!"

Talbot moved the mantilla aside.

"Don Ludovico, I do not wish to hurt you more than I can help, but look at this bruise—and this. Christ have pity on her! See, her neck is broken."

Then he drew himself up, and turned to the sobbing group.

"Listen, Don Ludovico; Donna Herrera, and all of you, listen! As I stand now in this church, where I was to have been married to-day to that dear lady, I swear before God, and before you all, that I will not rest until this secret is revealed. I will find out who dealt that foul blow, and he shall answer here to you for the deed done this night. And then—" but his voice failed him, and he knelt before the crucifix. Presently he went on in a lower tone, although every word fell distinctly upon his hearers' ears:—

"Dear Lord, whose eyes have seen all that has passed in Thy Sanctuary, in pity hear me; nay! if I may but find the coward who dealt this blow, help me to be content, knowing that Thou wilt repay. Help me to find him! Help me to bear this! Help me! Help me! Help me!"

Utterly broken down he knelt sobbing by Dolores, while Don Ludovico wiped his eyes in silence.

The sound of men's feet outside roused them, and it was with a sense of relief at having something definite to do that they stood apart while the mattress was laid down; then, when they had placed the body on it and covered it reverently with a thin silk blanket, they carried Dolores home. A few days afterwards they laid her, in all her marriage garments, in the little cemetery at Paradas, and there she sleeps in sunny Spain as she had wished, and the myrtles grow above her.

Talbot was like a man asleep. For weeks he rode all over the neighbourhood, trying to find some clue to unravel the mystery; he made a list of all the men employed about the place, and compelled each one to account for every hour of that night. In vain; he knew it would be in vain. After he had closed the door, no one, save Donna Herrera, had gone into the church, no one but she had left it; of that he was quite sure. Don Ludovico, Donna Herrera, the servants, and himself were the only living creatures in the place. Then one day a thought struck him, and he asked Don Ludovico to send for the priest who served the church.

"Señor," he said, "our quest has hitherto been fruitless, but I swore to find out how my darling met her death, and by God's help I will; I am going to pass to-night in the Calvary Chapel, before that crucifix, and if prayers are ever answered I feel mine will be now. I will pray to Christ, before whose image that murder was committed, and perhaps He will show me some way to account for it. I wish you and Don Ludovico to keep watch outside, not for my protection, but to satisfy yourselves that no one is about. If supernatural powers are at work, this holy priest will be able to contend with them; and if I am to meet the same death Dolores met, I am content to join her so easily and so soon."

So it was arranged, and at the same hour Talbot entered the church and closed the door, while Don Ludovico and the priest paced the turf outside. Talbot looked round him with a curious sensation. In front of the great crucifix a lamp was burning, but all the rest of the church was in darkness. He knelt down as he had done on the former occasion, and then rising, made a careful search from end to end of the building to satisfy himself that he was alone; this done, he sat down on

a bench, and resting his elbows on his knees, he hid his face in his hands. Long and anxiously he pondered, mentally recalling every face he had seen at Paradas, trying to discover some motive for the crime. The effort was useless as ever, and he sighed and looked round again. In the dead silence his imagination grew more keen, and the drama was being played out before him. That was where Dolores had knelt, and the murderer must have crept up behind her. What weapon could he have used? Not a cord, for the bruise did not encircle the neck. How was it done? Then suddenly a fiercer



DON LUDOVICO AND THE PRIEST PACED THE TURF.

temper seized him, and, throwing himself prone on the floor before the crucifix, he prayed rapidly aloud. In his exaltation the prayer rushed from his lips and he scarce knew what he was saying until he heard the articulated words. He prayed for vengeance, speedy and complete, and the pitying Christ hung motionless from the cross, with the light falling on the sweet face and showing the wounded side.

Presently his state of frenzy passed, and he shuddered and felt cold. It must have been two hours since he shut himself in, and now a more restful feeling stole over him. He thought of Dolores, and how she loved him; of the days in the Patio; and their walks in the ilex

woods; of her pity for the murdered traveller, who lay under the wayside cross; and of the wreath of flowers she wove for the sake of the girl who had loved him. Tender-hearted Dolores! and to die as she did! Then, kneeling upright before the crucifix, he prayed again; not for vengeance this time, but for patience and strength to endure, for grace to keep alive the better impulses which Dolores had awakened in his heart, for help to bear himself like a man in his affliction, and for the eternal repose of her soul. He prayed again, in yet another mood, for wisdom to unravel the mystery of her death, and for additional grace to make a supreme renunciation of revenge, leaving the issue of the discovery to God. And then he laid his hands upon the pierced feet of the Christ, and, looking up, prayed more intensely still.

His heart seemed to stop, and his eyes were rivetted to the face of the image above him. There was no change in the pathetic expression upon the Saviour's face, but surely the figure had moved?

The hands were slowly leaving the arms of the Cross, and from the waist the body was bending towards him. Talbot could not stir—could only gaze in dread and wonder. It was no dream. The figure was leaning over him, moving so slowly and noiselessly that had it not been for the shifting of the light, the change of position would have been imperceptible. Talbot was fascinated and paralysed by the marvel of it, and lost all account of time. But at last the face was almost touching his, and the hands had crept towards him as if to clasp him by each shoulder. Then, with a hysterical sob, Talbot threw himself

backwards on the floor, and the heavy wooden hands sprang suddenly together with a click, and so stayed locked. One moment more, and Talbot's neck would have been caught between them. He turned sick and faint, gave one long look at the quiet figure bending from the Cross with hands outstretched as if pleading to him to come, and then he swooned. How long he was unconscious he never knew, but when his senses returned to him again he rose cold and stiff and looked upon the sacred image. It was in its original position, the hands and

feet nailed to the Cross, the head drooping upon the breast, and the light from the lamp falling full upon it, showing the wounded side, and the eternal look of sweet mournfulness upon the well-known face.

Talbot drew a deep breath, and after a pause went into the open air.

IV.

DON LUDOVICO and the priest had all this time been walking slowly round the church. Devout Catholics, living in a country where religion was probably the

most marked feature of the national character, and in an age when the truth of miracles was scarcely challenged, both men hoped, and even expected, that Talbot's fervour would meet with its reward, and that if no actual miracle were worked, at least some divine inspiration might be granted him, by the aid of which he would unravel the mystery of his beloved's death. So when they saw him standing by the door, and the look of horror in his face, with one accord they hurried up and asked him what had happened.

"How do you know that anything has happened?" he asked slowly, and speaking with obvious difficulty.



TALBOT THREW HIMSELF BACKWARDS.

"Your face betrays it," said Don Ludovico.

"You have had an answer to your prayers, my son," put in the priest, "and assuredly such a conspicuous mark of heavenly favour will not be lightly disregarded by so good a son of the true Church. Nay, perhaps my words convey more than my meaning; but in anywise to conceal an act of grace, even through modesty, is not a fitting form of gratitude, when the report thereof might so far advance the honour of the Church."

"Specious words!" said Talbot harshly; and the priest drew himself up, while Don Ludovico stared.

"Specious words!" he repeated. "Be frank, and say at once your curiosity is piqued. I have always been a good Catholic as I have known how, but I tell you plainly that what I have seen to-night is well-nigh sufficient to move the best Catholic that ever lived to curse the Church to which he has belonged, and rather denounce it as a school of foul treachery and demoniacal cruelty, founded by Satan to lead erring men to Hades!"

The priest crossed himself in horror at the blasphemy; but Don Ludovico knew that Talbot must have been profoundly moved before he would have spoken so, and he said quietly:

"Tell your story, whatever it may be. The priest spoke truly. You have had an answer, and it concerns me as the father of that poor girl. And you," he added, turning to the priest, "may rest assured that this gentleman, in what he said, spoke hotly, feeling strongly. No one will be readier to own his fault, and by confession obtain absolution from the holy priest whose calmer judgment his warm speech has shocked."

The priest bowed, as if to say he knew how to grant absolution when the fitting moment came, but his eyes reverted to the Englishman.

"Señor," said Talbot, "I swore to find Dolores' murderer. I have done so. Call your people, and before you all I will tell my story. Then if the priest can justify his order, I will crave his pardon, and the pardon of the Church for what I said just now."

And with that the priest had to be content, for Don Ludovico walked quickly towards the village, and Talbot sat down upon the felled trunk of a tree, and, rest-

ing his chin on his hand, gazed moodily on the ground.

It was more than half-an-hour before Don Ludovico re-appeared, accompanied by a number of servants and peasants, one of whom went into the church, and began to ring the bell. The priest joined them, and Talbot sitting outside could hear his voice, and occasionally a louder murmur as the others joined in the prayers. He waited until no more villagers came, and then, entering the church, walked up to the Calvary Chapel, and faced the little congregation. Without crossing himself, or kneeling at all before the crucifix, he began to speak in a hushed voice, so that the people had to listen intently to catch his words.

"No long speech is needed," he began, "for no one here is ignorant of the tragedy of which this chapel was the scene. I was betrothed, with her father's consent, to Donna Dolores de la Rosa. She expressed a wish to spend the night before her marriage in prayer before this image of the Saviour, and no one saying her nay, I brought her to the church, and leaving her alone, stood sentinel outside to see no harm from mortal hand befell her. Here, in the morning, Donna Herrera found her dead. No one was in the church when I left Dolores there, and during the night no one went in. That I knew and told you. Yet Donna Dolores lay there dead, and that not from natural causes. Her little neck was broken, and on the white throat, where my kisses had fallen only a few hours before, were two cruel bruises. Here in the sanctuary she was murdered, before the figure of the Christ. Who did the deed?"

He paused, and presently his voice rang louder through the building.

"Sir Priest, the Church you call it your dearest privilege to serve has some strange passages in its history. The men who gave their lives to testify to their faith, your Church has canonized and prays to as saints. You speak in horror of the pagans who shed their blood, and even in their ignorance find nothing to palliate their guilt. And yet this Church, which claims to have the one true light, has wittingly taken thousands of innocent lives, shed oceans of innocent blood, and drawn down upon it the wrath of a pitying merciful God. I *will* speak, Father! excommunication and cursing shall not

silence me now! Deeds of shameful cruelty were done by holy prelates here in Spain, the very thought of which still makes men's blood boil within them, and clenches their hands in angry desire for revenge. Religion, as they called it—a loving longing, forsooth, to save men's souls whatever might happen to their bodies, devised the secret atrocities in which the Holy Office revelled, and now, when thanks be to God the Inquisition is no more, we have a relic of it, which with my own hands I will destroy, unless brute force prevents me.

"Last night I came to pray here as my darling did, though not, indeed, in the same sweet spirit. I prayed that I might find the murderer, and send him to answer at the bar of God for his mean and cowardly crime. I prayed, and by degrees my temper changed. Hours must have passed, and at length I prayed that, if in God's good will, I were showed the murderer, I might have grace to yield the vengeance I had claimed as mine, and leave it to Him to whom vengeance belongs. Then I had an answer."

A strange sigh passed from the listening throng, and the silence grew deeper.

"Come here," said Talbot hoarsely to the priest. "As I prayed in quieter mood, but still as fervently, I laid my hands upon the feet of the Christ before me. This was my answer."

He knelt down, and again the marvel was enacted. Slowly the figure bent with outstretched arms, ever drawing closer and closer, until Talbot once more threw himself backwards, and the wooden hands sprang together with that horrid click, and so remained. Then he rose.

"Señor, the hands that broke your daughter's neck are

there. Break them off and burn them! The power that took your daughter's life is the Holy Church she loved, and that figure, before which she bowed in innocent faith, was the means by which her spirit was wrested from her body. And may the soul of the man whose horrible ingenuity devised that foul instrument of torture, and the souls of all who sanctioned its use, burn in agony for ever—amen! amen!"

Then he turned away, and his sobs shook him from head to foot. An angry murmur rose from the peasants, who were crowding forward and would have seized the figure, but the priest interposed.

"Don Ludovico, take the Englishman away, and listen, you people, to what I have to say. It is not for me to pass judgment on his words. I am a man first and a priest afterwards, and had our situations been reversed, I might have spoken as he did, being distraught with grief. I am no lover of the Inquisition, but I am not called upon to question or defend the policy of the Church in times of difficulty and danger. But as your priest, I forbid a single man of you to lay sacrilegious

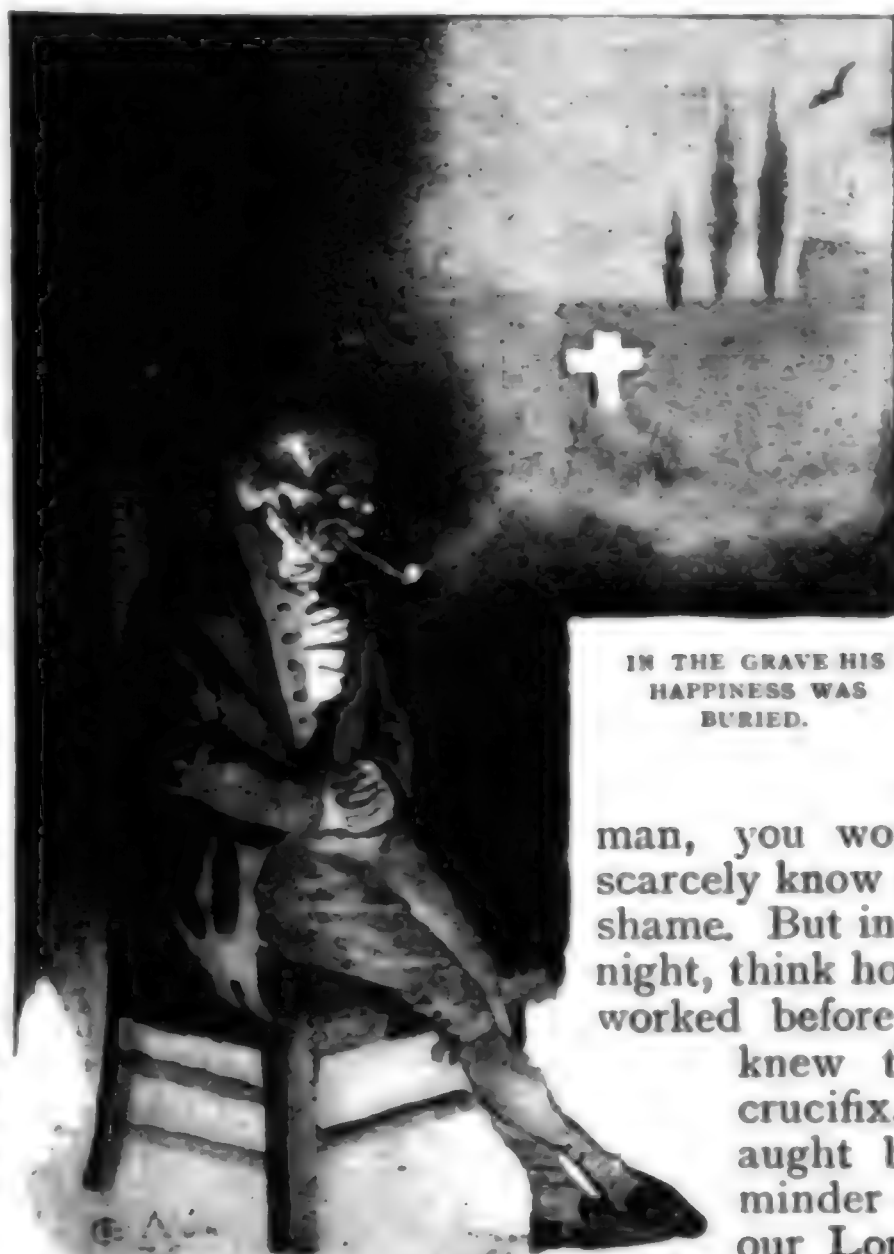
hands upon the blessed image of our Lord. Again I tell you, Don Ludovico, take the Englishman away!"

As he spoke, the figure slowly resumed its old position, and the priest went on in gentler tones:

"My children, your hearts were hot within you just now, and, carried away by the frenzied words of that distracted

man, you would have done you scarcely know how much of sin and shame. But in your quiet homes to-night, think how a miracle has been worked before you. None of us

knew the history of this crucifix, or regarded it as aught but a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of our Lord. And yet it was not until the first passionate desire for revenge had passed away, and Señor Talbot



IN THE GRAVE HIS
HAPPINESS WAS
BURIED.

prayed in a more Christian spirit, that he laid his hands in supplication on the wounded feet of the Christ and was given an answer to his earnest entreaty. He prayed that if in God's good will he learned the means by which that innocent maiden met her death, he might have grace to leave the rest to God. Now that the mystery of the tragedy is solved, and solved assuredly by special direction from above, help him to perform his vow, and leave the issue of what you have seen to-day to the Holy Church to whom this sacred image belongs, and who has a heart to love and power to bless all whom she knows to be her true and pious sons."

Then he blessed and dismissed them, and soon was left alone.

It was many weeks before Talbot recovered from the illness into which he had been thrown by the shock of Dolores' death and the discovery of its cause. When he next visited the church, the Calvary Chapel was empty.

Beyond the fact that the crucifix had been removed by order of the Archbishop of Seville, Don Ludovico had no information to give him, and Talbot, abandoning all idea of tracing its after history, returned to England, and never again set foot in Paradas.

But in the grave where Dolores de la Rosa lies his happiness was buried, and next his heart he ever carried a tiny spray of the myrtle that blooms above her, in memory of the Andalusian maiden whom he loved and mourned.



THE DOCTOR'S TREAT.

By F. MABIAM WILLFORD.



HERE are some trivial things which occur in one's life which make lasting impressions; and what I am about to relate may be considered by some to be very trivial indeed, yet it has made a lasting, if not an everlasting, impression on the minds of all who witnessed and had a share in its effects.

We were stationed in the Punjab and enjoying the usual sultry weather. Most of the Polo players of the regiment were

away on leave, but we could just manage to muster enough to get up a couple of games a week to enliven the hot weather.

I remember it had been a boiling hot day, and we had just finished a fairly good game and were sitting in a melting state round the 'peg' table revelling in iced drinks, when our worthy Doctor came strolling across the polo-ground looking as cool as an iceberg. Although he was a man of large proportions—anyone could see that he fed well and did credit to his feeding—he moved about so quietly and took everything so easily, that he was never seen flourishing his handkerchief over his face and neck in the hottest of weather like most men of his build, and, indeed, by men of much lighter build. Some of the youngsters said it made them feel a few degrees cooler to look at him, but on the other hand some of us grumbled and even felt angry with him for never getting, or, at least, never looking hot. On one occasion, when we were all growling at the heat—it being 97 in the dining-room

—he quietly remarked, "I noticed that my thermometer only registered 51 when I left the house to come to the mess." Of course at this assertion everybody laughed and jeered at him; so he said: "Well, I am willing to back my word by a dozen of Simpkin that it will not register over 50 after dinner. He was asked if his thermometer was accurate, and he replied that he would allow it to be tested by the one in the mess and if it differed one degree he would stand Simpkin round. The seniors knew the Doctor very well and were cautious, but some of the juniors took him up. As soon as dinner was over we all went to the Doctor's bungalow and he produced his thermometer—it registered exactly 42: he kept it in his ice-box. Of course we were all sold and for a long time it was rather a sore joke to hear the Doctor say "Well, I am fully persuaded that the best way to keep your house cool is to keep the thermometer in the ice-box."

He was a bachelor, and ran our mess, and we never had occasion to grumble about the way he fed us, for he considered eating one of the most important things in life, and taught us almost to think the same. We became celebrated for our good table, and felt proud of our new president in consequence. Certainly we did grumble sometimes, and pretty loudly, when we saw our mess bills; but no amount of fault-finding would induce him to cut down his prices—nay, some of us had a suspicion that it caused him to increase them occasionally, by way of paying us off for our ingratitude. It was his delight to tell us we had a good mess fund.

When he joined us on the polo-ground he at once called for a peg, and one of the youngsters suggested that as he looked so cool he would not require ice in his drink.

"My boy," the Doctor replied, "I do not care for ice in my pegs because it makes the soda flat, and, consequently, to a great extent, spoils the drinks; but I

must support the mess and take ice. You, however, shall be punished for your selfish suggestion by not sharing in the treat I have for dinner this evening."

Now, I have said that, under the able catering of our Doctor, we had all, young and old, become imbibed with his ideas about food and eating, so we at once asked what he had in store for us.

"Come over to the mess," he said; "I am going to see it opened before going to dress for dinner."

In due course we all wandered over to the mess, and threw ourselves into the easy-chairs, in the verandah. In a few moments a servant appeared, carrying a large jar of Stilton cheese. At first we laughed at the "great treat," but soon began to take an interest in the opening of the

cheese, for even our exceptionally-particular and energetic mess president had failed for some weeks to get us any decent cheese.

Under the direction of the Doctor, the chipping at the cement went steadily and carefully on, and, sitting around, we began discussing the probabilities of its turning out good, bad, or indifferent, under the trying climate into which it had entered.

The Doctor swore it would be beautiful, for it had come straight out from home; and although it would need seasoning, it would not be so bad to be going on with.

The lid had been well cemented down, and the chipping and our talk were going on, when suddenly we were startled by a report like a gun bursting, followed by what appeared to be a shower of rain over us. There was a startled silence for a second, and then it was broken by a wonderful chorus of "Ohs!" "Ughs!" "By Jove!" "Great Scot!" "Well I'm ——!" and a general stampede from the verandah, every fellow trying to hold his nose. Most of us ran for about twenty yards, and then released our noses, but only to grab them



J. BARNARD DAVIS

A SERVANT APPEARED, CARRYING A LARGE JAR.



WE WERE STARTLED BY A REPORT.

again, and run as if we were running for life. I had run for fifty yards before I realised that I could not escape the terrible smell unless I took off my coat and cap. I threw them from me, and found that even then I could not escape, for my breeches were liberally sprinkled with liquid, rotten cheese. I looked at the others, and saw them throwing away caps and coats, and one trying to struggle out of his sweater.

I now looked for the Doctor, and, to my astonishment, he was still in the verandah with his handkerchief to his nose, and looking down with a mournful expression at the empty jar. The cheese having turned bad, it had only waited until the cement was fairly broken to blow off the lid and fly up to the ceiling of the verandah, and, in descending, sprinkle us all, and pervade the atmosphere for yards round with "the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril."

I know the odour emitted by the musk rat, and I have read about the American skunk and Brazilian tiririca; but I don't think any one of them can equal, and certainly not surpass, the odour of that rotten stilton.

At varying distances, from thirty to fifty yards, began a wordy attack on the Doctor, to which he only replied by saying:

"Come here, if you have anything to say."

He seemed to be fascinated by the jar, and we congregated at a safe distance and



A GENERAL STAMPEDE.

watched him. He bent down to look into the jar, when some one remarked:

"Well, I'm blowed, if the old idiot isn't putting his head into it!"

"By Jove," said another; "I believe he is trying to collect some of it for dinner!"

In a few moments he appeared satisfied with the examination, for, giving the jar a kick, he moved away with a very sad expression on his face.

"That's it: stir up your ill-smelling compound—keep it lively!" shouted one of the boys; but the Doctor took no notice of the remark, and went quietly home.

Having seen the end, we went to tub and dress, and get rid of the horrible odour.

When we got back to dinner the unsavoury perfume was positively sickening, and pervaded the whole mess. When the Doctor arrived he



WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVED HE RECEIVED TERRIBLE ABUSE.

received terrible abuse, but he calmly replied:

"Oh, that will do—that will do. It is all over now, except paying for it."

"What!" shouted one of the youngsters; "you surely don't mean to charge us for this beastly perfume?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply; "for I think you all got about equal shares of the cheese—all except the Colonel: he lost his share by his absence."

While this wordy warfare was going on the Colonel came in and sniffing about he asked, "What the mischief is wrong with the place?" and someone said "Oh, it is some new treat the Doctor has got for dinner, sir. He says the taste is better than the smell." The Colonel, turning to the Doctor, said "Am I to understand that this evil odour is coming from some dish the cook has prepared for dinner? for if so for heaven's sake countermand the order, and let the dish go with the stable litter; why there is enteric fever in this stench."

The Doctor explained what had happened and the Colonel testily said, "Well, the next time you have anything of the kind to open, take it into the middle of the parade ground; at least don't open it within a quarter of a mile of the mess."

Very few made a good dinner that evening, all being more or less overcome by the all-prevailing and overpowering presence of rotten cheese; and all vowed they would not pay for that dinner, much less for the jar of stilton; in fact, it was the opinion of all that the Doctor should have the expense of dinner and cheese for causing such a terribly inflictive smell.

Next morning the Doctor received several parcels, and he need not open them to know their contents; their smell was sufficient to indicate that they contained the liquid-cheese-besprinkled garments of their disgusted owners, who could not believe that any amount of dhobi whacking could ever make them wearable again; so they were sent as presents to the Doctor, and the owners fondly hoped they had seen and smelt the last of them.

Each, however, was to see his garments again, for the Doctor left mess early after dinner that night, and saw that all the garments were returned to their respective owner's bungalows; he went even further, for he carefully placed the impregnated garments under pillows and sheets, or cunningly threaded them in the nawar of the beds or stuffed them into pillows.

Another fellow shared my bungalow, and, as usual, I went into his room for our final smoke and chat before turning in, when we at once recognised the now familiar smell.

"Well, I'm hanged if that beastly smell is not here still," said my comrade.

We went into my room, and there also was the all-pervading presence; and feeling sure we could not sleep in our rooms, we had our beds taken outside.

We got into our sleeping garments and turned in.

Within a couple of seconds I knew we had not escaped yet, and within a



NEXT MORNING THE DOCTOR RECEIVED SEVERAL PARCELS.

couple more I heard the other fellow saying "Well, I'm blest if that beastly sawbones has not put my impregnated bags into my bed; by Jove, I'll be even with him for this!"

I sprang off my bed and jerked away the sheets and saw my coat in the nawaar, and my cap was in my pillow.

We knew, of course, that the other fellows had sent their garments to the pill man, so we decided to go and see how they had fared, and were not surprised to find them all fuming, if not swearing, at the Doctor's trick.

I think it was only natural that we thought of going to spoil the joker's sleep by a mild "drawing," so of course we went.

We approached the bungalow carefully and looked through the chinks—yes, there he was, fast asleep. It was decided that we should all go quietly into the room and get round the bed, and lift it up as high as we could, then suddenly drop it: this, with the weight of its occupant, would break off the legs and give the Doctor a good bump on the floor.

We went in without awakening him, and, as if to suit our plans, he had drawn the corner of a sheet over his face to keep off the mosquitoes. We grasped the bed and raised it, and were just wondering how light it was, when we all gave a yell and let go. Yes, the cute old medico had expected us, and, from past experience, knew what was likely to happen, and had put wires connected with his powerful battery on all the places where we were likely to get hold, and at the proper time gave us a frightful shock.

In a moment we had recovered, and

were kicking the dummy about and playing the mischief generally with the things in his room; but he was also prepared for this, for we saw a puff of smoke run along the mantel board and immediately a perfume so pungent and suffocating pervaded the room that not one of us could stand it, and we all fled, coughing and sneezing with such violence that we nearly dislocated our necks.

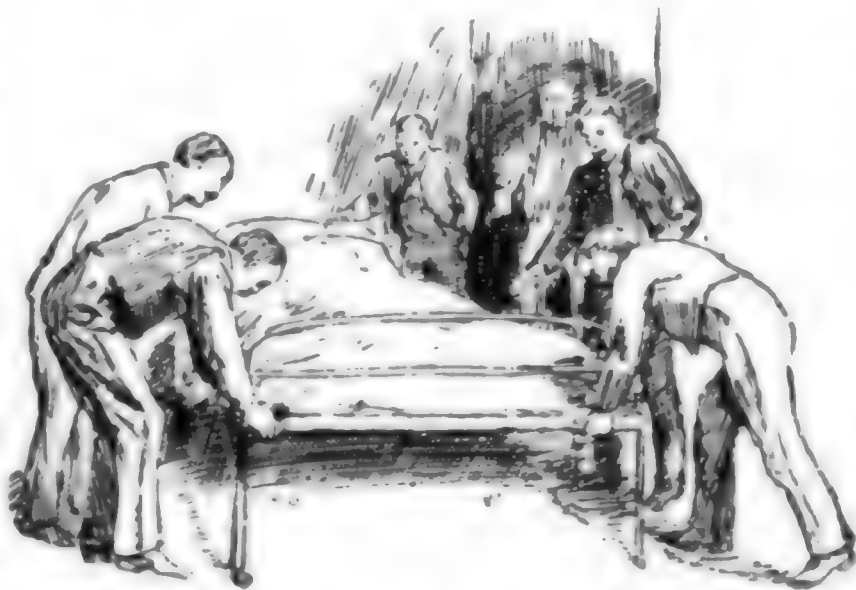
We heard the Doctor laughing, and when we looked back we saw him sitting on a bed on the verandah roof; having, as we learnt afterwards, watched us through the window at the top of his room, and worked his infernal machine from there at the proper time. He calmly advised us to go to bed lest our colds should get worse, and said he would give us something to cure our coughs next day.

I must admit we were cowed, for we did not know what else he had prepared, so we decided to clear off and pay him out some other time.

I am sorry to say that opportunity never came, for before we got a chance he went into civil employ.

We were all very sorry to lose him, but he and our Colonel had been so long together that, when the latter's command was up, the Doctor thought the regiment so changed that he allowed extra salary to tempt him away into civil work.

He promised to pay us a visit to give us our revenge, and although he has been to see us twice we could not play practical jokes on our guest; so we are still nursing our revengeful feelings without much hope of ever gratifying them, and probably with a lessening desire to do so.



WE GRASPED THE BED.

Football.

By C. BENNETT.

In my last article I gave four of the principal Association teams: West Bromwich Albion, winners of the Association Challenge Cup; Preston North End, runners up in the League competition; Aston Villa and Notts Forest. To these I this month add Sunderland, last year's Champions of the League, and Notts County, together with a quartette of Rugby teams, which I think my readers will agree represents a very good proportion of the best strength of our Metropolis, and from which a fifteen could be picked that would give any combination throughout the Kingdom a very good game.

The present season has opened importantly with clubs attached to the Rugby Union, as the rules which have governed this game for the past twenty years have undergone a thorough revision. So great has been the development of the game, that from time to time the Old Code has been subjected to changes, but even to the end of last season it was found necessary to completely revise it throughout. One of the chief changes is the appointment of a referee, who has absolute power, performing the duties of the late umpires.

Several sections of the old rules have either been altered or further restrictions been added, which we consider will greatly assist in rectifying many disputed points; but as the season is only now young, it can hardly be expected that they should at once work in apple-pie order. Mr. W. Cail, Northumberland County, and President of the Rugby Football Union this season, was in a great measure instrumental in the setting up of the new code, and whom each Rugby player doubtless appreciates for his untiring energy in serving the Union for many years past. Mr. Cail is an ex-amateur of the Tyne.

A League amongst the chief clubs in Yorkshire has been instituted, which has led to much strife between the Yorkshire Committee and the Rugby Union, the

latter refusing to acknowledge the scheme by passing the following resolution:—
“That the Committee refuse to sanction the proposal before them for the formation of an Alliance in Yorkshire, and a League in Lancashire.”

After numerous meetings the Yorkshire Committee decided to start a League competition with ten of their best clubs, but upon selection trouble seems already at their door by leaving out such an important combination as Leeds.

With these alterations Rugby Football will be watched this season with perhaps more eagerness than in previous years.

Unlike 1890-91, last year wound up triumphantly for English Footballers, as in all three of the international contests, they not only gained decisive victories on each occasion, but seeing that not one point was scored against them, they very naturally consider they have great cause for rejoicing.

The England and Wales match was played at Blackheath, January 2nd, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, and though his countrymen were defeated by three goals and one try to nil, they were by no means disgraced, as the result might imply, as the Welshmen played a good game, but were defeated as stated. England has played nine matches with Wales, of which England has won seven, lost one and drawn one.

There have been nineteen contests with Scotland, resulting as follows:—England, eight wins, Scotland, four and seven drawn. Last season's match was played at Edinburgh, March 5th, when England managed to scramble home victorious by a goal to nothing.

Sixteen matches have been played with Ireland, England having fourteen to her credit, Ireland one (in 1887), and one drawn.

At Manchester, February 6th, England won by one goal and a try, to nothing.

BLACKHEATH FOOTBALL TEAM.



A. SPURLING.	W. B. THOMPSON	E. DONHAM-CARTER	G. F. SCOTT	F. A. HAMMOND	D. G. DAVIES	H. B. PALMER
	(Back).	(Forward).	(Forward).	(Forward).	(Forward).	(Forward).
A. E. STODDART	A. ALLPORT	W. P. CARPMAEL	P. CHRISTOPHERSON	G. H. COTTERILL		
(Three-quarter back).	(Forward).	(Captain, Forward).	(Three-quarter back).	(Forward).		
G. C. HUBBARD	H. MARSHALL	R. F. C. DE WINTON	W. COPE			
(Three-quarter back).	(Half-back).	(Half-back).	(Forward).			

This season England will meet Wales at Cardiff in January, Ireland in February, at Dublin, and Scotland at Leeds in March.

The absence of professionalism, which is so characteristic in the Rugby game, enables several of our best clubs to devote part of their gate money to deserving charities, and as Yorkshire devoted £2,120 to charities in their County, they evinced steps worth copying by many of our other institutions.

In America the old International and Richmond Captain, F. R. Adams, who holds the post of President of the American Rugby Union, has worked hard on the other side of the "herring pond" to establish the old game, and it is gratifying to note that his labours have not been lost,

the game is now making great strides, and with the assistance of the famous Somersetshire footballer, A. A. Michell, as Hon. Sec., it is more than probable we shall have a visit from our American Cousins later on.

The list of membership includes many of our past celebrities who would be heartily welcomed by many of their old friends, and it is more than probable that their ranks may be strengthened by N. E. Beiber, the Middlesex Wanderers' Captain, who, a month ago departed for New York with the best wishes from all his associates.

Last season a club was started in Shepherd's Bush, called the "Wormholt," Football Club, A. Sloper, Captain, W. C. Bell, Hon. Sec.; they commenced on

decidedly new lines, and out of their book might be taken a leaf by some of our more important clubs.

The Wormholts have instituted a series of lectures on the game, and it is compulsory that each member should attend. Success has evidently been the outcome, as may be seen by the fact that their season's results were almost a record for a new club with a fairly strong list of fixtures.

Coming now to our groups illustrating this article, we place BLACKHEATH first, one of the strongest clubs in the kingdom, of which London is justly proud.

The fixture list of the Blackheath is a very strong one, including as it does the best clubs throughout the country, and out of their twenty-one engagements last season they lost only three.

For the past few years the ancient prestige of this grand Rugby Organization has been fully upheld, mainly by the great

efforts of W. P. Carpmael, the present Captain, who has worked unceasingly for the welfare of the Heathens, and his greatest ambition, either on or off the field, is to keep his club in the position it now occupies—"one of the shining lights in Rugby Football."

Mr. Carpmael first developed as a footballer at Christ's College, Finchley, about twelve years ago, the school team being at that time prominent in the football world.

Prior to joining the Blackheath, Carpmael was a member of the Clapham Rovers, and played in the Blackheath team for the first time in 1887.

At Cambridge Carpmael played for Jesus College and gained his blue in 1885.

Our group is, perhaps, a representation of the finest team they can place in the field, and with the assistance, through the present season, of J. H. C. Fagan, three-quarter back, J. Hammond and G. L.

LONDON SCOTTISH TEAM.



P. BROWN (Forward).	J. D. MACDONALD (Forward).	R. S. HUNTER (Forward).	J. G. PATERSON (Forward).	R. G. MACMILLAN (Forward, Captain).
T. B. RIDDELL (Forward).	J. A. ROBERTSON (Forward).	D. G. ANDERSON (Half-back).	N. F. HENDERSON (Forward).	
K. A. MC NIVEN (Full-back).	F. J. L. OGILVY (Forward).	G. C. LINDSAY (Three-quarter back).	F. G. ANDERSON (Forward).	R. F. EASTEBROOK (Half-back).
	J. C. CAMERON (Forward).		G. F. CAMPBELL (Three-quarter back).	C. J. N. FLEMING (Three-quarter back).

THE HARLEQUINS TEAM.



	S. B. PEECH (Forward).	G. PIMBURY (Forward).	H. P. SURTEES (Forward).	H. C. CRUSOE.	F. DE W. LUSHINGTON (Forward).
C. WILSON (Half back).	C. L. MC NAB (Three-quarter back).	H. L. GARRET (Forward).	J. H. KEMPSON (Forward).	REV. J. C. WILSON (Forward).	W. F. SURTEES (Three-quarter back).
A. E. EARNSHAW (Three-quarter back).	F. C. BREE-FRINK (Forward).	R. W. HUNT (Forward).	A. A. SURTEES (Forward).	A. B. CIPRIANI (Captain, Half-back).	F. D. HANNEN (Back).

Jeffery, forwards, the Blackheath Club promises to place a strong team in the field for all their engagements.

A. E. Stoddart has proved himself one of the finest athletes of the present day. He won his cap in 1885 when he played against Ireland and Wales. During 1886 he represented England against Scotland, and Ireland, and in 1890 he also played International against Wales.

P. Christopherson is an exceedingly fine three-quarter back; in that position he represented England against Scotland in 1891, but it is feared will not be available for regular play this season.

Each match on the Rectory field calls a good crowd of lovers of the old game, but perhaps the annual contest with the London Scottish creates the most interest—old opponents, and always a well contested game. Their last match was played January 9th, when Campbell dropped a

goal for the Scotsmen, the only point scored in the game. Richmond, Bradford, Newport and Harlequins, attract a deal of attention when opposed to Blackheath, and anyone paying a visit to the ground of the favourite Kentish club will be well repaid if he chooses any of these contests.

The LONDON SCOTTISH are now in their fourteenth season.

The club started in 1878, but made no gushing show at the onset; it, however, gradually strengthened by the valuable aid of smart and promising players, until we now find it one of the strongest Rugby organizations in the Metropolis, and little behind the best in the country. W. E. MacLagan, who joined the Scottish in 1880, worked hard to raise the reputation of the club, and to him a great share of the praise is due for the high position the London Scottish to-day holds in the football world. Mr. MacLagan, though

retired from active participation, greatly interests himself in the club affairs, and enjoys to cheer his old comrades when engaged on their grounds, the Old Deer Park, Richmond, the old field of their yearly opponents, the Richmond Football Club, who took head-quarters at the Athletic Grounds three years ago.

R. G. MacMillan captains the team

duce G. C. Lindsay (Captain last year) and D. G. Anderson to battle against England for the Land o' Cakes.

Like Blackheath, the London Scottish have a good list of fixtures and most successful tours up North during the football season. Last season they played eighteen matches—won thirteen, lost three, and drew two.

MIDDLESEX WANDERERS.



E. G. FINCH (Hon. Treasurer).	E. ELKIN (Forward).	A. L. SAUNDERS (Forward).	C. H. MULLINS (Forward).	T. D. HELL (Forward).	W. E. NEWBIGGING (Forward).	C. H. NICHOLSON (Forward).
T. W. P. STOREY (Forward).		T. F. D. MILLER (Vice-Capt., Three-quarter back).	N. E. BIEBER (Capt., Forward).	C. A. HOOPER (Hon. Sec., Three-quarter back).		J. C. ORR (Half-back).
	O. FIELD (Forward).	A. ROTHERHAM (Half-back).		C. D. MOGGRIDGE (Three-quarter back).		E. FIELD (Full-back).

this year, he was one of the best forwards in the Scottish Team, England *v.* Scotland contest, last year. G. F. Campbell, three-quarter back, also played prominently last year for Scotland. Campbell is an exceptionally brilliant player and has many points in his play peculiar to himself, and well worth copying. F. J. W. Goodhue also played last year for Scotland, and in previous years Scotland has called upon the London Scottish to pro-

The HARLEQUINS can date back as far as 1860, and thus lay claim to be one of the oldest clubs in the South of England. The commencement, like that of the Scottish, was not altogether smooth, but upon re-construction in 1865 they brightened up, and fortune began to smile upon them. From this date to the present they have played regularly, until they can now boast of over two hundred and fifty members, and frequently turning out four teams a week.

In the early days, W. A. Smith worked hard for the club, and the success of the Harlequins is mainly due to his secretaryship.

The second team, in 1880, included such grand players as A. E. Stoddart and G. L. Jeffery; 1888 saw the Harlequins with three teams and a Captain well chosen in A. A. Surtees, who has retired this year in favour of A. B. Cipriani. H. C. Crusoe was last season Hon. Secretary to the club, but business having called him to Buenos Ayres, the Harlequins sustained a great loss, and the secretarial duties now fall upon Mr. H. P. Surtees.

Our group of the MIDDLESEX WANDERERS is, perhaps, the best team they will be able to place in the field, seeing that N. E. Beiber, their captain, has left for New York, as stated in our opening paragraphs. He has been greatly proud of his club and worked incessantly to further its interests, but in many instances has been unable to get his best players up to the scratch, as many of them, belonging to other com-

binations, have from time to time been unable to turn up owing to perhaps more urgent calls from their 'varsity or other engagements. The team here represented includes three of last season's light blues: T. W. P. Storey captained the Cambridge fifteen, while A. Rotherham and T. C. Orr, half-backs, rendered valuable assistance at the inter-'varsity contest.

The result of their sixteen matches last season was: seven won, eight lost, one drawn.

The footballers playing Association Rules are now full of enthusiasm, and from the outlook it seems not at all improbable that England will repeat the doses shared out by our representative teams, and for the third time of asking, win all three international contests.

The fixture with Ireland will, as usual, be played in February, Wales in March, and Scotland in April, the latter decided in London, and, together with the final of the Association Cup, we may expect to have a lively time of it in London this season.

SUNDERLAND ASSOCIATION TEAM.



T. PORTEOUS	H. WILSON	J. E. DOIG	J. DALTON	W. GIBSON	J. MURRAY	T. NORRIS
(Right back).	(Right half-back).	(Goal).	(Centre half).	(Left half-back).	(Left back).	(Referee).
S. TYZACK	J. HANNAH	D. HANNAH	J. CAMPBELL	J. MILLER	J. SCOTT	TOM WATSON
(Hon. Treasurer).	(Outside right).	(Inside right).	(Centre).	(Inside left).	(Outside left).	(Secretary).

The League will this season, as during previous years, command considerable attraction, and we are pleased to see the Tynesiders again making such a bold struggle for the top of the list. The SUNDERLAND CLUB took the honours of this competition last season by a majority of five points, having won twenty-one matches and only met with five reverses, scoring ninety-three goals against thirty-six; they also made a bold bid for the English Cup, but were unlucky in having so many hard fights in succession in the competition proper just at the last, when things seemed long odds in their favour.

In our minds, which will be endorsed by thousands of our readers and judges of individual play, the Sunderland team was undoubtedly the team of last season, which makes it the more gratifying to see them again this season standing out so prominently.

In the English Association Cup competition they succeeded in reaching the semi-final, but were beaten at Sheffield by the Aston Villa, before a crowd of upwards of twenty-five thousand people.

The club has many wealthy men who not only invest their money to further the sport, but individually work hard to make their team a match for all comers, notably Messrs. Thompsons, Tyzack, Marr, etc.; of these we have Mr. Tyzack in the Sunderland Group, which was taken on the Bramwell Lane Grounds, Sheffield. The club is provided with every comfort, viz., magnificent club-house, with billiard-tables, bath rooms, etc., and every inducement is made to secure amusements for the players at home, without strolling abroad.

In Tom Watson, the club have a hard-working Secretary, whom they are lucky in possessing. Tom's name is well known throughout the whole football world, and there is no greater favourite than the Sunderland Secretary.

Tom Watson is the divisional representative for Sunderland, and, in committee of the Football Association, his arguments for and against are listened to with the greatest interest. His services as a member of the council is calculated to have considerably advanced the Association and the game generally.

J. E. Doig, goal keeper, twenty-seven years of age, hails from Arbroath. He represented Scotland two seasons at the international contests with Ireland. T.

Porteous, Captain, is an Englishman born but hails from Kilmarnock; he plays right-back, and in that position represented England against Wales two seasons ago. Donald R. Gow is an excellent young player, his age now twenty-four; but when only nineteen, he led the Scotch Team against England. Gow formerly played for Glasgow Rangers and plays left-back. John Oliver, reserve-back, is more familiarly known by the name of "Dowk." He is the only local player in the team, but has rendered good service to his club, and has twice played for North v. South.

W. Gibson, left half-back, comes from Cambuslang. He is one of the oldest members of the team, and a most sterling player.

J. Campbell, centre forward, was originally one of the famous Renton team, when they won the Scottish Cup, and was then only seventeen years of age. He is undoubtedly one of the best centre forwards in either England or Scotland at the present day, and many would say the writer is drawing it very mild, as he should be placed first on the list and second to none.

As regards his position with the Sunderland team it is quite sufficient to quote Tom Watson's own words: "The Sunderland forwards without Campbell are like a ship without a rudder, while his judgment, unselfish play, and grand shooting are features of the Sunderland play. There is no greater favourite with the public."

D. Hannah, like Campbell, also comes from Renton; he is a wonderfully good-tempered fellow, a hardy player, and capital inside-right or left forward. J. Miller is the goal getter of the team; he played for Annbank, a village team in Ayrshire, who last season held the Ayrshire Cup. Miller is now only twenty-one years of age, and since his connection with the Sunderland the young Ayrshire miner has wonderfully improved. J. Scott, brother to A. Scott, of Notts Forest, comes from a noted athletic family. He hails from Coatbridge, in Lanarkshire, and plays outside left for Sunderland; Scott centres most beautifully, he is a good shot at goal, very fast, and his corner kicks are most reliable and seldom known to go behind. Like two of his brothers, who are prominent players for the Drumpellier Cricket Club, Scott is a first-class hand with the bat.

NOTTS COUNTY ASSOCIATION TEAM.



H. KIRK (Trainer).	C. BRAMLEY (Right half- back).	D. CALDERHEAD (Centre half- back).	G. TOONE (Goal).	J. HENDRY (Left full- back).	A. SHELTON (Left half- back).	C. GILBERT (Linesman).
T. MACLEAN (Right full-back).	J. BURNS (Outside right).	T. MACINNES (Outside right).	JAS. OSWALD (Centre).	H. WALKERDINE (Inside right).	H. B. DAFT (Outside right).	

So far, in the League, Sunderland have played eight matches, resulting as follows: seven won, one drawn; thirty-eight goals scored, against eight.

NOTTS COUNTY have, indeed, fallen away considerably since their appearance in the final tie for the Association Cup at the Oval, 1890-91, when Blackburn Rovers beat them by three goals to nothing, a match well within the memories of all frequenters of the Surrey County Cricket Ground at the English Football Cup finals.

The Notts County Football Club is under the same management as the Notts County Cricket, and have a portion of the Trent Bridge Ground allotted to them, with the same Secretary, T. Browne, to manage their affairs.

Jas. Oswald is a capital centre forward and a good Captain; his little upset with Drummond, Preston North End, was a little unpleasant and unfortunate for his team during the latter part of the season,

but let us hope they are now jolly good friends.

H. B. Daft is a son of the old veteran cricketer, and has, during the past season, been figuring conspicuously in the cricket-field for Notts County. He is a good forward and generally plays outside right.

G. Toone is a quick and clever goal-keeper, he twice kept England's goal last season at the international contests with Scotland and Wales.

R. Shelton, who played for England against Wales, 1889-91, is a good half-back, and reliable in that position.

The Notts County Club was established in 1863 by a few gentlemen who used to play in the Recreation Grounds on Monday afternoons. After contenting themselves with their neighbouring rivals, the club thirteen years ago came into greater prominence, and it was a jubilation day when Notts County beat the all-conquering Aston Villa by a goal; from that day Notts came into big repute.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

BY FLORENCE M. FULTON.



O you want to know the most terrible experience it has been my lot to undergo during my whole life. Well, I'll tell you; and I can only say I wouldn't

wish my greatest enemy to endure a worse one. It was a miserable night in the drear depth of winter, with a week's trodden snow—not untrodden, such as the poet sings of—covering the damp earth, when the chill of the very snow itself seemed to be eating into one's bones, and the hail was beating against the windows in such a furious fashion that one could fancy it wanted to come in and warm itself. For days I had been suffering from toothache, which malady, we have on Shakespeare's authority, cannot be endured patiently, even by a philosopher—how much less, then, by an ordinary human being? This particular night I had been so utterly worn out with the curse of sleeplessness and pain combined that I had actually

snatched a few hours' sleep from jealous, sluggardly Morpheus, which cruel god had so long denied me participation in his gifts—beloved of all.

However, about midnight the old wretch aforesaid went off to comfort some one else, and every nerve in every tooth in my poor head began to rage like so many demons, till, what with the pain and the dash of the hailstones outside and the chill of the cruel snow, I had answered a most decided negative to W. H. Mallock's vexed question of "Is life worth living?" Suddenly I remembered there was a little phial of laudanum in the cellarette in the dining-room, so I leapt out of bed with the intention of getting it. Ugh! ugh! In my feverishness I "o'er-leapt the bound," so to speak, right on to the surrounding parqueterie. Oh, but it was cold! With my wretched teeth (how I wished I hadn't any, or, at least, that they were movable, like Easter



YOU WANT TO KNOW THE MOST TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

and other festivals!) chattering, till they seemed to make as much noise as the maddening "bones" of



SUFFERING FROM TOOTHACHE.

the niggers when one is seeking quiet (and not finding it) at the seaside, I hastily donned an old-fashioned wadded dressing-gown, with a hood attached to the back, and my warmest slippers; and, leaving my happy husband sleeping more soundly than all the seven sleepers rolled into one, I cautiously opened the bedroom door and prepared to descend. The black cavern of the staircase yawned in front of me; ghostly forms seemed to rise up from it and greet me with ghastly grins; and the icy draughts, rushing along the corridors of the old house, seemed like the flapping of the wings of loathsome creatures of the night; while the chill wind, whistling through all the nooks and crannies, made me think of the spirits of murderers shrieking and fighting to escape from their noisome graves. Silly and morbid, you say? I daresay it was; but you must remember my nerves (of which, I think, I've more than my share) were quite unstrung by the many nights of sleeplessness and agony I had endured. Why didn't I ask my husband to get the laudanum for me? Well, poor fellow! he had just come off a long

journey and had a busy day before him, and I thought it would be the height of selfishness to wake him from his heavy, dreamless sleep, though he, good soul! would gladly have been wakened to do anything for me. Sh—sh! what was that? I thought, with my very heart's blood curdling, and each hair on my head seeming to stand up like electric wires—that's what they felt like. I gave a little gasp of relief as I remembered it was but a bare branch tapping, in a ghostly manner, at the staircase window. I went on, taking my drooping courage in both hands; but, oh! if I had only been warned by the awful fear around me, and had turned back to the comfort of my husband's arms, what harrowing pain of the mind I had been spared. I crept down the stairs—one, two, three; then almost screamed aloud with abject fear. Pah! it was only a big night-moth that had flown angrily against my poor aching face. Four, five, six: should I *never* reach the bottom? I closed my eyes resolutely, and got down the rest of the stairs with a brave little



I FELT LIKE A DEAD WOMAN.

run, gently opened the dining-room door, went in, and felt for the matches on a little corner table—still with my eyes shut—and *felt instead a hand of flesh and blood!* I made no sound—I felt like a dead woman, and still could almost count the drops of blood as they receded from my heart—I opened my eyes mechanically, still with my hand on that other awful, mysterious hand. God of Mercy! *What was it that I saw?* I found myself gazing, in such fascination as does the helpless victim at the cruel serpent, into the ghastly, corpse-like face of a living man, from which had fled for ever the lovely, divine light of reason. The fierce eyes, set like lights in the cavernous face, never wavered as they glared wolfishly into mine from beneath the long, wiry shock of iron-grey hair. This awful figure stretched out its long, claw-like hand, and locked the door behind me. Then he led me—I following, noiselessly, in a trance, with every sense stunned, even the pain had fled—to a chair by the dining-table, on which he had lit two of the candles in the candelabra, then, drawing up another chair, sat down facing me. There was grim silence in the room, the flickering candles throwing dancing shadows on the oak panels—like puppets dancing at a funeral, I thought, as sense gradually returned to me. Outside, the hail was beating with redoubled fury, as if it were rejoicing over the poor soul within, who was suffering more than any agonies of death—suffering the agony of living, uncontrollable fear, wondering, with returning reason, how long it would take to die—beseeching God not to make it *too* long for human endurance. I remember how I gazed at the simpering little lovers on the Dresden candelabra, discovering, for the first time, that the grin on the girl's face savoured of cruelty—no doubt she was rejoicing that at last the silly lad was in her power, helpless to get away, just as I—— For the first time I felt alive, and a moan of anguish escaped my parched lips as I covered my face with my hands. This sound, torn from my heart, was the signal for the Horror to break the silence, and he leant forward, saying, in a voice that seemed to come from a tomb, so hollow, and hungry, and full of death was it:—

“So you have come, at last! At last! my sweetest sweet, after all these years—these long, long years. And now I have got you all to my own self—*all alone*—no

one to come between us! My own, at last! my white Lily!”

He stretched out his bony hand and stroked my face, and as I started back, he pulled me to him, picking up something that was concealed under a paper on the table; and, to my added horror, I saw it was a carving-knife, which he must have got out of the sideboard drawer before I came into the room. Again he spoke:

“Do you see this pretty, bright thing, sweet Lily? Not half so pretty as you, nor as bright as your eyes, that pierced and pierced and bored and bored until they made holes in my poor soft heart—but *'twill serve.*”

He gave a frightful laugh, “Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth,” then went on:

“Oh, yes, *'twill serve*—good old Shakespeare said that—do you remember him? He used to stay a lot with us at the Hall, or was it—oh, yes, I remember—*he* didn't stay with us, but we got up a little play of his—let me see. Do you remember, you were standing in the moonlight, upon the terrace, and the nightingales were singing, and all the flowers were serving God with their best? Do you know I've never seen or heard God since those days? *you* killed Him for me, and *I'm* going to kill *you* for Him! Oh, yes! as the Psalmist said, *'twill serve.*”

As the maniac said this, he doubled up a fold of my dressing-gown and, with one swoop of the awful knife, cut the thick material right through. Ah, heavens! how I shuddered, and as I did so, a little more life seemed to come into my veins and my poor bewildered brain, and calling together all my energies, I tried to think of some way out of this awful death-trap. I half opened my mouth.

“Ah, no, you don't, dear pet,” said the fiendish voice; “I want to have you to myself for a time and *for all time*—one little sound, and look! Why, you'll be in the Land of Love in *no* time. ‘And will she not come again?’ No, no, she is dead—ha-ha-ha!—you'll make a pretty corpse! Go to thy death-bed. She never will come again. God ha' mercy on her soul. Ha-ha-ha!” he chuckled, in demoniac glee, while all the time my brain was working. Could I, oh, could I get the knife from his busy hand?

“But now, fairest Lily, you must come and pet me like you used to do when I was tired—come! hop on my knee, like

the little bird you are, and tell me why you left me all alone."

The devilish creature forced me on to his knee, while I shuddered with sickly repulsion as he did so. Would death or the dawn never come?

"Oh, to think of my dear husband lying so near while I, his little wife and sweetheart, was going through such agony of mind as, thank the gracious God, not many human creatures are called upon to endure! Oh, Harry! Harry! my husband! To think we can't even say good-bye before I go down into the abyss of death!"

Here I pulled myself together, for I knew it was all up with me if I lost consciousness; and still the tormenting, cruel voice went on:

"Now, kiss me."

I did so, and wondered I didn't die then; the bitterness of death was over me.

Then, all at once, in a fury, he shook me till my teeth chattered in my head; for the touch of a woman's lips seemed to have made the madman more mad than ever.

"Curse you! with your deceitful kisses and dainty ways. May the devil grind your black heart to powder—aye, to *gunpowder*"—here he laughed sardonically—"so that what's left of you can kill the *little* devils down below! I never knew a good woman yet—ah, yes: my mother! when I was a little chap. 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child.' Oh, mother, mother!"

For the first time a wave of pity passed over me as the poor maniac leant his head on my shoulder and gave a gurgling sob, as a faint ray of light seemed to break on the dead, dark brain, and a memory of happy days, when the poor wretch was yet a man, seemed to awaken in the dull mind. For a moment I forgot the horrors that encompassed me round about, and remembered only that here was a suffering human creature in whom there was yet a tiny

spark of that which divides the man from the brute; and, with tears in my eyes, wrung from me by the agony of the poor soul before me, I laid my hand on his worn forehead, and for a time was rewarded by the gentle mood that came over him, and I moved on to the chair near me.

"Oh, Lily, was it all a mistake? You *did* love me, after all, didn't you, my little sweetheart? I've looked for you all these years. Oh, dear love! these black, sluggish years. Am I in heaven now? Oh, rest—rest at last!"

He closed his eyes—how thankful I was to lose for one instant the wolfish glare—and lay back in his chair. Now, I thought,

was my chance at last; and I cautiously reached out my quivering hand for the awful, gleaming knife. I had my hand on the handle when that other pitiless hand

imprisoned mine as if in a vice. A sob rose in my throat as I thought how near escape had been, and now—and now—All that was divine in the thing before me had fled, and left only the brute.

"Not so sharp, little one, or you'll cut yourself," he said,

in absolutely fiendish glee and with a cunning leer—such a look as Satan himself might have worn as he gazed on sleeping Eve; "and I want that job! What nice red blood will come out of those pretty white hands! Oh, I can count the drops—drip! drip! drip! Did the little mousie think she had only to touch me with those scraps of velvety whiteness to have me in her power again, like she used, curse her—like she used? You crushed me, and now it's *my* turn!"

"*Ting*" went the little ormolu clock on the mantelshelf as the little ivory cupid twanged the tiny golden lyre—a wedding present only a year ago. Surely this poor soul, sitting here in helpless anguish, was not the happy girl that had laughed so merrily at the ridiculously fat cupid, and had said



I CAUTIOUSLY REACHED OUT MY HAND.

she would have to put some clothing on it before our local Mrs. Grundy called. *A year ago—nay, fifty years ago, and I was as good as dead.*

"One o'clock," said the maniac; "well, you shall live till *two*!"

I almost smiled at this, for I felt I *could* not live an hour. I could have implored him to kill me now; but we cling so fast to dear life that we will not lose one infinitesimal second of it. For a ghastly quarter of an hour there was no sound in that death-room but the heavy breathing of the torturer and the fluttering gasps of the tortured. "*Ting*" said the little harp, dash and rattle went the angry hail, while the hateful, shadowy puppets in the dim corners danced ever faster and faster, and the inane little Dresden pair simpered and simpered, till the girl's little round, pink face seemed to lose its silly prettiness and took a hard, avenging look; and I thought to myself, with my brain almost reeling, that the dimpled hand, hid in the folds of the pink-and-blue dress, held a little dagger to hurl at the love-sick boy. I turned my

eyes away with a creepy shudder and looked at the side-board, and as I did so an inspiration seized me that made my heart leap till it almost choked me. *The laudanum—if I could but get it and pour some of it into a glass of wine and make him drink it!*

This despairing hope burnt like fire in my veins, and I racked my brains trying to devise a plan to get to the sideboard, which verily was like an oasis in a desert. I had need to have this hope to sustain me, for there was worse to come yet—oh, much, much worse!

"Well, Lily, dove," he began afresh, "we must not waste time, for I've a lot to tell

you, and time's getting short. I know a jolly game. I play it when I'm all by myself—with *the devil*—in that dark room of mine. The game's Hades. I think I'm sitting before that big fire down there—eh, won't it be nice this cold night, my pure Lily? and you'll be nearer it than I am, for you're wickeder than I am—you killed me years ago, when I hadn't harmed you; then that killed my mother—gentle Jesus! gentle Jesus! grant a little child a place—then you killed God. Well, well, it doesn't matter. Oh! how it blazes! All sorts go in—he-he-he, there's a big one; it must be a bishop, at the least—then murderers and deceitful women—like you, you know—can't you hear them scream and yell? Isn't it a fine game?"

All this time the fiend was looking at the candles and forcing me to do the same, while those mincing little imps were laughing at us, and I could hardly keep from fainting. To keep from doing so I gnashed my teeth together to make them ache, hoping that physical pain would keep my mind from falling asleep. Suddenly a

little worm dropped off a plant on the table, and began to crawl over the white cloth towards me. At this that awful creature laughed ecstatically, saying, "That's right; this way, Johnnie. You've come for her soon enough. You must wait half-an-hour. See, Lily, pet, hundreds of great fat ones will soon be *crawly, crawly, cree-py, cree-py*, all over your white body. But even *they* won't touch your black heart—that'll do for the black imps below."

"*Ting, ting*," rang out the harp, jubilantly.

I *must* act soon if I would do it at all.

I thank God that at that moment He put it into the man's mind to help me,



THE FIEND WAS LOOKING AT THE CANDLES.

though unwittingly, in my design. He stretched out his witch-like hand, picked up a decanter, and poured out some port in two glasses—one for each of us.

"Why, is this all the wine you've got, sweetheart? Why, there's not enough to put love into our hearts again—dead, dead love, killed and murdered, with your poisoned kisses! Poison—aye, poison." This he said thoughtfully. Then, all at once, broke out eagerly, "Go get some more wine, girl; quick, quick!"

With utter thankfulness and growing hope in my poor tortured heart I rose hastily to my feet, and went to the sideboard, and bending down, got out a bottle of wine and the *small vial of laudanum*. As I lifted my head I happened to look into the panel of mirror in the back of the sideboard, and saw the murderer pouring the contents of a small bottle, which he had taken out of his pocket, into *my* glass of wine. Even in that awful moment, when I knew that he meant to poison me, I thought, "What a blessing it was that Uncle George gave us a sideboard with a glass back, though I *do* hate them so, and wanted to change it." Even with this new threatened horror on the top of all the others, I felt more myself than I had done all the time, and with the great necessity of the hour, felt all my wits returning. I walked steadily back to the table, and put down the bottle of wine, having put the laudanum in the pocket of my gown. It was to be war to the death between us, I thought grimly.

"Be quick, be quick, and sit down and drink your wine—every drop. You're so white, my Lily, and there's nothing like wine, the nectar of the gods." (I must have been getting hysterical, for I gave a little laugh as I remembered how my dear, merry brother Willie used to speak of the "necktie" of the gods.) "Nothing like it to put life into one, only some-

times it puts death into one, he-he-he," he chuckled.

I sat down mechanically, and he gave me the deadly glass, which I took in my right hand, he taking the bottle of wine from the table. There was no corkscrew, so he picked up the carving-knife and knocked the head off the bottle with it, saying merrily as he did so, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham! Oh, see, sweet, it's gone all over your gown—why, it's just like horrid black blood—like that in your heart, white Lily."

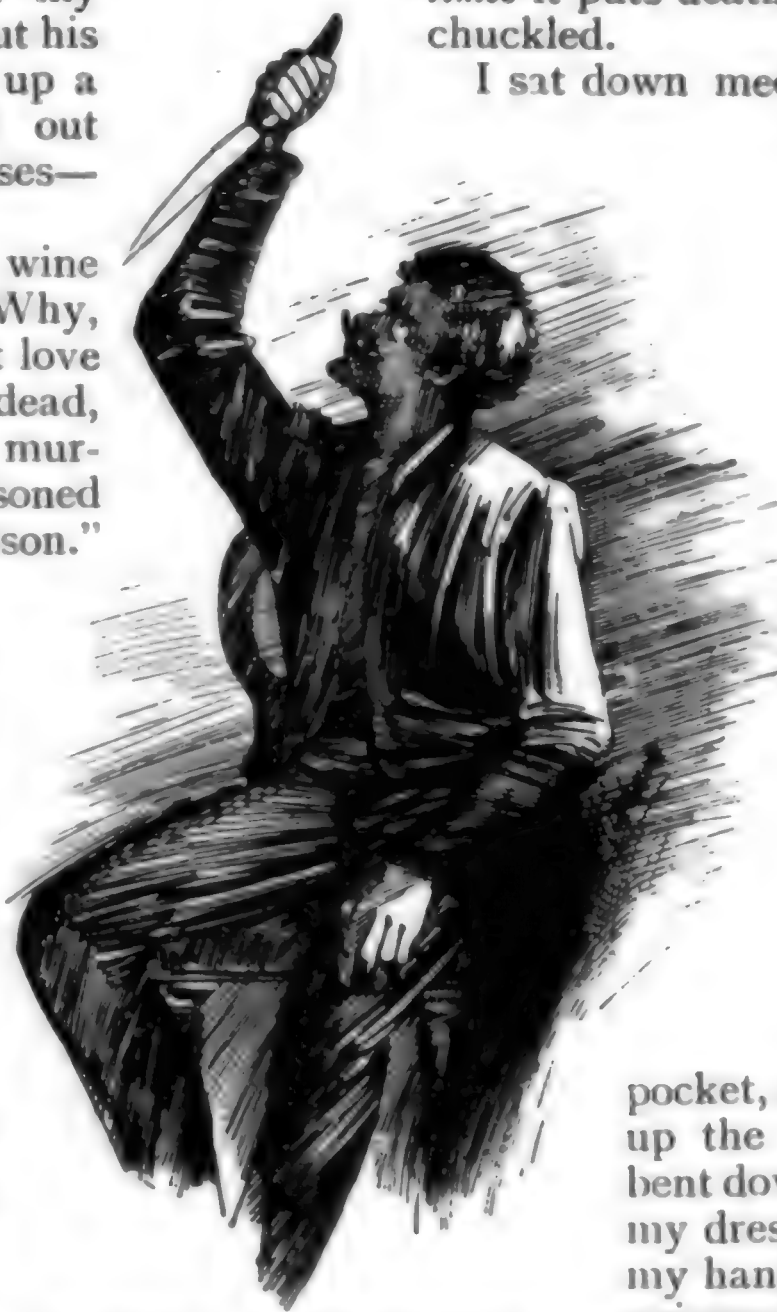
The maniac took a handkerchief from his pocket, and while he was sopping up the wine from the cloth I bent down, ostensibly to examine my dress, still with the glass in my hand, and hastily poured the poisoned contents on to the thick wadded gown, then lifted up my

head with the glass to my lips. He looked round with millions of devils leaping in his staring eyes, and said hoarsely, "Every drop, dear—and are you warm? You'll soon be cold enough, *I* can tell you—but then, after you're cold, you'll be hotter than ever you were in all your life. Why, you'll make a bigger blaze than that fat old bishop we watched. Upon my soul, if that early worm hasn't begun on you—see! Isn't it a nice, fat, slimy little thing?"

My very soul shuddered as I found the little creature writhing up my arm. I shook it off as though it had been an asp, while the Horror chuckled below his breath. I saw no way yet of getting him to take the laudanum.

Ting, ting, ting, went the cruel little Cupid—fifteen minutes more and I should be food for worms indeed, unless I could stay the murderer's hand in time. As he heard the clock chime he turned his head round, and then actually got up to look at it.

"Oh, God, I thank Thee!" I breathed from my almost dying heart, as I leant forward and poured every drop out of the little bottle into his glass.



HE PICKED UP THE CARVING-KNIFE.

"So, so," said the madman. "Here's a little angel playing a funeral march over you already. Ting, ting, *boom*, little pet—that's the last she'll hear of you!"

As he was still looking at the little clock, I picked up the bloodthirsty-looking knife, thinking to put it out of his sight; but, unfortunately, it knocked against a glass, and as it made the ringing sound I thought my last knell had tolled. My fearful companion turned round like a whirlwind; but I stuck to the knife, and, facing him like a wounded creature at bay, held it behind me. My resolute bearing put him off his guard for a moment, and he did nothing, and, for how many terrible seconds I know not, we stood, panting, glaring into each other's eyes.

"Why," he laughed, "you're as full of spirit as ever, and I declare the little witch hasn't given up hope yet. Silly little bird! Well"—and here he picked up his glass. Oh God! will he drink it? I almost screamed—"Suppose I drink long life to you: a long life together, sweetheart: 'Down among the dead men, *down—down.*'"

As he half sang this, he drained the glass to the very dregs, then leapt on me like a hound that has tasted blood! He dragged at my poor hands, and I, with all the power in my body, hurled the knife at the side-board, shattering the mirror with a loud crash. Was it fancy, or did I hear sounds in the house, and thundering knocks on the hall door? Was salvation coming at last, and would it be just too late? In such a fearful state was I by this time, that I lost all control of myself, and screamed like a soul in purgatory, while all the time the fiend was dragging at me, while he cursed till my blood ran cold in my half-dead body. Then, all at once, he saw the gleaming blade of the knife, and ran towards it with a yell of delight; but he seemed to be getting stupefied, and as he ran, his foot caught on the rug, and he fell like a log, cursing and cursing as must the very devils themselves. He tried to rise—once, twice, thrice, each time drag-

ging himself after me, as I ran screaming from him. But nature was exhausted, and I, too, fell prone, conscious, but unable to move a limb—and oh! merciful heavens! he had the knife, and was touching me. He drew the blade lightly across my hand—see, there is the old scar yet!—gloating over the blood as it fell, and speaking in a husky, dreamy voice:

"My sweet, stained Lily, mine—*down—down—down.*" Then he went into a stupor.

That's all I remember; but Harry told me afterwards, that when, at last, they broke open the heavy door, he saw a ghastly woman (poor me) with blood all over her, racing round the room, only stopping to hit out blindly at the little

Dresden figures, and saying in a hoarse voice (as if I'd lived in a tomb for years, Harry said):

"Can't you stop grinning, you little demons—don't you know we're all dead? Down — down — down?"

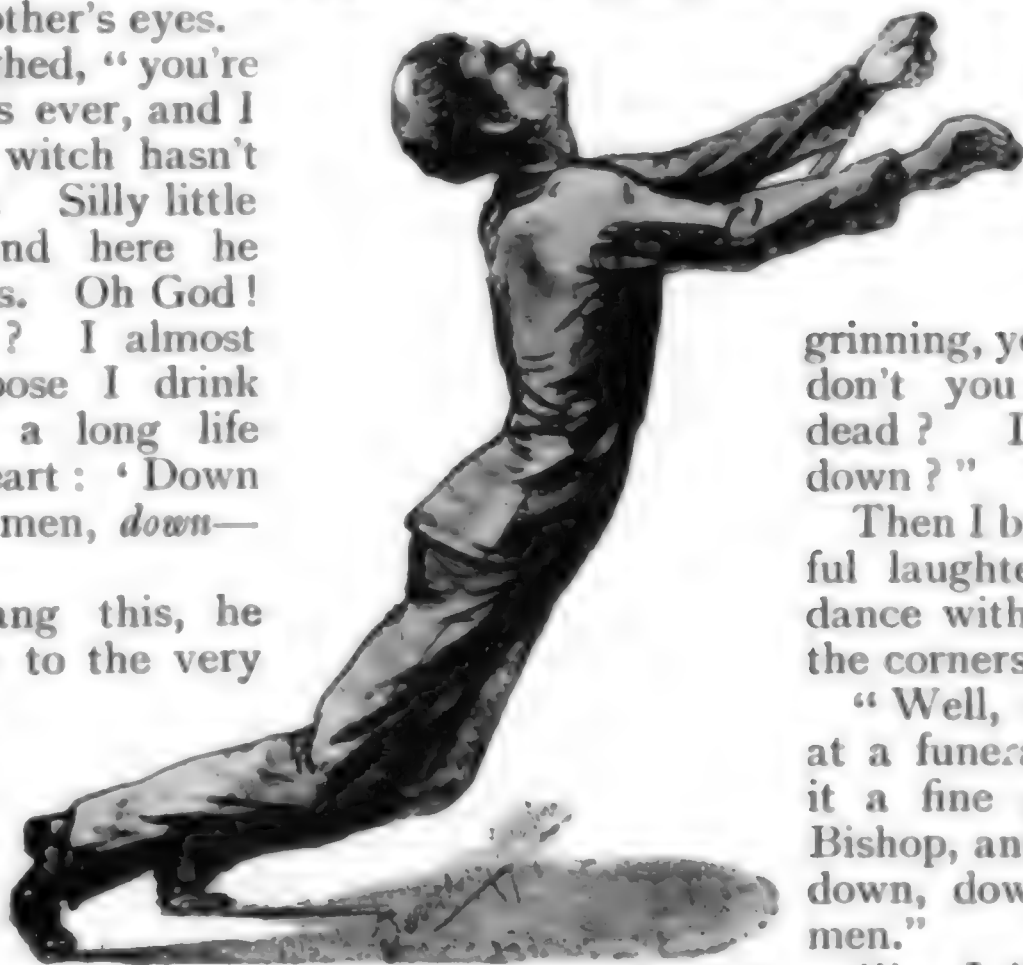
Then I burst out into frightful laughter, and began to dance with the shadows in the corners, and said:

"Well, if you *will* dance at a funeral, so will I—isn't it a fine game? Come on Bishop, and play with me—down, down among the dead men."

Was I ill? Well, rather!

Why, I nearly died of brain fever—that's how my hair is in all these crazy little curls. I had to have it all shaved off. It was very strange, but in all my delirium I never mentioned the poor maniac, but only raved of the little figures on the candelabra and the dancing shadows on the walls. I suppose it was with having gazed so long and fixedly on the inane little faces—poor little things! They had to be thrown away, and to this day, I've never been able to bear anything like them in the house, and never dare sit in the gloaming, because of the shadows round about. My poor little fat Cupid, too, had to be given away. So it no more vexes the eyes of the British Matron.

Did the madman die? Well, no; not then. I didn't kill the poor wretch, after



HE FELL LIKE A LOG.

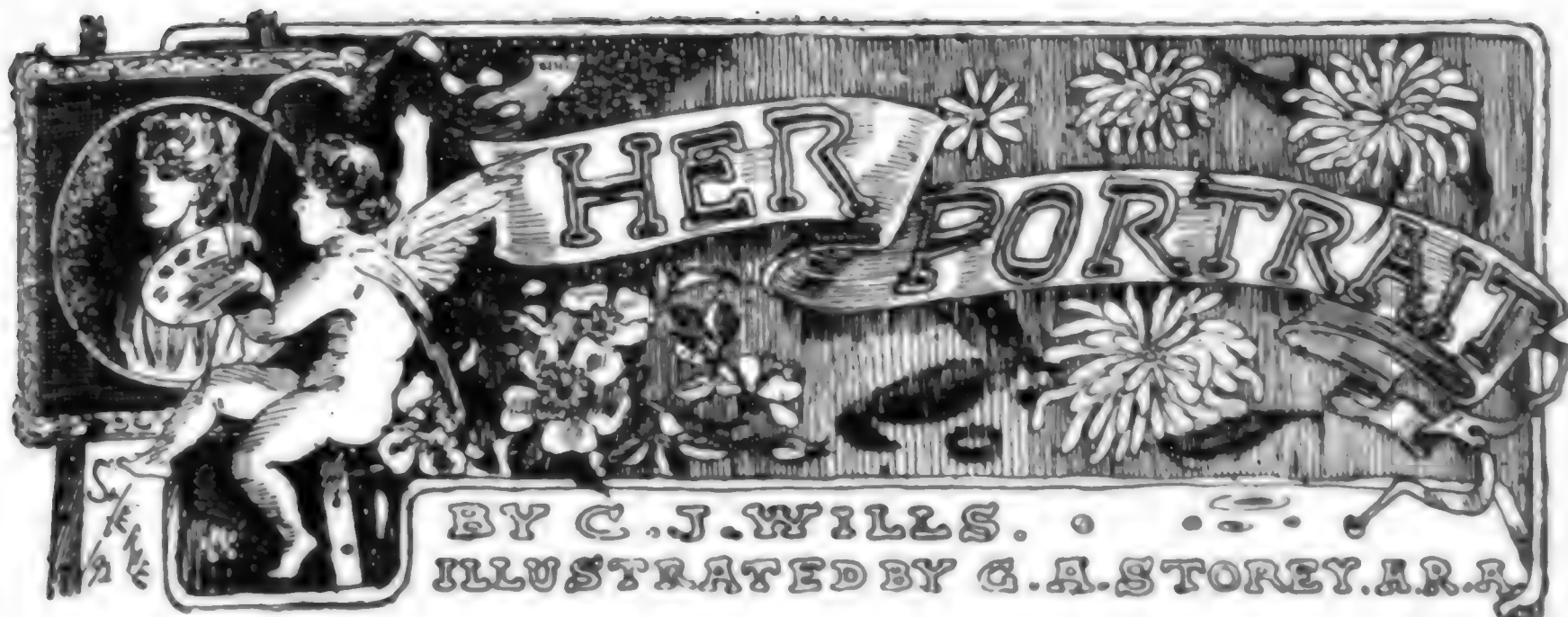
all. I had been right when I thought I heard someone hammering on the front door; that and the crash of the mirror had at long last awakened my somnolent husband; for it was the police, and the keepers from the asylum some miles distant, who had been scouring the country and who heard my screams even before Harry did. The maniac had escaped with awful cunning, and had actually managed to steal some poison from the doctor's laboratory. Of course, there must have been gross carelessness on someone's part; but, true to human nature, each official laid the blame at another one's door. The man must have been hidden in one of the many closets in our old house for hours, and then have waited till all was quiet to creep up to the dining-room. He lived for some weeks in an imbecile state, the paroxysms of awful madness not visiting him again; but before I was myself again—such a wan, shadowy, nervous self!—the poor wretch was at rest, speaking at the last very gently of his adored Lily and the mother of his childhood's days; and he fell

into his last sleep saying—"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child."

Surely the poor dark brain would see the light at last!

We never rightly heard his story, only that he had worshipped a woman for years, and had won for her, through himself, name and fame, only to be deceived by her at the last. His faith in her had been greater than his faith in God; and as the stronger faith was killed, so did the weaker one die with it; and, with his hopes in this world, he had thrown away those of the next, living such a life for years that at last the strong brain had given way. How didn't *mine* give way? Well, Harry says it clearly proves that I am what he has always maintained I am—one of the strongest-minded women he knows. Of course, he uses the term as all men do—that is, in a *derogatory* and depreciating sense; but, as I tell him, it's a dispensation of Providence that at least *one* of us has a mind. Toothache? No; I've never had it from that day to this; but if ever I have, *Harry* can go for the laudanum!





CHAPTER XVIII.

WALTER'S ORDEAL.

THE two young people, who had practically become lovers during the ten days that were passed in the painting of Phillida's portrait, had no secrets from each other. In the first place, neither of them had anything to be ashamed of: they were as poor as a pair of church-mice, but neither was afraid of poverty; they met very infrequently after that last sitting. The first occasion on which they had a real opportunity of speaking was at the Academy soirée. That tremendous function was at its height; the strawberries and cream had all been swallowed; there was a block on the staircase leading to the subterranean inferno where the refreshments are served, and the inferno itself very much resembled the Black Hole of Calcutta; those that were out, couldn't get in, those that were in, couldn't get out. Young Cacklebury ungratefully remarked that the fête was "like a Witch's Sabbath of artist's wives and daughters. They come on foot," the wretch said, "and in cabs and omnibuses; and the greater number of them are withered and wild in their attire; they all know each other, and hate each other. And they know a great deal more than you do about the pictures, and talk of nothing else, and if one of the spectacled ones gets hold of you, she sticks to you like a leech; and you have to look at all her brother's or father's or

husband's works, and they don't let you off a single one," and so on and so on.

And Walter Croft had lain in wait near the door, and had watched each batch of visitors as they entered and were announced to the President, for Phillida had told him in a dainty little note, which he was never tired of reading and re-reading, and kissing as though it had been a



TOLD HIM IN A DAINTY LITTLE NOTE.

holy relic, that she and Miss Sandown would be present; and at last, at about half-past eleven, Miss Sandown and her protégée made their appearance, and the old lady introduced Phillida to the President, who said something nice about her portrait; and Mr. William Bland R.A., who was standing just behind Sir Frederick, marched them off to do the civil thing; and Miss Sandown, who had a great many acquaintances, had quite enough to do to answer all their kind enquiries about her health. Just then Walter made his appearance, and the old lady was very gracious.

"Do you mind taking care of Phillida, Mr. Croft?" she said, "the crush is something tremendous."

Strange to say, Walter didn't mind in the least, being of an obliging nature, and in five minutes the pair had got separated from Mr. Bland and Miss Sandown; and already Walter Croft's young blood began to boil with jealous rage, for people with one accord, turned round to stare at the beautiful girl upon his arm, not because, as he innocently supposed, she was the lovely original of No. 937, but simply because she was beautiful and they were human. And the women glared at her with their long-handled glasses, just as though she had been one of the works of art upon the walls (not that anybody looked at the pictures; people went to stare at society in its hideous nakedness, and not to look at the pictures). And as for the men, they nudged each other and approved of Phillida silently: and a good many of them envied Walter. And then they met the great Mrs. Charnelhouse in a well-cut gown of amber satin, on her little husband's arm; and Mrs. Charnelhouse nodded cheerfully and shook hands with them both over her husband's head.

"You're a very lucky fellow, Master Walter," she said, and there was a world

of meaning in her tone and a twinkle in her eye as she spoke the words. And just as Mr. Charnelhouse was going to make himself agreeable to Phillida, he was seized upon by Henry Marshall Clang; and of course Charnelhouse had to be civil to Henry because Henry was a lady, a "pal." Henry Marshall Clang is merely the *nom de guerre* of a talented authoress, who writes those clever naval novels. And of course they had a great deal to say to each other, principally about American copyright, the Society of Authors, and the iniquities of the British publisher. And Henry Marshall Clang,

who is almost as fine a woman as our friend Mrs. Charnelhouse, having found a couple of vacant seats, she and Mrs. Charnelhouse at once took possession of them; and little Mr. Charnelhouse, who stood at her side, gave you the idea, as you looked at him across the room through the crowd, of a small mechanical figure that was sitting on Henry Marshall Clang's knee. It's very hard to make a formal proposal in a great crowd; but somehow or other Walter felt that his hour had come, and he screwed up his courage to the sticking point. Just as he



MR. AND MRS. CHARNELHOUSE.

had done so, they came to a half-opened door, which led into the Council Room.

"I wonder what room this is?" asked Phillida innocently. Then the pair looked into the room, which seemed to be a large and handsome dining-room, and which had a picture of Her Majesty upon its walls.

"It would be a good thing to get in here for a minute, and so escape the heat and the crowd," said Walter.

Then the two young people sauntered into the room, and began to admire the portrait of George the Third.

"Miss Fane," said Walter, plunging at once *in medias res*, "I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you

alone, and I must speak to you. We have known each other for a long time, Miss Fane. What I've got to say can be no secret to you, Phillida. I want to tell you, dear, that I love you; and I want to ask you if you think you can ever like me, Phillida?"

"Oh, Mr. Croft," said Phillida, "Miss Sandown will be so angry when she misses us."

"Won't you give me an answer, Phillida?" he said. "Won't you tell me if there is any hope for me? With your love, dear, I should be the happiest fellow alive; without it, I shall be the most miserable of men. I've nothing to offer you except an honest love, dear; but if you will give me leave to hope, there's nothing that I should not aspire to, there's nothing I might not attain."

"Walter," said the girl, with an honest blush, "you know I love you."

"And you'll wait for me, Phillida? You won't mind waiting till I can make a little home for you? Oh, Phillida," he went on without pausing, for the girl's happy eyes had answered him, "words can't express the love I bear you, or my gratitude at my great good fortune."

Then, for fully five minutes, the conversation became absolutely incoherent and uninteresting. And then something that Walter did made Phillida blush very much indeed, for he kissed her on the cheek, and she, being a young woman of ill-regulated mind, did not resent it.

And so Miss Sandown's companion plighted her troth; and then Common Prudence stepped in, and the little blind god, Cupid, had to take a back seat for a moment.

"Walter," said Phillida, "I'm afraid Miss Sandown will be very angry."

"Let's go and look for her," said Walter, tucking little Miss Fane's arm under his and squeezing it vigorously.

They found the old lady at last, who declared that she was "tired of being squeezed to death by a parcel of nobodies."

And then Walter was permitted to escort the two ladies to their carriage; and as he bade them good-night, he remarked with great solemnity to Miss Sandown, "May I have the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow afternoon, madam?"

"Delighted to see you at half-past five," Miss Sandown had replied. "Oh, my dear," cried Miss Sandown as the carriage

drove off, "he's coming to ask me for the five-and-twenty guineas, and I ought to have sent him a cheque long ago, and I had forgotten all about it." But it wasn't to ask Miss Sandown for his five-and-twenty guineas that caused Walter Croft to be anxious to call on her.

Young Croft kept his appointment with Miss Sandown; she listened to what he had to say in astonishment and horror, and what she said to Walter Croft didn't reassure him the least little bit.

"I'm afraid you're a very foolish young man," she said; "and I'm quite sure you can't care for Phillida in the least. Miss Fane is a lady by birth, sir, and with me she has everything the heart can desire. And what have you to offer her, Mr. Croft? Nothing, I take it, but the privilege of sharing your poverty. It's selfish, Mr. Croft, very selfish."

"We are both of us very poor, I know," began Walter, in the apologetic tone of a small boy who, having robbed an orchard, has been detected red-handed.

"It's nothing of the sort, Mr. Croft," said Miss Sandown angrily; "Phillida is rich."

Walter stared at her in astonishment.

"I mean what I say, Mr. Croft; she is rich; she is rich in beauty, she comes of a good family, people admire her very much, and she can marry whom she pleases."

"Yes, I suppose having no father or mother she can marry whom she pleases," replied Walter defiantly, affecting to misunderstand her.

"That isn't what I mean, sir, you very well know," cried Miss Sandown. "What I do mean is that she is so rich in beauty that she has but to throw the handkerchief; and you have no right to take advantage of the girl's inexperience and cajole her into a long engagement; for, of course, it must be a long engagement."

"I shouldn't think of suggesting that, Miss Sandown: I don't believe in long engagements."

"You've no right to stand between her and fortune," said Miss Sandown. "Why, only the other day she might have made a most brilliant marriage, had she chosen—a marriage that would have satisfied even me—and she refused the man; and he was a nice man, too, and a man with a title, a man of most suitable age—and why?"

"I suppose because she didn't care for him," said Walter.

"Girls in society, Mr. Croft," replied Miss Sandown, with lofty scorn, "don't refuse a man in that position because they don't care for him. When they refuse such a man, it means that they look higher."

At this Walter shrugged his shoulders.

Then Miss Sandown, who was an artful old woman, instantly changed her tactics.

"And you love her very much, Mr. Croft," she said. "Of course you do, or you wouldn't want to marry a girl without a penny in the world. Don't you think, sir, if you love her so, that you've no right to drag her down once more to poverty? Don't you think that if this love you say you bear her is a genuine love, that you should think a little of her and less of yourself? Don't you think that an honourable man would rather have bitten his tongue off," said Miss Sandown, who was losing her temper, "than have asked the child to ruin her brilliant prospects for his sake?"

I wonder which loves Phillida most, you or I? I'll tell you a thing, Mr. Croft, that I have never told a soul yet. I had intended to provide for Phillida had she either continued to live with me, or should she make a marriage that I approved of, in fact it was my intention to leave her my fortune, for I love her, Mr. Croft, as though she were my own little sister. Now you know this you will surely release her."

"It is for her to choose between your money and my love, madam," replied the young

man simply. "I love her far too well to injure her."

"Mr. Croft," said "Old George," "if I have said anything rude or unkind, I ask you to forgive me. I'll take you at your word; and I'll not play you false. I have no right to control the girl's actions and I'll not attempt to persuade her: she is, as you not too delicately hinted her own mistress. Let her decide between us. Let her choose. What do you say, Mr. Croft?"

"Let it be as you wish, Miss Sandown," said Walter stiffly.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, Mr. Croft?" said the old lady, who was trembling with excitement.

Young Croft did as he was bid, and a footman answered the summons.

"Williams," said Miss Sandown, "ask Miss Fane to come down, and tell her that Mr. Croft is here."

Phillida didn't keep them waiting long. When she entered the room there was a happy smile upon her face as she shook hands with her lover and welcomed him; but when she turned to her kind friend,

Miss Sandown, she saw that the old lady's eyes were full of tears, and that she was trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Sandown," she said, and then she blushed.

"My dear," said "Old George," "this gentleman has come here to-day to tell me that you and he are in some way pledged to each other. There was no reason why he should tell me this, except because he is a man of honour. Phillida, I can't approve of such a match. I have had a long ex-



"DEAR, KIND OLD FRIEND," SAID PHILLIDA.

perience of the world, my dear; and my experience teaches me that imprudent marriages invariably end in misery; and if there is a thing that is worse than an imprudent marriage, it's a long engagement. I've done my best to make you happy here, Phillida; if I have not succeeded it has not been my fault. And now I have something to tell you, child. I am very fond of you, Phillida; as you know, I love you very dearly: it had always been

my intention to provide for you, my dear, and when I died," and here the old lady's voice trembled. "If we hadn't quarrelled, Phillida, and I didn't think we should quarrel, I should have left you my money. I don't think that you are fitted to be a poor man's wife, Phillida; I don't think that you are the sort of girl to be happy if you had to pinch and screw and starve. Hear me out, child," she said, seeing that the girl was about to speak. "If you will only forget this foolish love affair of yours; if you will only let things be as they were before this

gentleman came here, you shall be to me as a daughter; and you sha'n't be subject to my whims and fancies, Phillida, for I'll send for my lawyer, and he shall tie everything up to come to you at my death, my dear; your future shall be assured, and if you choose to marry someone in your own rank of life, Phillida, I should offer no objection, I should be only too happy to see you make a brilliant marriage, child. I have said all I have to say, Mr. Croft, let her choose between us."

"Dear, kind old friend," said Phillida,

kneeling down at the old lady's feet and taking her hands, "I don't ask you to forgive me now. Your great kindness has given you a right to my obedience; out, dear, I have promised Walter, and I daren't go from my word; I dare not break my promise to the man I love. Don't think unkindly of me, dear Miss Sandown, because I do what my heart and conscience tell me is the right thing to do. I pledged my word to Walter, for

better or for worse, and if you love me, Miss Sandown, you'll try to forgive us."

Then the old lady rose, and so did Phillida.

"Miss Fane," she said coldly, "you're fickle and you're foolish. This ill-assorted marriage, young people, that you're bent upon; this wicked folly, for it is nothing else, will bring its own punishment, be you sure of that. You are your own mistress, Phillida, and wilful people will have their way."

"Phillida," said Walter, with an effort, "I have no right to hold you to your word. When I asked you to be my wife, I thought you were

a penniless orphan girl; and I had nothing to offer you but the love of an honest man. I shouldn't be an honest man if I were ready to drag you from wealth down to poverty.

"Walter," said the girl simply, taking his hand, "I shall never regret the promise I have made to you; and, believe me, dear, I love you none the less because I know that, though you may be poor, you are an honourable gentleman."

And so Phillida chose. Some people would say that her conduct could only be



MISS SANDOWN IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

explained by the fact of her being a romantic little fool.

CHAPTER XIX.

FICKLE FORTUNE SMILES AT LAST.

WHAT an opportunity there would have been for the author if our heroine had married Lord Mortlake; the wedding might have been described in the well-known style of Cacklebury, and, of course, it would have taken place from Miss Sandown's house, and there would have been a brave show of wedding presents, and how well Phillida would have looked in— But Cacklebury knows more about that sort of thing than I do. And what a happy fellow Lord Mortlake would have been, and that wedding would have been a tremendous function, and half the good-looking young women at the church would have envied Miss Fane her great good luck, and would have been glad to have given their shell-like ears to have been standing in the fortunate white satin shoes of Lord Mortlake's blushing bride. Signor Troppo would have played the wedding march, as a matter of course and a bishop would assuredly have officiated. But there was no such great good fortune in store for our little heroine. The only thoroughly respectable thing about Phillida's wedding was that she was married by special licence, for Walter declared that they must take advantage of the fine weather for their honeymoon, and so, of course, they couldn't afford to wait. Mr. Charnelhouse, at whose residence the wedding breakfast was given, had agreed that—



L'ENVOI.

"If it were done
Then 't were well it were
done quickly."

as he not too gracefully put it, and his wife, Gloriana, was of the same opinion. John Milner acted as best man, and a whole host of young fellows from the Chiaroscuro Society, attended in a body, to do honour to the comrade whom they all declared had now got the ball at his foot. But the curate officiated; and there were only two bridesmaids, who wore the pretty dress of the Grey Cloak School, namely, Miss Ethel Fane and her little sister Pops: the two children looked pictures of health and happiness, and did the old charity of Edmundsbury the greatest credit. Of all Phillida's friends and acquaintances in the great world, not one graced that humble wedding by their presence. Yes, there was one, though; but she came secretly and all unknown to bride and bridegroom. Poor Miss Sandown, hidden by the red damask

curtains of the organ loft, was present. She had declined to forgive Phillida: this was the one crumpled rose leaf to the girl's perfect happiness. But the old lady was there, and she wept and sobbed through the whole of the ceremony. And when the wedding was over, and the pew-opener came to clear the church, she found the poor lady upon her knees in the organ-loft in silent prayer. And I think that as she fervently prayed for the bride's happiness, she had forgiven Phillida in her hard old worldly heart.

Let us take leave of Phillida and her husband, hoping they will be happy.

It was just two years after the wedding, six months after their little boy was born, when the two young people, who had breakfasted early, for Walter was a hard worker and liked to make the most of the morning light, heard the loud rat-tat of the postman. When their little maid brought in a long blue envelope with its formal direction in a legal hand, she presented it to her master.

"It's a queer-looking letter," said Walter, "and it's addressed to you, Phillida."

"You had better read it, dear," replied his wife; "it looks like a business letter."

This was what Walter Croft read:—

"*Re.* John Fane, Esq., deceased.

"MADAM,—It is my painful duty to announce to you the decease of the late Mr. John Fane, of Fane's Court. As you are probably aware, you and your sisters are his only living relatives. My late client died intestate, his intention being that, as he expressed it, his money should go to the family with Fane's Court."

"What does the letter mean, Walter?" said Phillida. "I don't understand it."

"It means, dear, that you and your sisters have come into your own again; that Fane's Court will belong to you three girls, and that you'll have five-and-twenty thousand pounds apiece to make ducks and drakes of. That's what the letter means, Phillida."

"Are you sure, Walter—quite, quite sure?"

"Well, unless the whole thing's a cruel hoax, it seems plain enough."

And then Walter ran out in hot haste to the nearest newsagent's, and he came back with *The Times*; and in the obituary column, sure enough, was the announcement of the death of John Fane, Esq., of Fane's Court.

The thing was no hoax. The king was dead, that is all, and the reign of Phillida and her two little co-heiresses had commenced.

"The children ought to hear of it at once," cried Phillida.

"Well, they arrive at Grosvenor Square by lunch time, so if we get over there by three we can tell them the good news."

"We ought to take the boy, Walter," said Phillida, with great solemnity.

"Oh, hang it, dear," replied the young husband, "he's but a baby, you can't communicate the news to him."

"But his godmother will never forgive us, Walter, if we don't take him; and we ought to be *very* careful not to offend Miss Sandown, for his sake."

"Well, as she's the child's godmother, I suppose he must go. But, do you know, Phillida, I don't think we could offend 'Old George' even if we tried. Why, she's called me Walter ever since the christening."

Then young Mrs. Croft suddenly raised a warning hand and commanded silence; she assumed the attitude of the traditional Scotch girl, who is said to have first heard the distant sound of the pipes at the Relief of Lucknow. "Walter," she cried, "that's baby!" and then she rushed from the room.

It is easily seen from the above conversation that old Miss Sandown, unlike Lady Byron, did not remain "Cruel, unforgiving ever."

Ethel Fane, though she was only a girl, fully appreciated the sudden change in her position; but that wealthy young spinster, Miss Dorothy Fane, when she heard the great good news, burst into floods of tears.

"I don't want to be a great lady," cried the child; "and I don't want to leave the school, and dear Miss Mounsey and the girls, and have to go and live in a great home of my own," and then she roared lustily.

"Pops," said Phillida, with a smile, "be a brave girl and try to bear it, for baby's sake."

Then John Milner Croft, aged six months, was danced high in air. He managed to bear his change of fortune. John Milner Croft merely tried to swallow his fist and smiled blandly.

THE END.

LOST IN AFRICA.

By C. L. STOYLE,

Author of "A Memorable Christmas," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRANGE PEOPLE.

WITH all my hopes shattered, I determined to settle down to my present life, and employ my energies in making such improvements in my surroundings as were possible.

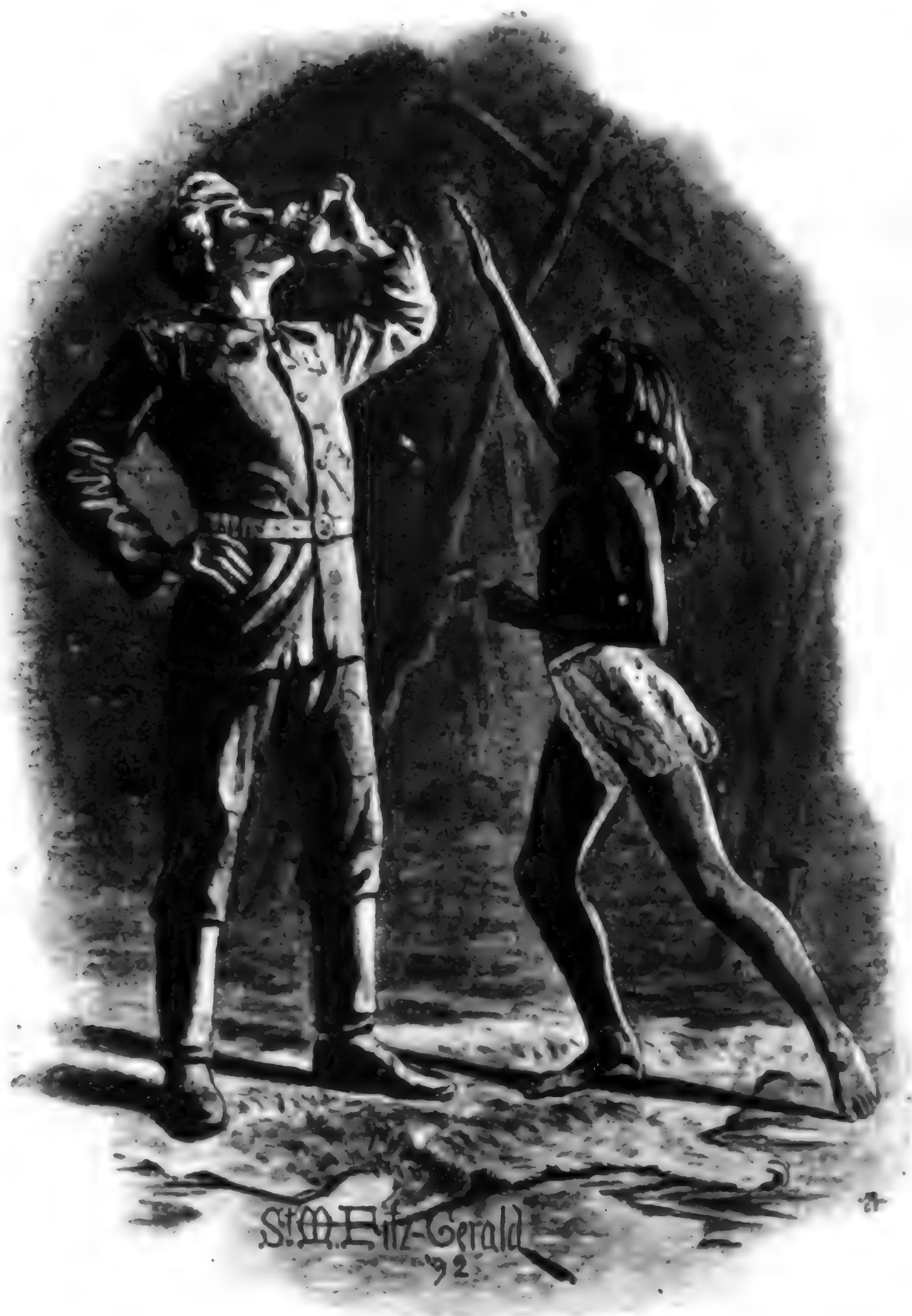
After much persuasion, Ettuawa lent me the captured wagon, on condition that I did not go with it. So Gumtu and a few others went down to the nearest trading station, taking gold, ivory and skins, to barter for things we wanted. They were absent for many months. Our excitement can more easily be imagined than described when we heard that the wagon had at last been sighted, and how rich we felt when we received our new possessions. A large company of us rode out to meet and welcome them home. Much to my annoyance, Quanza reappeared about this time. At first he apparently took little notice of me; when we met he greeted me, though coldly, with a certain amount of respect. So I foolishly believed the old animosity had died.

One day, on returning home, I was about to quench my thirst with some water standing in a bucket kept for that purpose, when Cara rushed suddenly in and dashed the wooden cup out of my hand with such violence that it fell broken on the hard floor. I was somewhat distressed at the loss, for it was my favourite cup, and I had spent many hours over its carving. Without waiting to give any explanation of this strange behaviour, Cara vanished as suddenly as she had come, but soon returned with a curious-looking herb, and began vigorously stirring it in the water that remained in the bucket. From milky white, it turned to blood red, and then almost black, and gave out a curious smell.

"This has been poisoned by Quanza," Cara said. "I have been away all day, and took care no water was left in the hut, as I intended to be back before your return. I have found the same thing occur before, but I feared to tell you; moreover, I thought it would impress Quanza with the idea that you were a great medicine man, and that poison had no power to kill you."

"He is too great a fraud himself," I replied, "to be taken in like that." Cara told me this time he had tried the most deadly of all the known poisons. We agreed to say nothing about it at present, as I should be absent for some months. I had persuaded Ettuawa to let me go up country elephant hunting, as large herds had lately been reported at no great distance, and it was feared they might soon make a raid on our fields, eating and trampling down all our young crops. Gumtu and a few picked men were to accompany me. The wagon was lent us to carry our mealie meal—from which we made a kind of unleavened bread—our blankets and ammunition. Our guns kept us in meat, and excellent indeed some of the game is, especially the oriby; it is more tender than the best Welsh mutton, though its want of fat might be an objection to some people. Then we had the sable antelope, the see-sebe, the hartebeeste, all of the deer tribe, and last, but by no means least, the wild hog. We were not always fortunate in obtaining deer meat; they require much patience in stalking; so, when we happened on a good day's sport, we cut up what meat was left into thin strips, which when dried is called biltong, and is kept in stock for emergencies.

Frequently our meals consisted of an



CARA DASHED THE CUP FROM MY HAND

odd mixture of birds, biltong, and odds and ends, all cooked together in a big iron pail; and, to avoid all ill-feeling, we each ran our spear or assegai into the stew in turn, and had to be content with what it brought forth. The result was more varied than toothsome, and I shudder to think of the horrors I must have at times eaten, for nothing came amiss to the hands of the appointed cook: all had to be fed somehow, and quantity was more studied than quality by the hungry hunters.

Ettuawa and some of his chief councillors came a day or two's journey with us. We then parted with every feeling of harmony and friendship, the kindly old chief bidding his men to guard and protect me as they would one of his sons.

We were away a little over three months, but were not very successful, only securing a few tusks, the elephants having trekked further up country; so our wanderings were much further extended than at first we contemplated. Unfortunately, just as we found ourselves on the spoor of

what we hoped would prove a good herd, we fell in with a large party of hostile natives. My men showed such fear of them, that they refused to continue the chase. They declared that their guns killed without smoke or sound by just being pointed at them. They told me many other marvellous tales about these people, and aroused my curiosity to such a pitch that I determined, if possible, to visit their camp.

So, without consulting or informing the others, Gumtu and I started off, and, as we were but two, the strangers received us without any show of hostility.

Their chief spoke a somewhat similar dialect to my natives, and gave me clearly to understand that we were hunting over what they considered their ground; and that, unless we departed at once, they would fight us. As we were ten to about a hundred of them, fighting was out of the question. I asked them a few questions, which, native-like, they parried by questioning me. A native never gives a straight answer if he can help it; consequently I found out nothing more than I had gleaned already.

On rising to depart I noticed the chiefs consulting together; and, thinking they were brewing some mischief, I deliberately waited, as any show of fear would have tended to stimulate any evil designs. Presently, to my surprise, one approached me, and said that they had a big chief with them who had been badly hurt by an elephant, and they would like me to visit him, and see if I

could in any way alleviate his sufferings.

On receiving my consent, I was, much to Gumtu's disgust and alarm, as he feared it was only a deep-laid scheme to separate us, conducted alone for some distance over the plain to a large, solitary rock or cave.

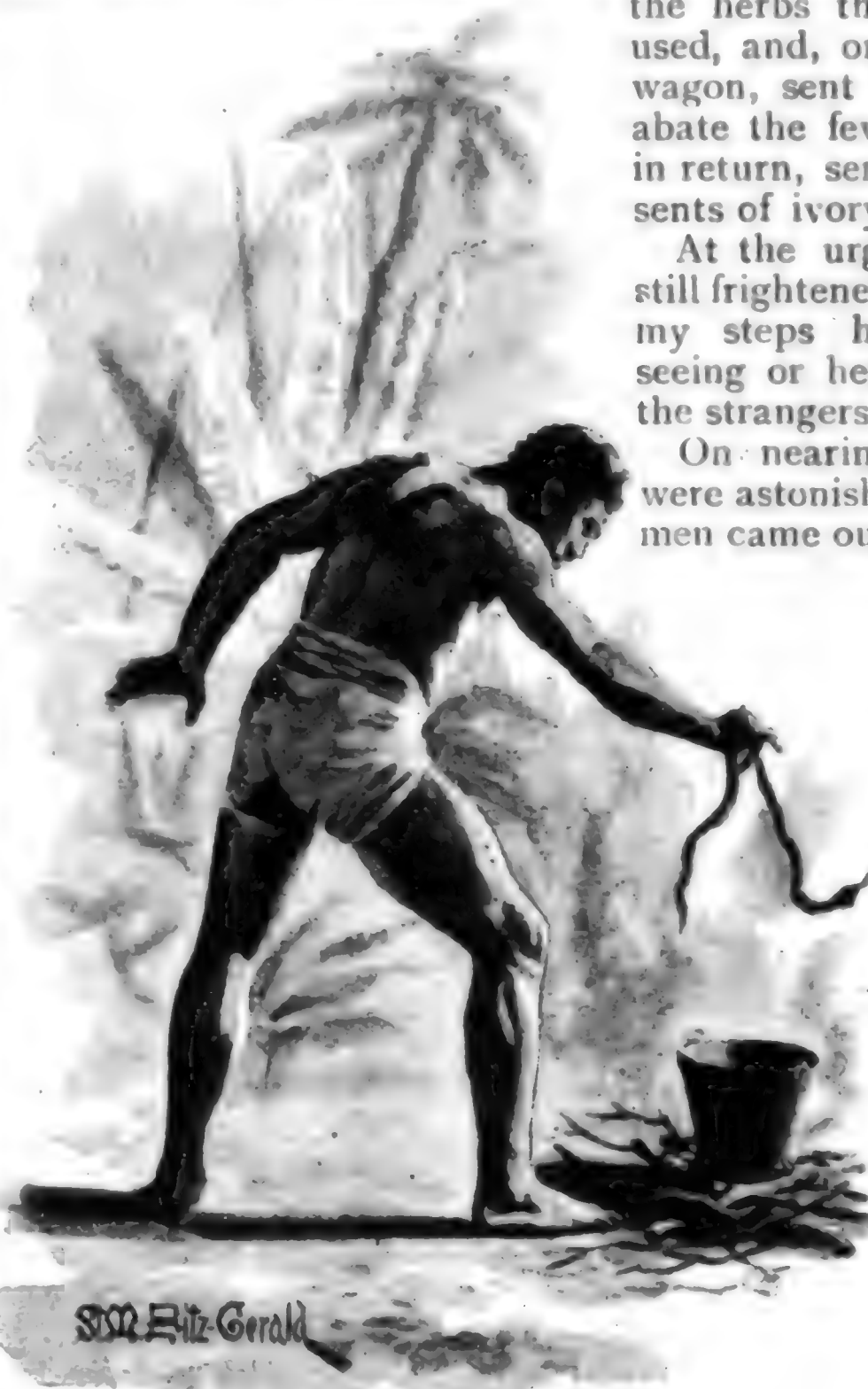
On a couch, composed of dried grass, covered by a huge leopard's skin, testifying that he was of royal birth, lay a young man, who, I at once saw, though of a dark complexion, was no Zulu or Kaffir. I longed to ask who he was, and how he came there, suspecting he might be a prisoner, like myself, but feared to do so, thinking that, under the circumstances, discretion was the better part of valour.

I was horrified at the dreadful state of his wound—his arm being ripped from shoulder to wrist. After drawing the flesh together, and binding it up, I gave instructions that it was to be kept cool with the herbs they had previously used, and, on my return to the wagon, sent some medicine to abate the fever, for which they, in return, sent me valuable presents of ivory and gold.

At the urgent request of my still frightened followers, I turned my steps homewards without seeing or hearing any more of the strangers.

On nearing the village, we were astonished that none of the men came out to meet us. Each

man looked anxiously in the direction of his own kraal, fearing the village had, perhaps, during our absence, been attacked, burned, and looted. But no; all appeared the same as on our departure. The sleek cattle were quietly and peaceably grazing in the valley below. We could even discern the women moving about from hut to hut, at their usual avocations. Still,



SM. RIZ-GERALD

no sound of greeting reached our ears; consequently we fell into a silent depression, well knowing the neglect of so ancient a custom boded no good to any of us.

CHAPTER VII.

ACCUSED OF DRYING UP THE FOUNTAIN.

My long absence had been seized on by Quanza, the witch-doctor, to work again on the credulity of the people to my detriment. He told them he had returned because he saw in a dream that I was bringing new misfortunes upon them, and that I had only brought the rain before to save my own life; but at the same time I had avenged myself by killing several of their people by the fire-god; and that I intended destroying the rest slowly by drying up the fountain that had supplied the wants of their people for many generations.

He was far too cunning to wish to disturb their belief in my powers, but persuaded them I used them harmfully rather than for their good. This fountain, or spring, of water had been gradually yielding less and less, and Quanza took his cue from this.

I felt there was little hope for me this time. It was not likely the fountain would re-open, even if rain came; so, bidding Cara leave me to my reflections, I set to work to finish this letter which I had begun, hoping Guntu, who had already done so much for me, would find some means of getting it down country, and off to England, so that those at home might know of my recent life and death. When I had finished I retired to rest, though not to sleep, for I knew Quanza would not leave me long to contemplate my fate.

As I lay, tossing to and fro, the water question troubled me greatly. The fact was that, ever since that heavy thunder-storm, there had been something amiss with the spring. Before I left we had been troubled about it, and had often dug it out, and banked up the sides. During the violence of the storm, the foundation-rock must have been disturbed, consequently, as the water rose it leaked away or found some fresh outlet.

I felt sure if the spring had disappeared it must have arisen elsewhere. At last I recollected the wet condition of my old hut, and how it had remained the same ever since the storm. How the

walls had given way, and remained a mass of wet mud.

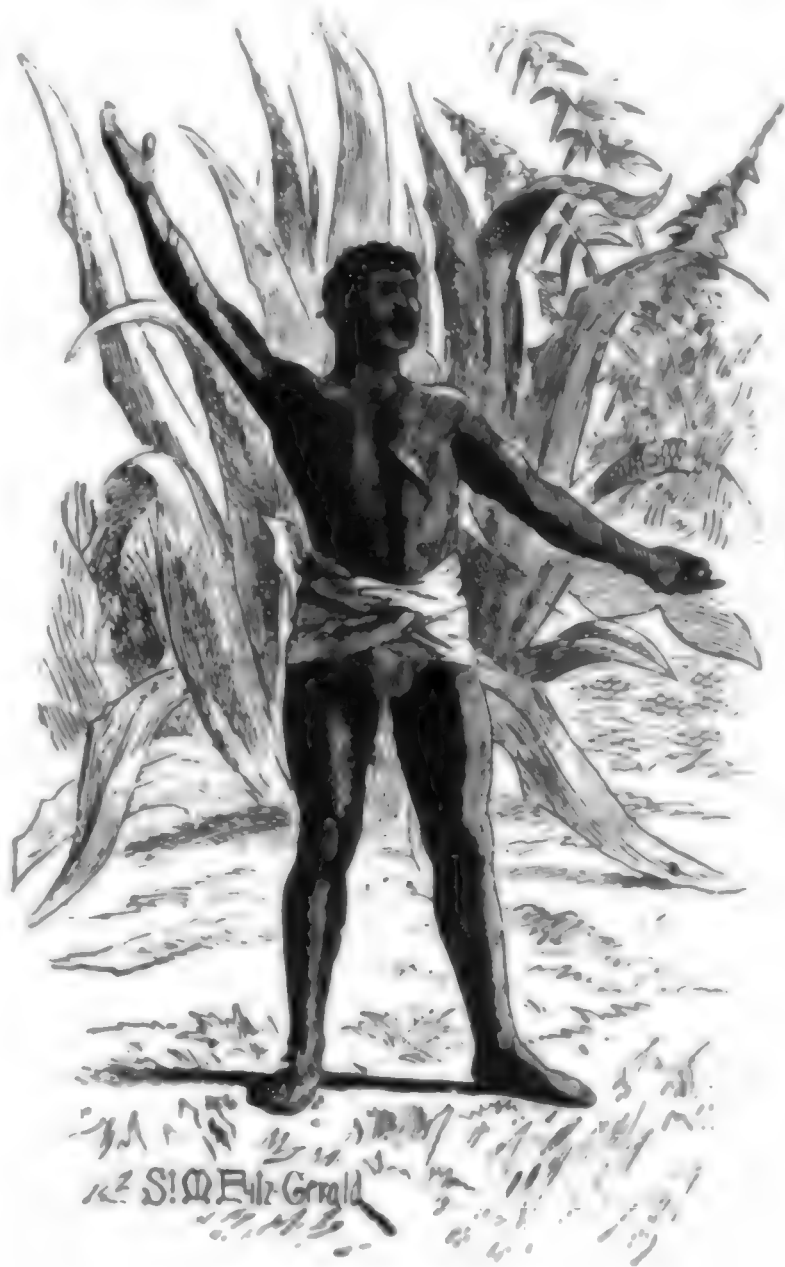
I had it. That was where the spring had opened. I remembered the sound of rushing waters that was always in my ears, until Ettuawa had me removed to my present quarters. Then I fell into a peaceful sleep, meaning to visit the place at dawn of day.

When I awoke, the sun was just tipping the far-off hills. On opening my door I found myself confronted by armed warriors, with a message from the chief, saying, I was wanted at the council.

When I arrived, all were expectantly awaiting me. The court, or council chamber, consisted of a square clearing in the bush, planted thickly round with aloes, then all bright with their gorgeous red flowers, and relieved by the background of dark forest trees.

The chief sat on the stump of a tree, arrayed in his royal kaross of leopard-skins, surrounded by his headmen. On either side stood his warriors, armed with shields and assegais.

I was to be honoured by a trial; and the reason of all this ceremony was, that they thought I had learned from their





I ADDRESSED THE PEOPLE.

enemies how to use the magic gun, or, at least, how to protect myself from its evil eye; and, if so, I was to be spared until I had instructed them; and Quanza, with all his arts, had been unable to turn Ettuawa from that decision.

My advance was made in deep silence, the chief bowing me to a seat on his right hand.

Then Quanza arose, and dilated on all the evils that had happened since my arrival, declaring that I was the cause of every misfortune. He made me out a monster of iniquity: so impressive and convincing seemed his arguments, that I no longer wondered that the people were influenced by his eloquence.

Then one of the chief headmen came forward, and my astonishment was great when, instead of speaking against me, he extolled my virtues as extravagantly as Quanza had my supposed evils. I heard with surprise all the marvels I had accomplished: how I had saved his son, who was at the point of death from a snake bite. I remembered I had cut the place out directly he was bitten, and so prevented the poison from getting into his

blood. Then he recounted many things of a similar nature, that I had forgotten. The visit to the white men of the mountains had a new light thrown on it: the people were told that even the magic gun could not kill me, though, as I marched into their camp, they had all been pointed in my direction; but I had destroyed their power and discovered it for their benefit, so that henceforth they would be able to eat up their enemies and become a great and powerful nation.

At this my heart went down with a thump, for I had not even seen the guns, and I knew I should soon be called upon to make my defence. What could I say? for though I believed they were worked by electricity, I could not explain it so that they could understand. Neither did I comprehend why they were called the white men; except for the wounded man, all those I had seen were as black as themselves.

Nonda, my counsel, went on to say that I had a good reason for stopping the fountain, and that, if I wished, I could produce a stronger and better one, as, perhaps, the water of the old one had become bad by the Big Snake passing over it when they were sleeping, and then to drink of it, as they all knew, would be death, and to save them I had caused it to dry up.

I plainly understood that he was trying his utmost to help me out of my difficulty. At a sign from Ettuawa I arose and addressed the people, reminding them that they had brought me to dwell amongst them against my will, but that I had always tried to do them good; that I was in no way accountable for their misfortunes, and I suffered equally with them. Also that my meeting with the white men of the mountains was purely accidental; that I had a dim idea of what the magic of their guns consisted, and might be able to find it out; but, so far, the meeting had done the tribe no harm, but rather good, as they had received valuable presents of ivory for the small service I had rendered them. With respect to the fountain, if they permitted me a few days' grace I would produce a better spring than the last. (I had to say this, to give myself time; I could not be sure, as I had not seen the hut for months, but it was my only hope.) Before resuming my seat, I looked at the faces around me, but little can be gleaned from the countenance of

these children of nature unless they wish you to do so. They were evidently undecided, and wished to consider the matter, leaving me consequently in an uncomfortable state of suspense.

Quanza bounded forwards, fearing, after all, I should escape his vengeance; and, recounting all the imaginary wonders he had accomplished, demanded that I should be delivered into his keeping for the three days, which were considered long enough for me to point out where the new spring was to be found. This proposition met with general approval, and Eituawa was unwillingly obliged to give his consent, making the condition that if the spring was not found, as I said, then, and not till then, I should die in front of all the people. He was evidently afraid Quanza would like to do away with me on his own account. While I was being bound I managed to have a few words with Gumtu, telling him to dig out the old hut, as there, if anywhere, was the spring—to dig deep, and start the work at once. He nodded his head, and was off like the wind.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUANZA KILLED.

UNDER Quanza's orders I was at once marched off to a projecting rock, standing boldly out from the mountain side. There they bound me to a tree at the edge of the precipice; and I shuddered as I glanced down into its fathomless depths.

Cara came each night, and bore me company, detailing the village gossip as she prepared my supper, and in that way I was informed of Gumtu's progress. He had to proceed with great caution, to prevent Quanza's suspicions being aroused, and so giving him the chance of frustrating the work.

On the third morning Quanza and a dozen warriors appeared. A hammock, made of "reims," was then fixed to an overhanging branch of the tree to which I was fastened, being so arranged that it

could be drawn up and down clear of the ground. After Quanza had tried the effect many times to his apparent satisfaction, my fastenings were cut, and I was forcibly placed therein, and then let down over the precipice about a couple of yards. There I hung, spinning round and round, like a joint of meat when it is roasting.

Spring or no spring, Quanza determined I should not again escape him, and was anxiously awaiting the king's orders, as it was only by obedience that he would regain the people's confidence. Though they fear and thoroughly believe in their witch-doctors, their loyalty to their chiefs is above everything. He is their king and father. It is but rarely a chief abuses their confidence or breaks the laws of the land himself; consequently, he is respected by his people, who will uphold his dignity and decision to the death. Of course, there are men like Quanza, who give way to their passions, in all communities.

I was becoming giddy with the continual rotation, when I was aroused by distant shouts, getting more distinct every moment, until I clearly distinguished the words: "The fountain—the fountain! the lost spring of our fathers!" My hearing faculties had been so deeply engaged that I had taken no note of the proceedings near at hand, until I received a violent shock.

On looking up to discover the cause, I observed Quanza, with an expression of baffled

fury, hatchet in hand, trying to sever the overhanging branch on which I hung, from its parent stem. The warriors had done their utmost to restrain him, and, finding he could get no help from them, he had sprung into the tree, where they dared not follow him, lest their weight should cause the result he was trying his best to effect.

A few more strokes, and the deed would be accomplished. But my thoughts of self were merged in anxiety for another, as I watched, in breathless fear, Gumtu



BOUND ME TO A TREE.

crawling on behind Quanza, who, to elude him, brought the hatchet down with such force that both were overbalanced. One fearful yell was heard, echoing from hill to hill; then all was silent.

The fastenings of the hammock giving way, recalled me to my own danger—slowly, but surely I was on the move, until, with a jerk, the reim slipped into the notch made by Quanza. I had been sliding towards the root of the tree, and, had I not stopped, should soon have been in comparative safety; but now I was in a worse fix than before.

Cautiously I got out of the spinning hammock, and drew myself up by the reim to the branch, which, during this process, was giving ominous creaks at the strain put upon it. I had scarcely reached it when, with a crash, it fell to the depths below, leaving me hanging to the broken stump. Presently a reim was thrown, catching me round the waist. It was only just in time. As I fell I managed to clutch the rocky edge of the precipice, but could do no more than hold on. My lower limbs seemed powerless; my strength was utterly exhausted by all I had gone through; so there I hung, until my arms seemed parting from their sockets. Suddenly my wrists were grasped just when I felt I could hang on no longer. My relief was so great, that, instead of gaining more strength, the little I had hitherto quite forsook me, and I hung a dead weight on my rescuer's hands.

I desired him to let me go, fearing I should drag him over also. He gave one deep, despairing grunt, and then,



HANGING TO THE BROKEN STUMP.

with a desperate effort, pulled me forcibly up on to my chest, when I was able to help myself by creeping on all-fours to a place of safety, where, to my sorrow, I discovered my deliverer, Barliso, was the more hurt of the two, the nail of his big toe having been pressed back into the flesh, from the way he had dug his foot in the ground. Some days after I was obliged to cut it out, to save his foot from festering. Yet, with wonderful control over his feelings, he never uttered a sound of complaint then or after. That one cry of despair was caused by his fear of not being able to save me, rather than on his own account.

After receiving Ettu-awa's congratulations on my delivery—for the old man was genuinely glad—I was informed that Guntu was alive, though much hurt; he having fallen backwards into the tree. On search being made in the precipice for Quanza's remains, a few picked bones was all that could be found.

The day ended, as all Kaffir rejoicings do, with a huge feast. The meat a native then consumes is enormous. After such a gorge they will live contentedly enough on mealies until the next feast. Of course, the oftener they occur the better, to their liking.

All went most happily now for some months. The new fountain proved a great improvement on the old one, and being in the centre of the village, would be of great advantage in time of war. It is called by my Kaffir name to this day.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Gossip.

Referring to the Football Competition announced in my last month's notes, several readers have written me as to whether any preference will be given to Competitors who send their post cards in earlier than the closing date mentioned. No advantage will be gained by so doing; in fact, it will be a disadvantage, as changes will occur in the position of the teams every week, and of course those who keep their postcards open till the last day of the Competition, will naturally have the decisions of the latest matches to guide them in their selections. Competitors will please note that they can only send one postcard, and that the conditions given in the November number must be strictly adhered to.

I expect to re-commence the publication of songs and music in our next issue (January), and have already arranged for contributions from several eminent composers. It is intended to make this feature a leading one in the magazine, and no pains will be spared in the selection; so that, in the near future, I hope the LUDGATE will be held in much estimation by all lovers of Euterpe.

The proprietors of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY have decided to show their desire to promote this endeavour in a practical way. To this end they will present *One Hundred Guineas* to the composer of the best song or piece of secular music, and *Twenty-five Guineas* to the composer of the best hymn or piece of sacred music, published during the year 1893 in the LUDGATE.

The above honorarium will be in addition to the amount paid for each piece published, and the decision as to which composer shall be entitled to receive the award will be left to the vote of our readers. This vote will be taken after the

expiration of the next twelve months, and prizes will be given amongst the readers who take part in the voting. The details of voting need not be given in extenso at this early date, but they will be of the simplest character.

Composers who are desirous of submitting their works, should send them in addressed to the editor with a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection.

In deference to the wishes of many lady correspondents, I have increased the space devoted to "Whispers from the Woman's World," and in future this article will occupy a more prominent position than hitherto; the appreciation it has secured justifies this extension, and with the extra scope at her command, the authoress promises to make it still more interesting and up to date.

The sterner sex as a rule, fight shy of articles devoted to women's subjects, but "Whispers" appears to be an exception, for I have heard many encomiums from men who usually pooh pooh such matters.

As these notes are particularly devoted to the doings of the LUDGATE, I think I may be justified in referring to a very important factor in the production of our magazine. For some time past, owing to the increasing sales, the printers have found their capabilities taxed to the utmost, and now that the size has been practically doubled, the work has necessitated the laying down of further machinery to cope with the production.

When I say that nearly twenty tons of paper are used every month to print the LUDGATE, it will be seen that the task of printing is no light one.

The new machines, which, by the way,

will cost some thousands of pounds, are specially built for printing this magazine, and combine all the latest improvements which the fertile mind of man can suggest for the most perfect production of the highest class of illustrated journalism.

This new departure will enable the magazine to be brought to the highest point of perfection in this department, and greatly enhance its intrinsic value.

* * *

I have received quite a number of suggestions as to the puzzle pages referred to last month, and I thank those who have so kindly written me. Many friends were good enough to submit various enigmas, but, I am sorry to say, I cannot see my way to utilising them, as to do so would place them at some advantage with other competitors. In this matter I shall have to rely on my own resources, so that all may fare alike in the solutions.

* * *

I propose to award as prizes to the various winners a selection of nicely-bound three-volume novels; these will, doubtless, be acceptable to all.

The first set of puzzles will appear next month, and the solution and winners will be given in the month following the close of each series.

* * *

The illustration of the Schoolroom Door at Eton, facing the commencement of this month's article on the College, is a very happy hit of our photographer. It contains quite a host of names, cut by the owners thereof, of boys who have since made themselves famous. W. E. Glad-

stone (our present Premier) can be observed cut in the woodwork about the centre of the illustration, and it will be noticed that the last two letters of his name are carved much smaller than the preceding letters, which was necessary to enable the carver to get the name in. A mounted photograph of this door was forwarded to The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who was good enough to acknowledge its receipt with thanks.

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THE LUDGATE MONTHLY can be obtained from any of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Railway Bookstalls throughout the Kingdom. All back numbers are in print and can be obtained to order.

* * *

The serial story, "Her Portrait," comes to a conclusion in this number, and the question arises whether it is advisable and expedient to publish another serial, or confine our fiction to short stories only. Occasionally it is necessary to run a story through two or three issues, as is the case with "Lost in Africa;" but what I am referring now more particularly to are tales of the length of "Her Portrait."

Now that the magazine is so much enlarged, I am personally inclined to think a good serial is an attraction and is appreciated by the many. However, I am open to conviction on the point, and a postcard from readers who will kindly favour me with their opinion, for or against, will much help me in coming to a decision.

* * *

In closing my notes for this month, I take the opportunity of wishing you all a very happy Christmas.